THE MANNERS OF MY TIME

By C. L. H. DEMPSTER

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THE MANNERS OF MY TIME

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE HÔTEL DU PETIT ST JEAN

VERA

ISEULTE

BLUE ROSES

WITHIN SOUND OF THE SEA

THE MARITIME ALPS AND THEIR SEABOARD

NINETTE

THE DANCE OF THE HOURS

Chas. H. Dempster

THE MANNERS OF MY TIME

BY

C. L. HAWKINS DEMPSTER

AUTHOR OF "THE MARITIME ALPS AND THEIR SEABOARD," ETC.

Charlotte Louise

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE RIVERSIDE PRESS LIMITED
EDINBURGH

DEDICATED

TO

MY SISTER HELEN

I do not know how old Ulysses may have been when he boasted that he "had seen the manners of his time." I suspect that this first of great travellers must have been elderly, and that he had also "suffered a sea-change," inasmuch as he was only, on turning home at last, recognised by his dog.

I am seventy-eight years of age, and in this twilight of life I can lay claim to having seen, in different latitudes, a fair amount of the manners, and of the want of manners, of my time.

In this book I have tried, like a sundial, to mark only the bright hours, of which, thank God, there has been no lack. I dedicate it to-day to my sister Helen, because she it was who shared the most of my experiences, and because she, till her own health failed, helped me to bear the burden of sickness.

I feel that my weight of years must render this book less vivid than it ought to be. I regret this, but such as the book is, I dedicate it to her, and to the many friends, gentle and simple, alive and dead, who have helped, advised, amused or consoled.

THE AUTHOR.

24 PORTMAN SQUARE,
1912.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Miss C. L. H. Dempster died at Cannes on the 8th of May 1913, but owing to the European war it has only now become possible to publish *The Manners of my Time.* The "Sister Helen" to whom the volume is dedicated having died in 1917, the task of editing it has fallen to me, the authoress's goddaughter.

To all lovers of the Riviera Miss Dempster's book, *The Maritime Alps and their Seaboard*, is well known.

Of her earlier writings, *The Hôtel du Petit St Jean*, *Vera*, *Iseulte* and *Blue Roses* were popular with the novel-readers of her day. *Vera*, a story of the Crimean war, was translated into Russian, and *Blue Roses* was to be found on almost every bookstall in America.

In 1891 Miss Dempster joined the Roman Church, and it was the wish of her sister that the proceeds of this volume should be devoted to the Chapel of St Charles des Carrières, a little church between Cannes and Le Cannet which Miss Dempster helped to build for the quarrymen living in that neighbourhood.

ALICE KNOX.

23 CADOGAN GARDENS, LONDON.
1919.

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CHAPTER I

A PENNILESS LASS WITH A LONG PEDIGREE

It is to Scotland that one naturally turns to find such a person, and I accordingly saw the light in Dunnichen House, in the county of Forfar, on Sunday morning, 10th April 1835. My father, James Whitshed Hawkins, lived on the family estates as administrator for his mother, Mrs Helen Hawkins Dempster, who had fallen into second childhood, and who could not enjoy what had descended to her from her mother, Mrs Burrington, niece and heiress in entail of the last laird, George Dempster of Dunnichen.

I was the fourth child of my mother, Charlotte Dempster of Skibo, daughter of William John Soper-Dempster, and of his wife Harriet, only child and heiress of John Hamilton Dempster, half brother to the aforesaid laird of Dunnichen. My parents were therefore more or less cousins.

To explain why, though we were born at Dunnichen, and though my only brother succeeded to his grandmother, Helen, at her death, we all happened to be brought up in Sutherland it will be necessary to go into some bits of family history. It is, as Emerson says, "the Past that has baked our loaf," yet I will try to make that past as clear and as little tiresome as possible.

The family of Dempster has always belonged to the north-east province of Scotland, and I do not know how it may have been called before it obtained, or took the name of an office, the Deemster, the

officer who proclaimed the decrees of the Parliament and Courts of Justice. The first time that we hear this word as a surname is in 1200, when the King gave to Sir J. Dempster the lands of Knockleith and of Auchterless in Forfarshire.

The family when settled by the King under the Grampians seems to have wearied of a position that offered no outlet either for their energies or their descendants. They migrated always nearer to the sea, to Carrolston and Minresk, to Brechin, and finally to Dundee, Dunnichen and Restenneth, nearing the German Ocean at Dundee, Arbroath and at Lundy Bay. There are extant wills and charters dating back to 1200, but no interest attaches to any of the persons named in them until we come to Thomas Dempster of Minresk, the historian of Etruria. He was a contemporary of the Admirable Crichton, and was one of those professors who with a horse and saddlebag wandered from one university town to the other. He was consequently better known abroad than at home. Long resident in Italy, he was the hero of many adventures, not always to his credit, and died a professor at Bologna, where I have seen his arms in the hall of the old University, and his tomb in the Church of the Dominicans.

I will not here do more than refer to the man so familiarly and so tenderly known as the "Old Laird" —George Dempster of Dunnichen, born in 1678— whose plans and activities for the betterment of his tenants and property were so far ahead of his times.

At his death the entailed estate of Dunnichen passed, as I have said, to his eldest sister, Mrs Burrington. Her daughter Helen married Judge Hawkins in India, and the eldest of their three sons

was my father, James Whitshed Hawkins. I must now turn to the branch of Dempster of Skibo.

Captain John Hamilton Dempster was a half-brother of the old laird of Dunnichen, and he commanded in the H.E.I. Service, first the Indiaman *Rose* and then the *Earl Talbot*. He married Jean Fergusson of Kilkerran, and had a son George, who, had he lived, would have inherited Dunnichen, but he died young, and his death opened the way for Mrs Burrington and her family. John Hamilton Dempster had to make an heiress of his illegitimate daughter, Harriet Milton, who, to judge from her miniature by Pluner, must have been a very pretty girl. Her mother had been Olivia Marianne Devenish of Castle Dana, Co. Roscommon, a young lady whose extraction was partly Irish and partly Circassian, and whose beauty finally secured for her, in 1803, a union with Mr Stamford Raffles. They were married in St Marylebone Church, and sailed almost immediately for Singapore, as Mr Raffles had just been named first Governor of the Straits Settlement. Lord Minto in his letters speaks highly of the merits and popularity of both husband and wife, and when Olivia Raffles died she was buried under a marble temple at Singapore. Her grave is next to that of John Legden, the poet friend of Sir Walter Scott, the man to whom he dedicated the second canto of *Marmion*, and of whom he says that "a distant and a deadly shore holds Legden's cold remains."

CHAPTER II

ST ANDREWS

Those who now visit St Andrews go there to play golf and to see the crowds of people at its west end. The east end, that of ruins and crumbling walls, with the places of history of learning and of prayers, is not so much cared for, but the links are gay with week-enders from Edinburgh or from Dundee, whose carnival time is, of course, the week of the Golf Club Ball. When my mother and her family[1] came from Skibo to live in St Andrews, that grey old city by the sea wore a very different aspect from its present one. Mr Soper-Dempster had a tall, grim-looking house, near the town church and the theatre, a much less attractive dwelling than the one in South Street, where our grand-uncle had spent his declining years. Green fields then came up to the gates of the town, and the cows were solemnly walked in and out of those portals once a day. On two sides stretched the German Ocean, while far to the north-west, beyond the estuary of the Eden, was the blue horizon made by the hills in Strathmore. Communication with other towns was by mail coach only, and the life of the city hinged entirely on its university, while the few streets gained a welcome bit of colour from the red robes of the students. Public feeling there, like the *carritch* (Catechism) of the children, and like the Confession of Faith of its divinity college, was essentially Protestant and

[1] George, Katherine, Charlotte, Helen and Gertrude.

Presbyterian, but by 1848, when we went to live there, two rifts had come in the body of the *kirk*, as the church by law established used to be called. The upper classes had begun to marry English ladies, and those ladies preferred the services of an Episcopal chapel, while the great Disruption had caused an amount of excitement and of competition, to which old-fashioned Moderatism had long been unaccustomed. Great sacrifices were being made by the Free Church party to provide churches, manses, schools and even colleges for its votaries; many eloquent and earnest men came to the front, and progress was in the air, both from the doctrinal and from the intellectual point of view. I ought to add also from the political standpoint, for the Free Church was the church of a democracy which if it had not yet disclosed its power was feeling after it, and was hopeful that along this path of dissent it might make up with the kirk that had for so long trodden the broad and easy roads of Erastianism and of privilege. Yet in St Andrews there was ever an element that contrasted strangely both with the Moderates and with this arrogant and vigorous movement of dissent. It was true that on a green hill just outside the city's wall there stood an unsightly obelisk called the *Martyrs' Monument*, raised to the memory of those leaders of the sixteenth-century Reformation who had *witnessed* and perished for the sake of their faith. But older than the stones of its first Culdee votaries is the faith that can boast of continuity, and so St Andrews bore, and she still bears, the indelible marks of a Catholic university[1] and of an Episcopal see. First you see St Regulus's Tower, tall and slender, a sea-mark for miles, which was old already

[1] Founded 1412.

when the castle and the cathedral were built. There too stands the exquisite fragment of the Grey Friars' Church, to say nothing of the College Church, with its architecture as beautiful as that of Roslin. The university consists of three colleges. In the South Street you have the Divinity College of St Mary, and in the north-east angle of the town you find the united colleges of St Leonard and St Salvator. As a child of twelve I wondered who those saints might be, and why, after hundreds of years, their names should be had in remembrance, since in the Catechism and in the Gospel Scheme as they were taught to us there was no room for them, no acknowledged communion of saints, and no explanation of how, or why, St Regulus, St Leonard and St Salvator had risen to public esteem. Their colleges flourished, though life at them might have compared unfavourably with that of Cambridge, to which university my uncle, George Dempster, went up when he left Scotland. At college in St Andrews he had had as friends Mr Robert Adam Dundas of Arniston,[1] my father, who was his cousin, and at that time presumptive heir to Dunnichen; Mr Archibald McNeill of Colonsay, with his two more distinguished brothers, afterwards known as the Right Honourable Sir John McNeill, and the Judge, Lord Colonsay. Professor Ferrier was there, while Mr Julian Young and Rev. John Cook, D.D., were also students of that date. Life was simple, and not twenty yards from the colleges the fisherfolk went out to sea, or mended their nets at the end of the Market Street. Newspapers were few, archæology was little cared for, and though the "gouff" was loved, *sport* had

[1] One of his ancestors, Sir James Dundas of Arniston, matriculated as a student at St Andrews in 1585.

not become the universal *cult* that it is in what is now the golfer's Mecca.

When we children were taken from Skibo to St Andrews, in 1845, it was for education. We had masters, and George became a day scholar at Bell's College. We liked the place, with its long smooth links, and ruins, and miles of sands, and we loved the companions, whom we never could have had at Skibo. There were the children of Sir Ralph and Lady Anstruther, who came in from Balcaskie. Bob was my senior, but Lucy and Harry were of my own age, and masterful half-Irish children as we all were, we enjoyed fights and fun, and I liked it, even when I got hit with their golf clubs. Foemen less worthy of my steel were the small children that we knew: the little Miss Campbell of Saddael, and the smaller Macgregor (a grandchild of "Kiss me, Hardy"), a pretty mite with blue eyes, who afterwards became Countess of Mansfield, and whose father was the chief of the once formidable Clan Macgregor. There was an ugly boy at Gibliston, whom I got to know in later life as Canon Moncrieff Smythe, while at the other end of Bell Street Lord Jerviswood had a house for his family. His gifted daughter Rachael and I were much attached to each other; I did not know then how early I was to lose her! A long drive from St Andrews, at Largo House, I had my favourite cousin and playmate, Annie Dundas. She lived there, the spoilt darling of her mother, Mrs Lillias Dundas Calderwood-Durham, the widow of Aunt Dempster's eldest brother, the late amiable Robert Dundas of Arniston. This distinguished old Scottish *lairdess* lived in what her uncle, Admiral Sir Philip Durham, would have called "very good style" on her own estate at Largo,

with a beautiful garden, with old servants, and in a house full of pictures that greatly pleased me. I always felt well there, and Aunt Durham, who was indulgent, used to let us act charades in the back drawing-room.

In my childish recollections of St Andrews four figures stand out very distinctly. The first is that of the Rev. Robert Haldane, D.D. He had been my uncle's tutor, and had later performed the ceremony of his marriage to Miss Joanne Hamilton Dundas of Arniston, in May, 1827. Principal of the College of St Mary, and Professor of Divinity there, he was now a hale, rosy-faced and silver-haired old man of more than eighty years of age. Bent almost double, he was none the less a diligent visitor of his poor, and I seem still to hear the shuffle of his black gaitered feet as he went along the Market Street, which had such a variety of ancient and fishlike smells. He loved children, and made us presents of books, and once, as a great treat, we were allowed to dine with him at one o'clock. We admired the groined ceilings of his rooms, and if we trembled before his housekeeper we had perfect confidence in him; we picked flowers in his garden, and went for a long walk with him along the "Led Braes." He was as good as gold, pious and simple, yet shrewd and paternal, like a French rural-dean. His colleague, Dr Buist, was a great contrast, being a tall, stiff, silent man, who had clever sons in India, and who was counted sound both in theology and in politics. So much, at twelve years old, I was *told* about Dr Buist; what *I knew* was that we detested the Sundays when he officiated. To say that the reverend doctor *droned* would not be to do anything like justice to his voice and his method. How we fidgeted, George and I, under his interminable

sermons! And how we were scolded for fidgeting! But we revenged ourselves at home by mimicking his opening sentence at "*wurrship*"! "*Laite us sing to the glory of Gode, in the thairtie-fairst Psaulm!*"

Provost Playfair loomed large in the town. He was a stout, florid man, uncle, I believe, to the Prince Consort's clever friend, Lord Playfair. With him also we were once allowed to dine, and to explore the wonders of his garden, which were, no doubt, in very bad taste, but which we thought charming. A very small jet of water turned an equally small wheel, which set in motion a circle of little wooden dolls who waltzed to the tune of *Ach Du lieber Augustin*. My aunt sniffed at them, but I have reason now to believe that it was less at the dolls than at the politics of the Provost. He was called a "*Leeberal*," but to us he seemed a genuine potentate, with the town-crier for his prophet! It was true that familiarity with the Provost could not exist, but for the bell-man we nourished a great sympathy, and next after taking off the Rev. Dr Buist, we liked to hear this man with a red collar cry: "*Nottice is heerbye given, to awl whom it may consairn, that the gude ship* Hero *will sail, Gode willing, on* ——" This sufficed to send us off on our next walk to the quay, to have a look at the little schooner. I loved "the ship *Hero*" for her patched sails, for her proverbial "hap'orth of tar," for the weird clothes and caps of her crew, for her lean yellow dog, and for the slender thread of blue smoke that, coming from her stove, made us, like the dog, wonder what they were going to have for dinner. Most of all we loved her for her pluck in going out over those long reefs of black rocks that make the coast of St Andrews a terror to seafaring men. As we had seen two shipwrecks in our time at

St Andrews we admired her courage, and felt that there was actually a taste of the "outland" about her. I loved her then, and I remember her now, when from my windows I inspect the shipping in the port of Cannes. There fly the flags of all nations, and there are all kinds of modern devices: white-winged yachts, dirty dredgers, fussy motor boats, beautiful *tirtanes*, and big, black, ugly, menacing torpedo-destroyers, yet I would gladly see again "the gude ship *Hero*" preparing to round the East Neuk of Fife.

But there was something in St Andrews that I loved best of all. To my delicate sister Gertrude's bedside there often came a tall doctor, a very kind but a very ugly man, with a red face and coal-black, ill-cut hair. Dr John Reid was Professor of Anatomy in the united colleges of St Leonard and St Salvator, and had a large practice in the city. He was as kind as he was clever. Under his care Gertrude learned to walk, while to me he appeared a magician, second only to Aladdin, since he possessed an electric battery and a microscope. He took a fancy to my fun, and to my love of knowledge. He taught me to use the microscope, gave me lessons in botany, and took me out on the rocks at low water to look for the wonders of the beach. I was equipped for these expeditions in an old frock, thick shoes and a small covered tin pail to hold my treasures. They consisted of sea-urchins, as prickly as hedgehogs, of sea-anemones, which he would detach from the rocks with a card, but not until I had seen them devour and swallow tiny crabs. There were also coral-lines, and sponges, and shells, both bivalves and univalves, and hermit crabs, that pinched their unwilling landlords! not to speak of seaweeds of many

hues; but what I liked best were the zoophytes, that looked like plants, but which were really living organisms. My joy was to possess a bunch of the graceful *Sertularias* that were alive, and to keep them living in my schoolroom, where I could watch the pretty creatures moving, blowing out like tiny blossoms, and feeding themselves under my eyes. I may mention that the feelings of our governess, Miss Fraser, were not lenient to the big jars of salt water needed for my scientific studies, nor indeed to any of my evil-smelling treasures.

Dr Reid taught me much that in later years was to save me from ignorance, from unsavoury curiosity and from the crude and silly rationalism that is apt to attack young people, generally in proportion to their ignorance—I got to think of order, as of Heaven's first law; of the upward progress in life which I was afterwards to call evolution; and to admire the silent obedience to law which is not confined to planets, and constellations, but makes the tree put on its leaves every spring, and seems to lend an intelligent dignity to the denizens of the deep. The vast and varied resources of nature became early familiar to the purity of a childish mind. For example, in the matter of reproduction. I could see it taking place among my treasures now by buds, now by fissure, now by eggs, now by fecundation, now by the bi-sexual method, and now by *parthenogenesis*. I saw matter utilised over and over again, and I learned how the deaths of myriads of creatures rendered the sea a richer pasture for the more highly organised forms of life. Beginning to learn I had to begin to think, and I thought until thought passed at length into adoration.

Dr Reid's wife was a Miss Blyth, and with them I generally found Miss Phœbe Blyth, a sister, well

known in the academic circles of Edinburgh, where she was a pioneer in all social and economic movements, and a friend to the higher education of women. They were uniformly kind to me, and when, after two years' absence, I returned to St Andrews with my sisters and governess for some weeks of sea-bathing, I found the same welcome in their house in Bell Street. But there was a shadow on the house; the shadow feared by men! The Doctor was ill, and the Doctor, though still told to hope, felt himself a doomed man. An ulcer on the tongue had put on alarming proportions. The glands of the neck were now engaged; he lost flesh, and was forbidden to speak. But one day Mrs Reid came and said: "The Doctor thinks that the tide will suit this evening after seven o'clock, and he would like to take you out with him on the rocks. Pray come: but remember that you must *not* make him speak." At seven I was with him, and we sallied forth. He helped me over the slippery rocks, and across the salt pools in silence, and when he picked up a specimen for me he would write its name on a slip of paper before transferring it to my pail. We parted in silence, and with a tightening at my girlish heart. My first friend, Mr John Hay-Mackenzie of Cromartie, had sickened and died at midsummer of this very year: would *this* friend also die? Why did people die? And what would become of Mrs Reid and her little girl after the doctor's death?

On the following Saturday Mrs Reid came again. She looked very pale and grave, and she carried a volume that I was familiar with. It was Johnston's *History of British Zoophytes*, the book that her husband used for his researches, and that had his pencil notes and sketches on the margins. "The Doctor left for Edinburgh yesterday, and he desired

me to give this book to you; with his love. He has written your name in it, and you are to keep it"; and then the poor woman broke down, and sobbed out: "He is gone to Dr Simpson's[1] house in Edinburgh, for an operation that they think necessary, and which they say will—prolong life." The operation on the tongue was performed successfully by Dr Robert Ferguson[2] of London, and it did prolong life for some months, but they were months of such anguish, and of semi-starvation, that all his friends, including his fair-haired pupil of fourteen summers, were thankful when, ceasing to suffer here, Dr John Reid passed to the Land where we shall know.[3]

St Andrews always fascinated me, and after I was grown up I was delighted to go there once again with my uncle (who happened to be Captain of the Golf Club that year), for a ball. I missed many faces known to my childish days, but I found plenty of kind friends, especially the Erskines of Cambo, and I enjoyed everything. There were old haunts to be visited, and since those early days there had arisen (I speak it openly) a new pleasure, in my dress! I remember wearing at that ball white tulle over green, with wreaths of maidenhair

[1] Sir James Young Simpson, Bart., M.D., etc., the seventh son of a seventh son, was born in Bathgate, where his father was a baker. He was Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, and discovered and popularised the use of chloroform. A distinguished archæologist and folk-lorist, his house was a rendezvous for the scholars of both hemispheres. He died in Edinburgh, and was followed to his grave by an immense concourse of people. I never had a better friend.

[2] Dr Robert Ferguson married Miss Mary MacLeod of Dunvegan.

[3] I have learned this year, with great pleasure, that Dr John Reid's researches, after lying long neglected, have come to be appreciated. The papers that he contributed to scientific journals have been collected and republished, and he is acknowledged to have been the pioneer in the special branch of research which he so loved, and for which the sea pools of St Andrews gave him so fine a field.

ferns, and quantities of dewdrops, and being therefore called "*Undine*" by some of my partners. On the occasion of my last visit, when I went to stay with my sister, Lady Metcalfe, I had become less pretty, and less idle! Here are two letters descriptive of the interests and occupations of some days spent in St Andrews.[1]

15th August 1872.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

To-morrow we are to lunch with the publisher, old Mr Blackwood. He rents Strathtyrum, where you remember the lovely Raeburn portrait of old Mrs Cheape. Plenty of white "pearliness" [lace] and Raeburn's art have made that old lady immortally lovely! wrinkles and all.

The Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley are to arrive to-night, and have got rooms over Mrs Fletcher's library. There is sure to be a great crowd to hear him preach in the town church, so I have written a note to Principal Tulloch[1] to ask for two places in the gallery for Sunday.

17th.

We dined at the Kinlochs' last night, where we had much music, and I can assure you that Kate, and Lucy, and Bob Anstruther did "rouse the night owls with a catch." The luncheon at Strathtyrum ended in my making a conquest of the good old red-nosed John Blackwood, and he gave me a

[1] Miss Dempster corresponded most regularly all her life with Mr Dempster of Skibo, the uncle who had adopted his orphan nieces and nephew.

[2] The Rev. John Tulloch, D.D., Dean of the Thistle, was Principal of St Mary's College, and one of the most striking personalities in the Church of Scotland. He was very intimate with the Stanleys, but the great friendship of his life was with Mrs Oliphant. We were all much attached to him, and he went to Dunnichen to celebrate my sister's marriage to Sir Theophilus John Metcalfe, in August, 1876.

copy of Mrs Oliphant's *Montalembert*, just published by his house. After luncheon Kate and I sat in his sanctum, and turned over his proof sheets. You know that I am never likely to write for *Maga.* as my pen is neither rollicking nor military! Oddly eno' at dinner at the Kinlochs' I sat next Clark the printer (of Edinburgh). He is now a rich man, who rents Barnton, but he told me that his youth had been nearly as hard a struggle as that of Robert Chambers. He is a nephew of Adam Black, M.P., but he did *not* know, till I told him, the story of his uncle's audience with Pius II. The Speaker Denison loved to tell how Adam Black accompanied him to wait on the Pope. His Holiness quite understood the Speaker's place in the world, but he was at sea as to the position of the M.P. for Edinburgh, and he actually congratulated Mr Clark's good uncle on being Speaker of the Scottish Parliament! Adam Black was furious; and when they got out of the presence chamber he said angrily to Mr Denison: "*Noo! Câw ye thât man infawlible?*"

. . . . . .

It is a pity that you did not hear Dean Stanley preach, for he was intensely happy in doing an unconventional thing, preaching in a Presbyterian pulpit, and *she* was very happy, because she was among the Scottish friends, and in her native Fife.[1]

[1] Lady Augusta Stanley was a sister of the Earl of Elgin, of Broomhall, in Fife, and her mother was a Miss Oswald of Dunnikier, in Fife.

CHAPTER III

OUR POOR HIGHLAND NEIGHBOURS

Of county neighbours in Sutherland we had next to none, a large sheep farmer at Ospidale and some officials in Dornoch making up the total of those that lived near to us. In Dornoch there were two ministers, the Sheriff-Substitute, who inhabited the old palace of the Bishops, the Procurator-Fiscal and the banker. Much farther off lived, when we were children, Dr James Ross, M.D., whom we disliked immensely, and beyond the Mound, the Sellers and Mr Gunn the Sutherland factor. Mrs Gunn, as a lineal descendant of Flora Macdonald, interested me, but, as she was a big, stout woman, I felt, at ten years old, that she was not worthy to descend from such a heroine!

Dornoch was not in our time a town with good villas and a golf course. It was a most primitive place, where the houses were generally of the *but* and the *ben* kind, and where the cows wandered about the wide and wind-swept streets. The Cathedral towered above it all, and by day and by night you heard the booming of the waves on the Gissing Brigs, the long sandbank which all but closes the estuary of the Dornoch Firth. It is true that cows were more plentiful in the town than passengers, yet some well-known figures were to be met there—Alexander the coppersmith, for one; bent so double was he that his broad bonnet nearly touched his thick ribbed stockings. He was a cross-tempered man and a bitter Radical; but

Silly Murragh, who generally dragged a red cow at the end of a long rope, was friendly. Mairie *Gorach* (Crazy Mary) never greeted anyone, but muttered constantly to herself as she went along: "It is a fine day for Dounachion a Marichion that were born of godly *pairents*." Dounachion was her only brother, and his loss in the great *noyade* on the Mickle Ferry had crazed her poor brain. When we were children we looked at the banker with great reverence: first because he *must* possess a great deal of money! secondly because our uncle always talked with him on Sundays, before going into church; and thirdly because he had once been away from home, as far as Harrogate! On Sundays five Waterloo pensioners sat together on a bench. My first maid, Catherine Ross, was the daughter of one of them, but I never cared for any of them so well as for a delightful veteran, a certain John Matheson. He came from the high ground above Proncey, and had been riding orderly to Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the battle of Assaye. When those stirring times in India came to an end he returned to his native land, and rented three acres of potato and barley fields, had a cow and a peat stack, and was, he declared, "as comfortable as anyone need to be in this *naisty world*." We were sworn friends, and I was only sorry that I could not get him down to the Castle during the visit, in 1854, of the old Field-Marshal, the Marquis of Tweeddale—Matheson loved to hear from me how that A.D.C. (who had forded the Douro along with Wellington) had just driven his own phaeton all the way from Yester to Skibo, and how his eldest and most beautiful daughter had become, first, Marchioness of Douro and then Duchess of Wellington. All Matheson's interest in these

"Captains courageous" was altruistic, but John Bethune of Spinningdale had a strictly personal interest *in re* the retreat to Corunna. Bethune was known in the parish of Creich as the treasure-seeker, the seeker of a spoil that had never existed, and he did look rather sheepish when his two bootless journeys to Corunna were alluded to. I will tell you his story, and you will see how, long after the poor man's death, he was proved to have been no impostor, and no dreamer of dreams.

It fell on this way. On the last day but one of Sir John Moore's hurried march to the coast (1809), his troops were terribly jaded, and mules for transport were scarce. Sir John gave orders to have the military chest thrown into the Bidassoa. It was nearly empty, and its weight was a sad addition to the encumbrances of an army which at any moment might see Soult arrive to attack their rear. A corporal's guard was told off for the job, and of that guard John Bethune was a unit. His story ran that the chest was never flung over a little cliff into the river but was buried by the men in charge at a spot about fifty paces from the river's bank, where five low vineyard walls met. There were no houses near, no Galegos saw the operation, and John Bethune believed that he was now the only survivor of the burying party, since in the battle which took place at Corunna (when Sir John Moore fell) the British loss had been immense, and his companions had nearly all perished. So circumstantial was this Highlander's tale about the retreat, about the battle and the final embarkation (under Sir David Baird's command) that Mr Dempster made him repeat it to Mr Archibald Cockburn, a member of the firm of Cockburn of Oporto, who was a far-away connection of Lord

Melville[1] and of Aunt Dempster. Mr Cockburn was much struck by the narrative, and he gave Bethune a passage from Leith in one of the firm's ships, with money to take him, after landing at Oporto, into Galicia, to search along the banks of the Bidassoa for the buried chest. This must have happened about 1838. John believed that he found the exact spot. Every feature was unchanged. The little cliff was there to remind him of their disobedience to orders: there were the five vineyard walls so low and broad reflecting the heat of the sun, and there ran the shining river, just as she had run on those sad January days of the retreat, making her way down to Corunna, to the ships and to the sea. He set to work. All Spaniards love treasure-seeking so well that they believe in it more as a profession than as a pastime, and those Galegos were as fond of it as any other normally minded Spaniards. They accordingly soon made work disagreeable for Bethune, for just as his rod touched *something* that, as it was neither earth nor rock, *might* possibly have been the chest, the attitude of the people turned from rude to menacing, so that this solitary treasure-seeker from Sutherland was driven away by their threats. He returned to Corunna and, via Leith, to Sutherland, where he had to put up with the jeers of his neighbours. These jokes did not, like the ugly words of the Galegos, threaten life, so John settled down and married, choosing, no doubt, a girl who was tactful enough to profess belief in the treasure. Some years passed, and after Bethune became a widower, he put his one little girl, Margaret, to live with her mother's

[1] The first wife of the first Viscount Melville was a Miss Cockburn. His second was Lady Jane Hope.

family, and went again to Lisbon and to Corunna. This time he went at his own charges, but he had, alas! soon to lament that he had ever started on a quest for what had become a sort of obsession to him in his quiet Highland home. He failed completely to find the place where he had before bored for the chest. Only the little cliff and the river were recognisable. The five walls were gone, and a small hamlet of houses mirrored themselves in the Bidassoa. It looked as if new men and new manners had come to this river-side territory. Sadly did Bethune take his way homewards, to lease a croft from Mr Dempster at Spinningdale. There he died, unconsoled for that lost treasure, and there we used often to go and see his daughter. She was a fine upstanding and good-tempered woman, who liked us to admire the tall phloxes in her garden, and to praise her delightful oatcakes. The only time that we ever alluded to her father's voyages to Oporto she smiled good-humouredly. It was to her only a far-off memory of something rather foolish. There was nothing real about it, neither the retreat nor the battle nor the fallen General, buried in his military cloak; nor the English ships, nor the foreign port where the sweet red wine is stored. So we dropped the subject. We need not have done so, for the treasure chest was there, though the Highland seeker never found it.

In 1908 the Eucharistic Congress was held in London, and on one of those joyous days Mr and Mrs Grisewood were so thoughtful of me as to make me lunch with them at the Grosvenor Hotel, where they kept open house, so as to avoid the fatigue of returning to my home in Portman Square, only to go back again to Vespers in Westminster.

At their hospitable table I sat next one of their younger sons, Mr Francis Grisewood. He was at that time managing a mine in Galicia, and complained much of the roughness of his life there, since the commonest necessaries of life, such as tea, coffee and tobacco, to say nothing of postage stamps, and of the coin of the realm, had *all* to be fetched from Corunna, which was distant about twenty-five miles, and then by the most impossible roads. Apropos of Corunna, I said that I had known two generations of the descendants of the Sir David Baird of Newbyth who, on the death of Sir John Moore, had assumed the command of the English troops, and had brought them back to London, and I also told Mr Grisewood the story of the Highland treasure-seeker. Two years later, and after that the death of his father had obliged Francis Grisewood to leave his work in Galicia, and to come to Grasse for the funeral, and to meet the trustees, I found myself again at table seated next to him.

"Do you remember, Miss Dempster, telling me the story of Sir John Moore's military chest, and of the old soldier who believed that he knew where it had been buried?"

"Oh yes! poor John Bethune, who went twice to Galicia, and never found the treasure."

"Well, the man was quite right. The chest was there sure eno'."

"You do not say so? It is like a bit out of Baline's *Book of Buried Treasure.*"

"When I got back to Galicia, I determined, after what you had told me, to investigate the matter. I found the place, and learned how Bethune's ineffectual visit had put the Galegos on the *qui vive.* A careful search was then made, and

the chest was found, with just eno' dollars in it to benefit four or five local people who got rich eno' to build those new houses that threw your poor Highlander quite off the scent, and so prevented him recognising the spot when he went back to it for the second time. The Galegos in question did no doubt become greater believers in treasure-hunting than all the dwellers in north-west Spain."

If poor John Bethune was a travelled man full, like Ulysses, of sorrowful experience, let me show you Christy Ross, who in all her seventy years never got farther than the length that her two feet and her crutch stick could carry her.

I never knew whence she came and I have forgotten if she were a widow or an old maid. She was "a lone body," and lived rent free under Ardaltie Hill, in one of the small peat huts that my aunt had in her gift. She was tiny, smoke-dried, witch-like and lame, and also apt to be, what the neighbours called, *throughother at the fûlle of the moon.* Yet Christy, like many of the disinherited of the earth, yearned for distinction. Materially she could never arrive at it, since she possessed, besides the clothes she stood up in, a bed, a low *creepy* (stool), her cap, and crutch, and a covered tin pail with which she went twice a week to fetch broth at the castle. Intellectually there was no chance for a woman who could neither read nor write, who had probably never received two letters in her life, and who did not, like her neighbour, Sally Hird, possess a book. Sally, whose people had come up from Dartmoor, could always match any Highland tales about "warnings" and fairies with a garbled version of *Bel and the Dragon* and of the girl who killed as many as seven bridegrooms in succession. Christy disliked Sally for

her fluency in apocryphal lore, and to assert herself this poor creature took refuge in spiritual experiences. The last witch that ever suffered in Scotland was burnt at Dornoch, only five miles from Christy's hut, but that was now an old story, and as the sin of witchcraft had ceased to be punishable, Christy might with impunity boast of her supernatural acquaintances. The neighbours inferred, from Christy's temper and tongue, that such visitants must needs be of a diabolical nature, and Christy was herself not unwilling to admit an intimacy with the "Muscheef" himself. One day she sent a messenger to tell Eneas Macintosh, the elder, that she had a communication to make to him. Here again the neighbours had something to say. "Did it set that cankered bit body to bring Macintosh, honest man, to listen to her clavers?" On their bickerings there entered Eneas. Anyone who knew the Highlands in pre-Disruption days is familiar with the spiritual authority of those laymen who visited and catechised, and who at the annual celebration of the Lord's Supper supported the minister in his work of "fencing the Tables" or—as they phrased it—*shooing away sinners*.[1] Eneas Macintosh was a good specimen of that spiritual aristocracy. He was a tall man, rather bent by his threescore and ten years, and stood covered from head to foot by a long blue cloak, which had a huge brass buckle. He had high-low shoes, and ribbed stockings, but it was his headgear that was so remarkable. His long white locks hung on his shoulders, his head was wrapped in a handkerchief of red and blue and yellow hues, while over all there was perched the black Sunday hat that served as an

[1] *Shooing* means the noise made in driving poultry, or a dog, out of the garden.

insignia of his office. He sat down, and began to groan. Elders always groan, and do so from a mixed sense of other people's sins and of their own responsibilities. Christy remained silent, not even answering groan with groan, while seen through the peat smoke she looked like a big and not very amiable cat as she sat curled up on the low bed. Eneas at length got tired of this reserve. No doubt it covered some curious spiritual difficulty, but all the same, as he had *traivaled* from Loanmore, beyond the great wood of Cyder Hall, he was tired, and would be glad to know the woman's will, and to get home again before the darkness fell. He reminded her that she had sent for him because she had something to tell him. Christy burst into an elfish laugh. "And did you think that I was going to tell it to the likes of you?" Eneas departed, still groaning, and convinced that Satan was powerful with Christy Ross of Ardaltie road.

Why have I been so long in speaking of old Donald Murray, for to understand him, and all his works, is to understand the mechanism of a Highland household. For many a day Donald was the pivot on which our material life at Skibo turned. From the killing of a sheep at the farm, to the making of rose-water in Jane Falconer's still-room, Donald was in charge. He was a bit of a veterinary, and as cunning about the broken legs of our dolls as could be desired. The only trade that he did not attempt was that of a shoeing-smith, which he left to a man with a forge in Clashmore, of whom we, as small children, were horribly frightened, because of his blackened arms and apron, and of the sparks from his anvil. But who brewed the beer? Donald. Who made the tallow candles? Donald. Who kippered the salmon? Donald.

Who cured the skins of birds and beasts? Donald. Who knew the hour of high water for us to go and bathe in shallow Pol-hurich? Donald. Who knew the names of every man, woman and child on the estate better than the factor or the ground officers? Only Donald. He was a native of Strath Oikel, a real man of the country, which William Cuthbert, the grieve, was not, since he hailed from Dunnichen, and which James Bowie, the carpenter, was not; which the Chisholmes were not, as they came from Glen Strath Farrer, which Robertson the gardener was not, and which Robert Meikle the coachman was not, since he came from Midlothian. When Donald was young he was enrolled in the regiment known as "the Sutherland Fencibles," and he was sent to Ireland in '98. He did not like killing men who spoke Erse, "braw lads, with a far petter Gaelic, and more easy to understand than the Gaelic of Mull or of Skye." Such was his account of the Irish followers of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. On his return he was made gamekeeper at Skibo, where he called my mother "Miss Tearlaich," and later he called me the same. He married, and lived in a lodge in the Beech Avenue, with his old wife, and his delicate daughter, Nannie. Old Mrs Murray, ever since her wedding day, had worn the genuine Highland *curch*, an erection of coarse lace and muslin that, being lined, showed but little of that hair which St Paul called a "woman's glory." She was among the best spinners, having made many a hank for blankets and plaids, and she taught me to spin, but I do not think she was very cunning about dyeing her yarn. Their son, Donald Murray the second, succeeded him as gamekeeper. He married one of our laundrymaids, and lived at the North Lodge. His children have risen in the

world, as schoolmistresses and bank managers, but too many of them died early of the consumption which proved fatal to their father and their Aunt Nannie.

Consumption was ever the scourge of our population, of a people susceptible of culture and refinement, and deserving of a much better fate than this, which was entailed on them by poor food, poorer housing and by their intermarriages.

Were they a religious people? They were, and they were not. Holy Scripture and religious books they perused eagerly, because such opened for them the *chemin de l'idéal* which is ever dear to the Celtic nature. They had their favourite preachers, and would never find any sermon too long, not even if it resembled one that I once heard the Reverend Lewis Rose, of Tain, preach, which lasted from 12.30 to 4 P.M. Yet the doctrines to which they held so fondly hardly rendered them a moral people. Evidence taken before a magistrate was too apt to be a tissue of subterfuges, and their commercial creed about bankruptcy left a good deal to be desired, while the great assemblage of people collected by the annual celebration of the Lord's Supper seldom failed to bring about a number of "accidental births," though whisky and apathy and the want of healthy open-air amusements did keep such "accidents" fairly in season all the year round. That on this matter there was no proper public opinion must be ascribed to that almost total definite failure of religion in the sphere of common life which occurred in the eighteenth century, and which I notice here only to acknowledge, with gratitude, how great is the improvement in this twentieth century in village morality. Even in our day there was in the parish of Creich an able and

energetic minister, the Reverend Neil Mackinnon. An Isle of Skye man, he was full of courage and of goodness, and being also a good doctor he was able to influence parishioners who, when a case of falling sickness occurred, would instantly kill a young cock and bury it under the floor, or in the nearest cairn, a sacrifice that used, in Greece, to be offered to Esculapius,

In Dornoch, what were called "Disruption principles" had left but a scanty flock to its minister, and he and his precentor must have looked sadly at empty benches. This precentor, Duncan Ross, was a man such as will never be seen again, since Dornoch, among other marks of progress, now possesses an organ and a well-trained choir. He was old, and wore a brown wig, and possessed the threadlike remains of a tenor voice, but, if infirm in wind, he was strong in principles. He disapproved of the "human hymns" that sometimes replaced the Psalms of David, nor would he sanction the appearance of a choir, saying that "he could not indeed think that *him* that singeth bass, *can* have the grace of Gôde." There was, in fact, about the psalmody of Dornoch Cathedral, in the forties and fifties, a strong flavour of the old days when printed books, and the reading of them in church, were both unknown. The minister would first read aloud the four or five verses of the (metrical) psalm with which public worship was to open. Duncan Ross next read out each line in a sing-song sort of voice, and then he chanted the line, the congregation joining in—a musical (?) effort that was very reminiscent of plain-chant.

The Sutherland family reserved for itself the east end of the Cathedral. Some steps led up to a pew which covered their vaults, and in which they

appeared, once every summer, driving over, with four horses, from Dunrobin. They sat with their backs to a tall statue of the first Duke of Sutherland that occupied the space where the high altar used to stand. Behind this figure there was a long slab, with an inscription recording, not the glories of God, but the long lawsuit by which his Grace's heiress wife, the Countess Elizabeth, had, when early left an orphan, recovered her rights.

The Skibo pew was more modest. It faced the pulpit, and contained four big red arm-chairs, four hassocks, and four big Bibles in red covers. Farther back there were four benches, for the use of children and servants. The old Cathedral walls were washed a lively yellow, and from its many windows hung cinnamon-coloured curtains, intended to break the echo. I have described the opening psalm. Let me say that when the last one was given out the coachman and footman left to get our carriage, and that the collie dogs began to howl and show their appreciation of approaching freedom. The minister had a little daughter, and the Gilchrists of Ospidale had two girls and two boys, but we were never allowed to have them for playmates, and we never had a meal at any table in the county till the Batesons settled at Cambusmore. We used, however, to pay annual visits at our factor's home at Pulrossie, when our yellow terrier, Bossdhu, always disgraced us by taking up a position in front of the cupboard where the cakes were kept, and by remaining there firmly till Mrs Forbes set some of her home-made dainties before him, and us! We liked also to see the Forbes boys go out *guising*[1] on old Hansel Monday, for in 1843 the Gregorian Calendar had not come "abune the

[1] Guisers or mummers.

Ferry" and the Old Style prevailed in Sutherland, as in Russia, and very Arctic those guising boys, in their white overalls, running over the snowy earth and the frozen streams, used to look. Another and a very touching friend of mine, whose house was near that of Gilbert Ross, was Joanna Munro, a name-child of Aunt Dempster—pronounced by the people *Jehann*—and she also was dying of consumption, in the home of her stepfather, Roderic Gunn, a mason. She was about fifteen, very gentle and intelligent, and she grew to be profoundly attached to me. When I said good-bye to her on what I felt *must* be a last visit, I kissed her face, which was already pinched and chill, and she looked at me with such a tender smile. She lingered till the next day at sunset. Just before she died she asked her mother if she thought "the lady had all the money she required." "Why do you ask?" "You remember that before you married again we were very poor. *She* is an orphan, and I am afraid she is not well off." "*Whisht*, lassie. You should not be speaking o' siller when you are to be before the Lord in a few meenutes." "It is just for *that* that I am speaking. The first thing that I mean to ask of the Lord is that she should never want." Two minutes later Joanna gasped "Jesus," threw back her head and expired. I have never wanted, and I will tell Joanna so when, after this exile, we two meet in the fair fields of paradise.

CHAPTER IV

CASTLE LEOD

I feel young again when I write the name of the Highland castle where I spent the happiest months of my girlhood. The whole *duchus*, or domain, came to the Mackenzies of Cromartie through a marriage with a MacLeod heiress, and the castle was built in the first decade of the seventeenth century, in the heart of Strathpeffer, and on one of the last spurs of the great mass of Ben Wyvis.

As a close student of Sir Walter Scott's poetry my delight may be imagined when, on a day of early spring in 1853, my aunt unfolded to me the family plans. My uncle and aunt meant to take my eldest sister to London to have her presented at Court, and to let her enjoy a season in town, which was to compare favourably with the two she had already had in Dublin where she had enjoyed the festivities of *the Castle*, in company with her cousin, Ellen White. I, at nearly eighteen years of age, though too old for the schoolroom, would only have been in the way of my betters, and was therefore to be sent for three months to Castle Leod, where Mrs Hay Mackenzie of Cromartie had, since her widowhood, fitted up and arranged the old castle that was her dower house, and where she lived generally alone. When the children of her nephew, Mr James Gibson Craig, should have left her, she would be very glad of my company.

There was no sleep for me that night! I had

not crossed the Meikle Ferry since I went up to London with my uncle and aunt to see the Great Exhibition in Sir Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace. Now I was to live three months in another county. I was to dwell in an authentic castle, one that possessed, as I heard, a secret chamber! I might look over balconies and climb into turrets, and peep through what the French call *des meurtrières* (loopholes for bowmen). I was no longer to be a noun of number in the schoolroom: I might go in and out as I pleased, would on Sundays worship in an Episcopal chapel. I might choose what dress to wear at dinner, get new wild flowers and new sketches, see new faces and, if I needed new gloves, I might write in person to order them! How surprising! and oh, how delightful!

When I started, under the charge of our housekeeper, Jane Falconer, I wondered if I should really like Mrs Hay Mackenzie. When I had gone first to New Tarbat House, at seven years old, it had been her husband (Cromartie, as he was always called) who spoilt me. I had loved him dearly for doing so, and he never came to Skibo without insisting on seeing his small friend. But he had died at Cliefden (April, 1849), just after witnessing from his death-bed the wedding of his only child and heiress, Annie, to the young Marquis of Stafford, and truly had I grieved for his loss. The lady who as his wife had been a comely, almost buxom beauty, was now a broken-hearted woman, in a widow's cap, and with a pale face that was (as Rudyard Kipling expresses it) as "the gate of a hundred sorrows." Would she like me? That was what I asked myself as I travelled in a yellow post-chaise and as, after changing horses at Tain, Invergordon and Dingwall, I turned into

Strathpeffer, and saw rising in front of me the castle of my dreams. I was very kindly received, and given a pretty little room that looked down the avenue where the rebel Earl of Cromartie was supposed to *walk*, without his head![1] He did not disturb me, and I slept with a sense of rest and benediction which showed that my guardian angel was quite satisfied with my new quarters. The routine of my day was soon fixed. Family prayers were at nine, and weak and faint as she might be, the châtelaine daily led her household of six servants to realise the responsibility of every creature to the Creator. She taught them that only the life of duty enables us to please the God who has willed our holiness here and our supernatural happiness hereafter. The day thus commenced was for her a round of duty towards God and towards her neighbours, and also of forgiveness of all those who had neglected or injured her. She was far from strong, and I had one day to lift her off the floor when some more than usually painful letter had caused her to swoon.

I was free all the mornings to read or write or draw, or walk as I pleased. Dinner was at two o'clock, after which we fed the bullfinch, whose cage hung in one of the windows of the oak-room, and gave fresh water to the flowers. Coffee was then served, and we read aloud some book of history or memoirs, and then went out to the garden to listen to Lagie the gardener's complaint of "thae jaikdaws," or we visited the sick poor. Supper would sometimes not be till very late, if, with Mrs Hay Mackenzie on a pony, we had wandered far through the thickets of hazel and of woolly

[1] *N.B.*—He never was beheaded.

birch, and of the wild guelder rose. Then, perhaps, beautiful above Knockfarrell, there would rise the crescent moon, with one lovely star as her companion. When June came, flinging a glory over the earth, Strathpeffer was in great beauty. The snows had gone from the brows of Wyvis, the dog-roses hung in garlands, and all the valley was golden with the gorse and the broom. On one morning of such splendour I sallied forth with a fishing-rod, and walked a long way up the Peffer. By reason of the drought I hardly hoped to catch anything, and I was all the more pleased when I caught a rather good trout. I did not much like the job of taking out the hook while it wriggled, so I laid rod and trout on the bank and wandered farther up-stream till I found myself almost under the shadow of the Raven Rock. Then I came upon an enchanting pool. It was deep, translucent and so closely overhung with alders and honeysuckles that the spot was at once a bath and a bower. What a place for a bath! No sooner said than done! I undressed, and slipped into the pool, laughing to myself about the trout I had just coaxed out of the Peffer, and the girl who had surreptitiously got into it! I was quite unconscious of the fine *Académie*[1] I must have made as I lay under the water and the network of branches that threw a dappled light and shadow over my recumbent form. I was eighteen, with arms as white as milk, and with hair the colour of ripe corn, that reached nearly to my knees. Now that time has turned those golden locks to grey, I reflect that this was rather a rash performance of mine, even in the scented solitude of a Highland

[1] *Académie* is, in a French studio, the technical name for a study from the nude.

glen,[1] but luckily nothing came to scare me. I dried quickly in the midday sun, and ran gaily home, down through the fragrant copses, with my trout, and ate it for dinner. On every second Sunday we used to go to the parish church, and if the minister should chance to have a visitor, Mrs Hay Mackenzie would leave a basket at the manse, containing a chicken or a salad or a soda-cake, to make their Sunday dinner more of a treat. The châtelaine of the Castle Leod was a confirmed Scottish Episcopalian, for to that church her forbears had belonged at a time when a certain amount of persecution attached to its clients, and her father could remember when they were only permitted to worship in an upper room in the old town of Edinburgh. As I said, she went to the parish church on every second Sunday, for the sake of example to the people, but, on the alternate Sundays, post horses were ordered from Dingwall, and we proceeded down the strath to the Episcopal chapel. It had been newly opened, and its incumbent, the Rev. Mr Hutchings (afterwards so well known at Clewer) was zealously trying to introduce a number of novelties in the way of ritual and conduct, that made the whole country-side talk. I remember that on one Sunday the little congregation was illuminated by the extraordinary good looks and the Paris bonnets of Sir Adam Hay's four handsome daughters, all of whom I have survived, and one of them, Mrs Inge, was my very good friend. On another Sunday we went, after service, to lunch with a clever old aunt of Mr Gladstone. She had a good house, and a walled garden full of old-

[1] That Highland glen has now changed greatly, thanks to the demand for water power, and a dam, with its electric installation, now supplies current and power to the towns of Dingwall and Strathpeffer, and even lights the sanatorium at Conan.

fashioned flowers, but I was even better pleased when Mrs Robertson showed me her china-cupboard, with its "pierced Leeds," and its "Crown Derby." On yet another Sunday we stopped on the way up the valley to lunch with Lady Stafford's tenants at the shooting-lodge of Fodderty. They were Mr and Mrs Beresford Pearse of Bedale, and the eldest of the Bateson brothers,[1] with a pretty, delicate wife. These dear people, and their brethren, were all to become very good friends of ours, and I have been fated to survive them all. One thing about their tenancy of Fodderty I have never forgotten, and that is that just before they arrived Mrs Hay Mackenzie went over the lodge from garret to basement, and over the gamekeeper's quarters, to assure herself that every detail necessary for their comfort was in order. It was one of the many lessons I got from her *how to live*, and to help others to live.

The pump-room and wells of Strathpeffer were then small and primitive compared with what they have now become, but they smelt just as ill!—like the very best Harrogate waters—and I verily believe that this horribly sulphurous smell created a great veneration for the well in the minds of the poor patients who, from four or five counties, flocked to the "*Strath.*" To them it seemed a sort of Mecca, both a social centre and a fount of gossip, as well as a fountain of healing. "What did you do at the Strath that you enjoyed it so much?" Julia Stewart Mackenzie asked one day of a poor man who was singing its praises.

"Och! you just tak' a drenk and a wâlk, and a wâlk and a drenk; and then again, surely, just tak'

[1] Afterwards Sir Thomas Bateson, whose brother Sam married the Irish beauty, Miss Flo Hancock, and settled near us in Sutherland.

a drenk and a wâlk." We have often laughed at his description, one which applies to all the spas of the world.

The tone of society, and the manners of society, even at a watering-place, were in those Victorian days very different from what they are now, and profound was the excitement and disgust when one summer it was discovered that Mr and Mrs Clarence Trelawny were visitors at Strathpeffer. The lady was the too celebrated friend of Louis Napoleon, a Miss Elizabeth Haryett,[1] better known as Miss Howard, who, if she lacked virtue, did not lack either beauty, or wealth, or ambition. I saw her one day, near the Falls of Rogie, but I could hardly judge of her looks, as it was the fashion that year to wear black lace dangling round the brim of the hat. What I could see was that the lady had splendid shoulders, and still possessed a handsome figure, while over her whole person *Fashion* was writ large! The Emperor had settled, it was said, £250,000 on her when he married Mademoiselle de Montijo, but in spite of his best efforts to be off with the old love who had visited him at Ham, he and his Spanish bride had to put up with many annoyances from Miss Howard, and they must have been glad when Mr Trelawny

[1] Miss Elizabeth Haryett was in her girlhood the ward of a certain rich Mr Strode, to whom, during her stormy youth, the lady must have "given a good deal of thread to wind," since when Louis Napoleon made her acquaintance at Lady Blessington's she was by no means at her first adventure. To Mr Strode there occurred a curious instance of presentiment. He built Camden House at Chislehurst, and during the Emperor's imprisonment at Wilhelmshöhe he came to the Empress to put that house at her disposal, for almost a nominal rent. He added that, while he was building Camden House he had had all along a conviction that it would be required for the Emperor, after a fall from power. So it turned out! "In that Jerusalem" did the third Napoleon die, and there, in the little Catholic Church of St Mary, did Queen Victoria come to see the poor young *Loulou's* coffin laid beside his father.

actually married her. Poor Trelawny was a fool if he expected fidelity from her. I have heard old Mr Munro of Novar declare that women with an equivocal past are so glad to be made "honest women of, that they generally behave better than others," but if Trelawny reasoned thus he was soon undeceived, and a divorce ensued, which can have surprised no one. They were, however, man and wife when they scandalised Strathpeffer and its châtelaine.

About this time my hostess and I went for a four days' visit to Beaufort. The Lovats I had known ever since I was seven years old, but a first visit to a Catholic family piqued my curiosity. I had a very delightful journey, seeing two real rivers, the Conan, as it swept under Brahan, and the peat-stained Beauly making its way down to the sea at the Kessock Ferry. Lady Lovat took me long, delightful drives, to beautiful Eilean-Aigas or up into the forest. She drove herself, and I remember that we one day passed Erchless, a house that belonged to the Chisholms and where that most delightful old Highland lady, Mrs Waddington, was born. Lady Lovat had a great deal of sly fun, and I was not afraid of her, but my curiosity about a Catholic household was not much gratified at Beaufort. The only thing that struck me was that one of her cousins, a contemporary of her own, was an officer in the Austrian army, because at the period when he came of age the disabilities of Catholics forbade his taking service under the English flag.[1]

On my return to Skibo I found the drawing-

[1] Better times were to come, and the first English Catholic gentleman to hold the King's commission was our dear friend, General Sir Arthur Herbert (of Llanarth).

room and dining-room much improved by the bow-window that had been built during our absence. It gave us beautiful views up the Dornoch Firth, and up to the Pass over the hills near Ardross, a road that we were sometimes obliged to take, if wind and weather made the Meikle Ferry impossible. That crossing was always tiresome at the best, and at low water it was only by a series of stratagems that one was able to get into the boat without wading. I remember one day when the performance was more than usually lengthy, and when John Patience and his men were more than usually prolix in Gaelic, and most exasperating for us who waited in a squall of rain, that Admiral Lord Clanwilliam, who was standing beside us, remarked: "I always *knew* that England was a great maritime power, but now I *see* it." At that moment the boat gave an auspicious lurch off a bank of shingle into the tideway, and we got what John Patience called "the ferry ower."

CHAPTER V

SOME SCOTCH COUNTRY HOUSES

A Highlander must perforce begin by speaking of the houses of Highland chieftains.

After the lost battle of Culloden, in 1745, the clans were disarmed, or supposed to be so, and the supreme court of law in Scotland declared that *clans had no longer any existence.* No longer was the will of a chief to overrule the common law of the land, Catholic priests were to be hunted down and the Catholic gentry proscribed, while roads were to be made through the disaffected districts, and the new law went on to explain that *nothing could belong to, or be due to, any man as chief of a clan*—a sore hearing this for Frasers and for Macdonalds, for Murrays and for Macleods, and for "the wild Macraes"; for all who had not, like the Campbells and the Mackays, cast in their lot with King George, for the "tails" that worshipped the eagle's plume, and that never could have enough of fighting their own and their chieftain's foes. It was true that the number of chiefs had been diminished by death and banishment. Some, like Lovat, had forfeited their heads; some, like the attainted Earl of Cromartie, had narrowly escaped having to kiss the block; some, like Cluny Macpherson, had fled to France, but in spite of all the penalties of the law and of its terrible threats, I would not have any gentle Saxon reader suppose for a moment that Highland pride was extinct, or that the feeling between chiefs and retainers had changed very

materially. I can only say that it had not done so when I grew up, when the *new rich* were few and far between, and not much thought of, and while a certain divinity did still continue to hedge round a chieftain, whatever might be his poverty or his moral derelictions, or even his political bias. I will give an example. Simon Lord Lovat suffered in the Tower, because of his share in "the '45." One day in 1853 (that is, more than a century after the rebel lord was seized and taken to London), my uncle, Mr Dempster of Skibo, was out with Hugh Lord Lovat, in his fine deer forest of Glen Affrick. They had to cross a little lake. A boat was ready at its marge, rocking among the blue lobelias and the reeds, but a long discussion between the boatmen seemed to prevent them from taking to their oars. At last one of the three speakers turned and walked off, wearing a very surly and hang-dog look. "What," asked Mr Dempster, "was all that fuss about, Angus? And why has he not come with us?" The men in the boat looked at each other, and after consulting in Gaelic, one of them replied, in English: "Lovat is deaf, so I can answer you. We could not put Angus to him in the boat, for was it not just Angus's great grandfather that betrayed Simon Lovat to the English soldiers, and after that there came the burning of Beaufort Castle; so Angus has a bad name whatever!" The feelings of the loyal rowers would not permit Angus to row their chief, and this clannishness was, I am sure, more felt by the two men in ragged jackets than by Lovat's family. They kept in the Castle of Beaufort Hogarth's portrait of their rebel ancestor, and Lady Lovat, with a smile of dry fun, used to say of one of her many young and handsome sons: "I really think that there *is* a family

likeness" (*N.B.* the portrait is that of a very ugly, snuffy and knavish old man), while the boys in return would observe that *she* was only connected with the Frasers by marriage.[1] They adored their English mother, and my first acquaintance with a Catholic family was in the many happy days that I spent with them all in that poky, uncomfortable, tall, whitewashed house which, since old Beaufort was burnt to the ground in "the '45," served as their dwelling-place. They were the dearest of our playfellows, and I have outlived them all except Alastair's widow and that very remarkable woman, the Dowager Lady Lovat. In counting over the five generations of Frasers that I have known, I can say that the handsomest and the best loved of all of our contemporaries was Simon Lord Lovat, who died suddenly, from heart failure, while out shooting on the moors of The Mackintosh at Moy.

It will be readily understood that as there are stars of different magnitudes so it must be with the chiefs, who were greater or lesser according to their acres, and to their *tails*—viz. the following that they could show, particularly at a funeral, when hundreds of people would walk for miles to see the last of their lord, and to drink whisky in his memory. It was an unheard-of thing not to be lavish in this matter of the "mountain dew." A young chief of the MacLeods, of temperance principles, once ventured to place only butts of water along the road where his father's funeral was to pass, but he felt reproved when an incensed old clansman went up to him and said, in an aggrieved tone: "MacLeod! MacLeod! is it nothing but water

[1] Hugh Lord Lovat married the Honourable Charlotte Jerningham, daughter of Lord Stafford.

you have to gie us?" I fancy that the Duke of Atholl, old *Ben y glo*, as he was called, and that "Cock of the North" the last Duke of Gordon, were generally admitted to be the biggest chiefs in the north. They were both dead before my time, but my aunt and uncle visited a great deal at Gordon Castle, and got from the Duke a pair of the white terriers that were known as the Gordon Castle breed. They were pretty creatures, as white as snow, and the one called "Duthie" was quiet and amiable, but "Catch," the dog, was a very spoilt pet of my aunt's, and so jealous of us children that he frequently secreted himself under the bench where we sat at morning prayers, and expressed his feelings towards us by trying to bite our heels! The widow of that Duke I knew well. She was Miss Elizabeth Brodie of Brodie, a quiet and childless woman, of evangelical principles, fostered by long residence in Geneva. In the days when the railway reached no farther north than Huntly, we were frequently her guests at Huntly Lodge, which was a dull and lonely place, set among sad-looking spruce-trees, in the most cold and dreary district of Aberdeenshire. Her society of Free Church ministers and of pious spinsters offered a great contrast to the rowdy *circle* that her predecessor, the famous beauty, Jane Duchess of Gordon, was wont to collect round her. High play was the fashion then, and the story remains of how Duchess Jean said abruptly to the lady with whom she was playing picquet: "Meg, ye are cheating," and that the rejoinder was: "Duchess, *ye* are leein'!" (lying).

There was a chieftainess of my day who filled the eye and filled the mind, so stately was the height, so commanding the presence, and so varied the life of Mary Frederica Mackenzie, daughter of the

last Lord Seaforth. The prophecies of Kenneth, the seer of Brahan, foretold that when this and that and the rest should happen in Ross-shire *then* the last Lord Seaforth would be deaf, and the prediction went on to say that both his sons would die, and that a dark woman, in a *curch*, would come from the East to be chieftainess of "high Kintail." She *was* dark-eyed, and she came back from India with a widow's *curch* on her head, for she had just lost her husband, Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who had commanded the station. In India she created a great impression; she travelled in all directions, and was loaded with princely gifts by native rajahs, while the King of Oude (for there was one then) gave her a ring, with a white stone, on which there was "a new name written." She explored Ellora, she turned all heads, and the gifts she amassed were so splendid that an order went forth forbidding any officials or their families to receive presents given to buy favour, and to bring about a miscarriage of justice, such as the native mind delights in. Her usual companions during this triumphal progress were Captain Grindlay, the A.D.C., and Mountstuart Elphinstone, a man of accomplishments equal to her own, but she knew and was known by nearly every man of distinction of her day. To her second husband, Honourable James Stewart, she was profoundly attached. She had two sons: Keith Stewart, who succeeded her; and George, who died of consumption. Her daughters were Caroline, Mrs Petre; Mary, Mrs Philip Anstruther; and Louisa, married to the 3rd Lord Ashburton. In her castle of Brahan she lived patriarchally, with myriads of servants, and she spoke of all her neighbours—the Mackenzies of Ord, of Coul, of Gairloch, of Scatwell, of Allan-

Grange, and the rest, as *the Little Mackenzies*. During some of the summer weeks I spent at Castle Leod Mrs Stewart Mackenzie was also a guest there, and I had the pleasure of her immensely interesting and stimulating society. We used to sit and work under the great chestnut-tree, and there she told me, with inimitable energy and shrewdness, many tales of her very varied life. I think the one that impressed me most was how the news of Waterloo came to London.

Mrs Stewart Mackenzie was on terms of the most intimate friendship with Kitty Pakenham, the girl whom the Duke of Wellington married but did not love. At the time of which I speak all Europe was on the *qui vive*, for Napoleon was already in Belgium, and the Duke was in Brussels with 80,000 men. What was to be the upshot of a meeting between the Emperor returned from Elba and the Allied armies? Everyone felt that the result, so far as Napoleon was concerned, must be decisive. Rumours were rife, and the Duchess was already wretchedly anxious. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie happened to be engaged on that evening to dine with her cousins the Probys. At 6 P.M. she stepped into her chariot, and left Bruton Street. She had not got three streets farther before she fell in with a great crowd, shouting, and apparently mad with joy. The Mail came in sight. It was covered with flags and laurel branches, and with people, who cried: "A great victory!" Mrs Stewart Mackenzie pulled the check-string, and gave the order to go straight back to Bruton Street. Running upstairs she found the Duchess eating a melancholy cutlet in the back drawing-room. "I congratulate you, my dearest Katherine! Your hero is safe,

and he has won a glorious victory." "O tell me! How do you know?" "Half London knows by this time. I have seen the Portsmouth Mail. It is covered with flags and laurels, the people are out of their minds with joy." "But how can you tell that the Duke is safe?" "My dear woman, let me tell you that when I saw the Trafalgar Mail come into London, there was shouting enough then, but that day the laurels were all shrouded with crape! Victory had indeed been ours at Trafalgar, but Nelson, the victor, was dead! To-night there is not an inch of crape to be seen anywhere; your hero of a hundred battle-fields, who has defeated Napoleon, is alive." The Duchess sat down and wept. She cried tears of excitement, in which there was also an element of pain. "My dearest Mary: I know too well how it will be. *He will not write to me*, though he ought to know that I could not survive his death, or his disaster." Mrs Stewart Mackenzie said as many kind and reassuring things as she could think of, and then went to dine at Lord Proby's. In bed that night she promised herself to be even with the Duchess's husband and to apply a salve to that ever-rankling wound in the heart of the unloved wife.

Next morning she took pen in hand, and addressed to Headquarters a letter containing many congratulations on the victory of Waterloo. She expressed anxiety about the fate of a young friend, Captain ——. Was he killed? Was he wounded? Was he safe? She would be so grateful if the Duke would *in one line* set her mind at ease: "*But write it rather to the Duchess and to Bruton Street*, for I go to Brighton to-morrow, and my movements are rather uncertain. In this

way your report (whether good or bad) cannot fail to reach me."[1]

Mrs Stewart Mackenzie kept her secret, and went to Brighton for a pretty long visit. When she returned the Duchess met her: "Congratulate me, my dearest Mary: my hero is all that is kind! You said that he would write. *He has written!* and I am such a happy woman. Such a proud, happy woman. By the way, there is a message for you in the letter. He bids me tell you that young —— never had a scratch, and never was better in his life." That was how the good news came to Bruton Street.

Mrs Stewart Mackenzie found a kindred spirit in Sir Walter Scott, then known as the author of *The Lady of the Lake*, and as the most agreeable of the many agreeable and witty men at the Edinburgh Bar. The secret of "Waverley" was still kept, but it could not escape the perspicacity of *Caberfae*, of the lady of Brahan. She was living there one summer alone with her husband, and while he was occupied in the morning-room with estate business, the chieftainess sat in the vast porch and read the last new "Waverley novel." It was a moving tale of poverty, of exile and of true love that was forbidden to find "its earthly close." No! surely it must come right in the end, and that gentle Lucy Ashton would find happiness. To satisfy her curiosity about Lucy Mrs Stewart Mackenzie turned to the last chapter, gave a cry, rose to her feet, and ran into the morning-room. "Stewart! Stewart! Walter Scott is the author of the Waverley Novels.

[1] Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, kept her hero in much better training, for in the Royal Library at Windsor, the late librarian, Mr Woodward, showed me the pencil letter scribbled to his wife by the victor of Blenheim on the very field. Mr Woodward was much interested in the scene in Bruton Street as I told it to him.

Read *that*"—Mr Stewart Mackenzie took the book from his wife and read the passage so heart-rending in its terrible simplicity: "They found the unhappy girl, her nightdress dabbled with blood, crouched like a hare in her form." "Yes," cried the lady. "*That* is a horrible and true story. It befell the daughter of the minister, the Earl of Stair. She murdered her bridegroom on her wedding night, and half Scotland said that it was a *judgment* on the minister for the massacre of Glencoe. Walter Scott told me the story one day when I drove him out in my carriage to a garden-party at Dalkeith Palace, and I recall those words "crouched like a hare in its form"—he used them in describing that tragic night's work. Walter Scott is the author of Waverley. How dull of us not to have guessed it long ago!"

In the long summer days of the Highlands, when there was only one post a day, and no motors, and when there was daylight till past eleven o'clock at night, there was plenty of time for reading. One day Mrs Stewart Mackenzie and her clever friend, Lady Louisa Stuart, sat to read together a new book. It was Byron's *Parisina*. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie had just read the opening lines:

> "There is a cloud before the moon:
> 'Tis passing, and 'twill pass full soon,"

when Lady Louisa Stuart grasped her arm, and cried: "Stop, Mary. Wait till I have shown you something."

Lady Louisa ran upstairs, and returned with a manuscript volume of her own poems. "Look at these lines and at their date: three years back." There, sure enough, in a poem of some length, were these words:

"There is a cloud before the moon,
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon."

"So much for the accusation of plagiarism," laughed their author. "No, say rather," replied Mrs Stewart Mackenzie, "that *les grands esprits se rencontrent.*" Some of Lady Louisa's friends regretted that she did not publish her poems. Her prose, whenever anyone got sight of it, was inimitably witty, and I think Mrs Stewart Mackenzie deprived the world of something when she advised Lady Louisa not to publish. Her arguments which sound very curious to twentieth-century authoresses, were founded on a loss of caste, and also on the way in which Lady Louisa would be sure to suffer from the critics. It is true that the case of Keats was fresh, and so was also the case of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, but still I think that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's granddaughter would have had grit enough to survive the most caustic fun of her critics.

Before taking leave of the great lady of Brahan, where I spent so many happy days, I wish I could do justice to the beauty of the castle so fitted to be the setting of the *Caberfae*. It has the unique position, backed by the great woods and by the hills that separate the valley of the Conan from the *strath* of the Pfeffer, while below its "River Walk" runs the stream that yields not only salmon but pearls. In autumn the purple of the mountains adds a tone to the gold of the birch-trees and of the bracken. The house, with its haunted room and its pictures, looks rather heavy, its battlements having been removed after "the troubles," but it faces a glorious panorama of hills, and in the time of the old lady's son it was bright with the beauty of her granddaughters, Mary and Julia Stewart

Mackenzie; they had admirers for every finger of their hands; and life at Brahan was one long revel. Nor have they lost their looks. Lady St Helier, who married twice, is now a widow, and a *maîtresse femme*, deep in social reforms and in the intricacies of insurance for servants and other problems, while Lady Tweeddale, who married three times, preserves her charm, her figure, and her most fascinating laugh.

In living to a great age old Mrs Stewart Mackenzie scored over her neighbour and rival, Elizabeth Countess of Sutherland, and she certainly scored again in having, from Brahan, a funeral on a scale never before known in Sutherland. Thousands of people even from the distant Lewis followed the old lady to the family vault of the Seaforths in the canonry church of Fortrose. *R.I.P.*

The rivalry between those two Highland women was natural, and natural perhaps was it also that they should tell lurid tales of each other's lapses and misdemeanours, and most natural of all was it that, at election times, they should each hurry down to the Highlands, in the hope of putting a spoke in the other's wheels, and of damaging each other's political importance.

Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland in her own right, the only child of two people who died young, of consumption, at Bath, reigned at Dunrobin. That is said to be the oldest inhabited house in Scotland, and its little old walled garden is said to have been made by Marjorie Bruce, the daughter of the King. The old thanes who lived there were in constant fear of the heathen Danes, and instead of "out watching the Bear" from their high tower, they watched the horizon to see those ships of Lochlinn which brought Norsemen enough to leave in Sutherland indelible marks of their

presence, in the language, place-names and legendary lore of the country.

Countess Elizabeth married early, and went to Paris as the wife of the English Ambassador, Earl Gower, and in that capacity she was able to be of use to Marie Antoinette, and to send changes of linen to the hapless prisoner in the Conciergerie. She was a clever, dark-eyed woman, the late Lady Leigh of Stoneleigh being the only one of her descendants who resembled her portraits, portraits that were all that I ever knew of her, because, though she had always been kind to my mother at Skibo, she was not only dead before my time but had lived a good deal out of her kingdom. She knew it as it stretched from sea to sea, to say nothing of all those islands that the sea goes round on its western shore. Very clever are her sketches of its scenery, of the deep sea-lochs, of its cliffs and of its moorlands, and of those stack-like mountains that look towards the Atlantic, where the sun at midsummer is not absent for more than half-an-hour.

This Countess Elizabeth, 1st Duchess of Sutherland, was advised to make a great and much canvassed change in the management and revenues of her Highland estates, one which had hardly ceased to be discussed there when the ecclesiastical excitement of the Disruption came to agitate men's hearts. The straths, or valleys, all most capable of cultivation, were full, people said over-full, of crofters. Even in them the population was often underfed, while the vast hill ranges remained desert and were unprofitable at an epoch when deer forests and shootings were not in the same demand as in this twentieth century. The Duchess was advised to clear a great part of the county, and to

cut large sheep farms out of the hill ranges, and also out of the lower districts which had been depopulated. Many people were sent to the coasts to fish, but they were quite unable to manage either boats or nets, and a market for their takings, had they made any, must have been far to seek. Many more were emigrated against their will, and when they left they wept, and they cursed, if not the Duchess at least her Saxon advisers. Among these last was Mr James Loch, the Commissioner, who was at all events disinterested, and a Mr Sellar, who was deeply hated because he and his friends got possession of some of the new sheep-runs in question. Political capital was made out of these *Clearings*, songs were made on them, and it was remarked that in the eyes of the Duchess sheep were more valuable than human lives. Some of the small crofters came over to Skibo ground, where our entail permitted us to do what the Sutherland entail did not admit—viz., to give small feus, and grow a village population. Pardon was never in my day extended to the originators of the Sutherland evictions, as I perceived in one of the many winters that Helen and I passed in Cannes. Not very many years ago a Mr Sellar, and two daughters, arrived to spend the winter there. The poor gentleman was in bad health, the journey had tried his strength, and the villa when he got into it was damp, and so within a week of his arrival Mr Sellar was dead. I rang the bell for my maid, Mary Murray, a girl of about twenty-four, born and bred at the North Lodge of Skibo Castle. I asked her for a black hat and gloves, and added: "I have sent for the carriage, for it is but charitable to go and see if those luckless Miss Sellars are in need of a friendly hand."

May scowled as she produced my hat, then turning on her heel, she said: "They have an ill name to themselves, at any rate." The evictions were evidently not forgotten, for the Celts, if they have faithful memories, have also rancorous ones. I had another proof of their unchanging love for their native glens. A man from the parish of Kildonan emigrated voluntarily to Australia and there grew rich. Stricken, not only in years but in health, he wrote home, in 1870, to ask a nephew to come out to him to Victoria. He would make him his heir, "but," he added, "if you come, you must bring me a sod from Kildonan. I shall die more easily if I die with it on my breast." I will give yet another instance of the truth of the poet's saying that "Still in our dreams we see the Hebrides." A brother of May Murray was one of the many young men that my uncle started successfully in life. He had become cashier in a bank in Buenos Ayres. He told me that one day a very rough-looking man walked into the bank to lodge some money. The stranger said that he was newly arrived, having just landed from a cattle-boat. Mr Murray noticed that "on him hung the accents of the Highland tongue," and suddenly addressing the man in Gaelic he asked him: "Which of the glens are you from?" The man started. "Is it the Gaelic that you will be speaking? and who are you?" "I am John Murray, from the North Lodge at Skibo Castle." "Eh! well, to be sure! and how are Mr and Mrs Dempster? I am Hector Gunn, from Proncy. I got a prize once from Mrs Dempster when I was at school." The man's face clouded when he learnt that my aunt and uncle had not only gone from Skibo but from this world of changes and chances.

A true Highlander does not even like to live far from his dead. Deprived as he is, since the Reformation, of prayer for their souls, he has been obliged as it were to place his heart in the graves which he terms "the hillocks of truth." My aunt once implored a solitary old woman to change her dwelling for another more within reach of her neighbours' help. Nothing would persuade Margaret Macrae to remove herself and her bed and her porridge pot and her wooden stool. "No, *Mehtel*,"[1] she replied to every argument. "No; *here* I am not lonely; *here* my father and my mother and my brethren come to me in the night. I see them, and I speak with them. I am not afraid to be alone, but I should be afraid in a strange place with none of my own people round me."

These traits of Highland manners have drawn me too long away from Dunrobin, old and new—built round the core of the old peel of Robert the Thane of Sutherland, the new castle was the work of the "Bhain Mohr" (the great woman), that greatest of all great ladies, the Mistress of the Robes, Harriet, 2nd Duchess of Sutherland. She travelled to see all the celebrated homes of noble families, especially those on the Loire, and this castle by the sea is the monument of her taste, her care and her family affection. It is the most beautiful thing I know, outside and in, most happy outside in its noble background of woods and of purple mountain and in its foreground of terraced gardens and flowering sea margins. And on these terraces what a goodly company have I seen. There might one meet the Duchess's eldest son-in-law, the Duke of Argyll, that most gifted of Scotsmen. He

[1] *Mehtel* means *my dear*.

walks with his fine red hair swept back from his pale brow, while he talks geology with Sir Roderic Murchison, and mechanics with Nasmyth (of the steam hammer), and perhaps American politics with Mr Sumner.[1] Mr Gladstone, then a very handsome man, and brilliant in conversation, walks with Lord Dufferin and Lord Taunton. His voice is resonant in the clear air, and so is that of Mrs Norton, who is monopolising Sir Edwin Landseer, just returned from the West Coast and from seeing the midnight sun dip and rise again, as he spent his vigil on the white heights of Ben Arkle.

Of all the fair women here the fairest is the youngest daughter of the house, Constance Duchess of Westminster, and here she stands, simple, lovely and smiling, as Eve might have smiled when she came fresh from the hands of her maker. Miss Lilah Seymour,[2] with the faultless profile, runs her near, and very effective also are the Villiers twins, charming brides as they both are. Round them buzz the handsome Bateson brothers and Mr Lascelles, and Leo Ellis, practising what he preaches, that "Idleness, with contentment, is great gain." Next comes Ian Campbell of Islay, with his *caulting* (hazel) stick in his hand, and as he walks he croons to himself a Highland boating song—*Ho! ro! Maïri dhu.* Louise Duchess of Manchester laughs as he goes by chanting, and not far from her stands that Duke of Devonshire whom she is afterwards to marry. He slouches along, with his hands in his pockets, looking like a handsome young noble of the age of the Italian

[1] Charles Sumner.

[2] Granddaughter of the Marquis of Bristol, she was betrothed to Lord Frederic Leveson Gower.

"Despots," and certainly seeming quite unlikely "the applause of listening senates to command," just as his gentle, boyish brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, looks unlikely to die a violent death in the Phœnix Park, falling by an assassin's hand. What a number of remarkable men! and what cosmopolitan women, for here is the matchless Princesse de Camporeale (*née* Acton), who afterwards married Minghetti, and beside her, boring her about the wrongs of Poland, glides Princess Sangusko,[1] and with her her daughter Helen in all the splendour of her beautiful youth. The pockets of these two Polish ladies are full of letters all treasonable enough to cause half the nobility of Poland to be exiled to Siberia, and when they leave Dunrobin they leave all this correspondence behind them under the pillows of a sofa, which shows that they are but poor conspirators at the best—or worst. Now they are all gone where the Russian police vexes no more—and where the weary are at rest.

When the Volunteer movement began in Sutherland it did a little to revive local feeling for a family that was so cosmopolitan in its tastes. The regiment was commanded by the 3rd Duke, the grandson of the old Countess who had raised the Sutherland Fusiliers and let them go to Ireland to quell Lord Edward Fitzgerald's rebellion in '98, and to kill men who also spoke in Erse. And now note how times change, and how animosities die down! That sweet-faced woman in the carriage beside his wife, who smiles at his beauty as he goes past, is his sister Caroline, and she, as the mother of Fitzgerald children and as the wife of the Earl of Kildare, represents, before these armed High-

[1] *Nee* Lubomirska.

landers that poor hero of '98, dead before his time.

After the Volunteer Review there is always a ball. The doorways are wreathed with garlands of heather, neighbours are collected from Sutherland, Skibo, and the Reay country, and also from the Duchess's estates in Ross and Cromartie. Pipes scream, reels are danced, and the Highland dress is pretty generally worn, and by no one so well as by Ian Campbell of Islay. The Duchess beckons to me to come and join her in a "perpetual jig." Her dress of white tulle is covered with long trails of the graceful deer's grass, which is her badge as Countess of Cromartie in her own right, but the gown is not too long for her present purpose. We start, and very soon people get on the chairs to see us dance, for so nimbly do we turn that, many as may be the men who dash in and hope to cut with us, not one of them can boast at the end of the jig that he has ever got in front of either of us, or has ever seen our faces. Alas the day! To this dancing and smiling there succeeded quarrels and sudden deaths. Not one familiar hand is now left to grasp mine. Beautiful Stafford House has just been sold to the maker of Sunlight Soap, and there are people who say that this castle of Robert the Thane will go also. To whom, matters not now to me!

CHAPTER VI

A GLIMPSE OF PARIS UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE

During the winter of 1863 Gertrude and I remained at home, at Skibo Castle, with our uncle and aunt. Up to the old New Year the weather continued, as it generally did on our Firth, mild and open, so much so that on Christmas Eve I was able to cut a bunch of *Gloire de Dijon* roses from the south wall of the Castle. Some weeks earlier Gertrude and I had paid a visit at Castle Leod, and I can recall having watched from one of the towers the most beautiful fall of leonides that I ever beheld. It was as if a rain of silver fire fell over the brows of Ben Wyvis and into the upper valley of the Peffer, throwing into bold relief the outline of the Raven Rock. The late autumn days passed as happily under that dear roof as the summer ones used to do. Bishop Eden, then *primus* of the Scottish Episcopal Church, was staying in the house, and Mr and Mrs Matheson of Ardross had also been convoked on account of a meeting that was to be held in Dingwall. We all went to it. Its purpose I have forgotten, but it was the first time that I ever assisted at a public meeting, with a chairman, and a reporter, and I wondered all the time why the speakers never seemed to get to any goal at all; why they stammered, and stumbled; why they all thanked each other; why we went to it; and why Mrs Hay Mackenzie did not seem to think such an occupa-

tion very dull. It requires a long experience of life before we get at the weight and worth, and all the merits of dull things in this restless world of ours. We begin to realise that if we have to arrange for a thing, and have to throw ourselves into, say, the details of a luncheon of dull people, and have to make sure of arranging them properly at table, by the time that we have got to the end of the protocol we are really not as much bored as we expected to be! Then there is the harvest of boredom which wisdom ensures to her children, for it is true of boredom what St Theresa said of pain: "Suffering passes, but to *have suffered* remains with us." Not only would life be more tolerable but for its so-called amusements, but the day, and the matter and the manner of boredom pass away, while the fact that every tiresome duty found you at your post remains. People get to trust you when they know that they can reckon on your presence and your smile at a dull or quarrelsome meeting, at a formal tea-party, at a poor child's sick-bed, or at a lugubrious funeral on a wet morning. They are sure that you will not fail them any more than at a fifth-rate charity concert. I am sure that it was to their selfless endurance of such dull things, and to their punctual appearance wherever they were expected, that Mrs Hay Mackenzie, the Duchess of Vallombrosa, and the Countess Auguste de Pourtalès, owed their popularity and their widespread influence. Lady Ossington was perhaps as punctual, but she was really a very shy woman, who was brought up when the different classes saw very little of each other, and who did not care to be seen by strangers, and who, being a Bentinck, was not always long-suffering with bores, or with pushing people. On

one occasion a parson bored her horribly by his hyper-adulation and by his civil speeches at the opening of one of her many good works in St Marylebone. He kept assuring her over and over again of his gratitude, and of everybody's gratitude, and wound up by telling her that she might be sure of his prayers for her well-being—"and your ladyship knows how availing are the prayers of a righteous man!" Lady Ossington had for some minutes been twitching her bonnet-strings in a way that boded evil for the parson, and when she could stand it no longer she shot a quick glance at him, and replied: "Yes; but you know that he must *be* a righteous man." This is a digression, suggested by my first dull business meeting. Out of the chair Bishop Eden was certainly an agreeable man. He told me that he should much like to see Skibo Castle, since as bishop of the most northern diocese of the Scottish Episcopal Church he rather thought that he ought to possess it! Skibo certainly was, in pre-Reformation days, the Fulham of the Bishops of Sutherland and Caithness, with their see at Dornoch; whereas he was a Protestant Bishop of Moray and Ross, with his see at Inverness! So I said that I feared he could never make out his case!

After Easter, my brother George, Katherine and I were to go to Paris with Mr and Mrs Henry Reeve. The *Vivid* of Dover made a quick passage; no one was ill, we were all in excellent spirits, and charmed to settle into rooms at the Vouillemont Hotel, which we had engaged for a month. Mr Reeve had been educated in Paris by his aunt, Madame de Pontigny, and had completed his education either at Geneva with the Binets, or again in Paris with his other, better-known aunt,

Sarah Austin.[1] A good linguist, he was by this time a Corresponding Member of the French Institute, so I trembled when I first had to speak French before him, and with all the clever and interesting people who crowded our sitting-room. I had luckily been brought up to write and speak French grammatically, and after the first few days I found my feet in society, and was pronounced to have a pretty accent, and enjoyed everything, including my new bonnet (of lilac gauze), and my cups of chocolate.

An evening party at Monsieur Guizot's began my experiences. Long ago, as a little girl at St Andrews, I had seen the ex-Minister of Louis-Philippe, for he came there with the Minister, Lord Aberdeen, and his delightful daughter-in-law, Mary Lady Haddo, to spend the day with her brother, the Scottish Judge—Lord Jerviswood. I was there playing about with Rachel and Theresa Baillie, and to this day I can remember the short figure and the blazing brown eyes of the first *homme du midi* that I ever saw. Now those eyes seemed to have lost but little of their fire. The friendship with Mr Reeve was of very long standing, dating back to M. Guizot's great intimacy with Mrs Austin, which was formed before I was born or thought of, and there were few summers when the Reeves did not visit the Guizots at Val Richer. Life had been saddened there by the death of M. Guizot's wife, and his women-folk now consisted of his two daughters, Pauline and Henriette, married to two brothers de Witte: and, French fashion, they all kept house together, the grandfather, the married

[1] Daughter of Mr and Mrs John Taylor of Norwich: born 1793, married Mr John Austin, author of the celebrated text-book on Jurisprudence, in 1814. Their daughter Lucie married Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, and was the mother of Mrs (Janet) Ross.

children, and the grandchildren. They were well-read women, but quite without charm or animation, and as their traditions were all of a Puritan *bourgeoisie*, so their evening party was by no means *folichon*. I could quite understand how dull Princess Lieven found these worthy ladies. During the years of her fine enthusiasm for M. Guizot, she had perforce to receive his daughters occasionally, and would then complain of their want of *savoir vivre*. They scratched her fine tablecloths with their nails, and said, every time that they did so: "What beautiful table linen you have, Princess." It may easily be imagined that topics in common were lacking between them and the egotistical and intriguing foreigner who had managed to inspire their mother's widower with such a strange passion. The love letters of M. Guizot are an astonishing revelation of the heart of a man whom Louis-Philippe used to call his tyrant, who loved power, and who had had a Puritan's education. Born in Nismes while the Protestant Disabilities were in force, his parents' marriage before a pastor was not legal in the eye of the law; a fact which he never forgave, and though the Portalis Act removed this, and many other odious pieces of tyranny, the fact rankled, and still rankles in many Protestant minds. In these days of anti-clerical agitation, it is much to be regretted that too many French Protestants, animated by old rancours, have lent themselves to the anti-religious movements of the Freemasons and Jews, though, better than any others, they ought to realise that atheistic schools, where the very names of God, and of His Church, are proscribed, *must* be fatal to the rising generation in France.

Spring had come in the environs of Paris, and

very pretty were the woods of Meulan when we went out one morning to lunch with the Marochettis at the Château de Vaux. They were keeping house that spring with the Baronne's widowed sister, the Baronne de Sade, and her two girls. The sisters were charming cosmopolitan women, daughters of a Comte de Maussion who had lived a great deal in Scotland, with the de Coignys and the Stairs. The eldest girl, Valentine Laure de Sade, was in all the beauty and freshness of her teens, and that beauty was of the true Southern type, such as one might look for in a descendant of Petrarch's Laura, which Valentine was, and whose name she bore. Before very long those soft brown eyes and that sweet girlish laugh were to win for Valentine the love of Pierre de Warn, a young French naval officer of the best type.[1] With the Château de Vaux we were enchanted. Its towers date from the reign of Louis XI., who gave it to one of his detestable favourites, and close beside it stands the parish church, with the village that slopes down to the river, along which lies the most richly cultivated land in France. Madame de Sade said that nearly all the *primeurs* raised under intensive cultivation there went to the London market. In the woods, where I gathered violets and anemones, spring was looking its best, but alas! though the sun shone brightly on them, and on the reaches of the river, there happened to be also a very cold east wind, and both my sister and I contrived to catch such severe chills that next day we were very sorry for ourselves, and M. Guizot's doctor was sent for. He told me that if I went about any longer I

[1] Captain de Warn commanded the *Clotilde*, and during the seasons that she lay in Leith Roads, Valentine's husband visited us more than once at Ormiston Hall.

should have the jaundice: "And you, whom I saw so blonde at M. Guizot's the other evening, will be as yellow as forty quinces." This awful threat had the effect of confining me to the house for some days; and in that way I saw a good deal of Mr Reeve and of his visitors, since he, thanks to the same malignant east wind, had a pronounced fit of the gout in one wrist. My brother was, through all these days of our different ailments, rather to be pitied, because we were not able to go about with him. The *salon* full of gesticulating foreigners bored him, and every now and then he would come into our room where we were nursing ourselves under the *régime* that old Sir Hyde Parker used to describe as "caution and chicken broth," and there, flinging himself down, he would exclaim with impatience: "There is another fellow come in just now, and he talks more, and has dirtier nails than any of them." I think that the visitor thus described was M. Léonce Lavergne, a great friend of the Speaker Denison, but whose eloquence on agricultural and economic questions was trying to a young Scottish laird who never pretended to be more than what Sir Walter Scott called "an arrant fisher and fowler." We got to like M. Léonce Lavergne, in spite of his nails, and to realise the fact that Frenchmen, probably since the Revolution, are generally worse dressed than our gardeners. Our favourite among all these men of letters was Gustave de Beaumont. His heart was still in mourning for his friend Alexis de Tocqueville, whose letters he was editing, and he himself had a store of gentle wisdom that was delightful. Sigismund Krasinsky, the son of the *poète anonyme*, was interesting, and good-looking, while the Comte Melchior de Vogué

was the accomplished type of the French diplomatist, *littérateur* and scholar. Xavier Raymond and many others of the staff of the *Débats* (which was then accepted as the *Moniteur* of the Orleans party) haunted our sitting-room till milder weather came, and we all got out again. The Reeves went to a ball at the British Embassy, and Mr Reeve dined at the Villa St Georges, though we three ladies were not allowed to partake of the hospitality of the Thiers family. We went to Lady Cowley's stall at a charity bazaar, where George averred that he felt more shy than he had ever done in his life before; and to a *prima sera* at old Madame de Mohl's, and to one at Madame de Peyronnet's, and of course to the theatre. Alfred de Musset's *Il ne faut jurer de rien* filled us with joy for many days to come, since to have seen Got, and Coquelin, Madeleine Brohan, and Reichemberg for the first time was great gain. The *Marquis de Villemer* was the rage that spring, and we went to see it. We had not been long seated when a whisper ran round the house: a lady had come into the stage box on the right-hand side, a lady of flashing dark eyes and of flashing jewellery. It was Marguerite Bellanger, the reigning favourite of France's master, the *Imperia* of a people who while they called her by so high-sounding a title, accorded to Louis Napoleon only the nickname of *Badinguet.* As for George Sand's play which we had come to see, it disappointed me greatly, and George and I would do nothing but laugh during the crisis of her hero's fate. I understand now why George Sand's tales are not suited for the stage. All their false sentiment and their highfalutin come into high relief, while behind the footlights you miss all that makes the beauty of her books, those *frottages* of

French pastoral scenery, those touches of simple pathos, and that perfection of style which obliges you, as you read, to forgive her all her sins.

On one of our Sundays we went to Mass at the Tuileries, for which tickets had been asked, and which were civilly supplied by the Duc de Bassano. The present chapel was that Salle de la Convention where Marie Antoinette stood before her judges, and for me the associations of that tragedy, with the figures of that haughty yet so desolate *Autrichienne*, overpowered the effect of the entrance of the Emperor and Empress into the long galleries. Chamberlains kept coming and going, till suddenly the doors flew open, and the cry was heard : "*L'Empereur!*" and then two comparatively uninteresting-looking mortals (for such they seemed to me) first passed into our sight, and then passed out of it, into the gallery pew where their Majesties were to hear Mass. I thought the music operatic, and the whole thing undevotional.

On the following day we had tickets to view a wonderful collection of carvings, jades and porcelains brought from the palace at Pekin, and lodged, for the time being, in the house of the Duc de Morny. We drove there with Mr Reeve, leaving his wife in the toils of the dressmaker. On entering the gallery we were soon busily occupied in examining the priceless pieces of jade and of armour, when, by a door at the upper end, the Duc de Morny entered. If the collection of *curios* was interesting, still more so was the man who advanced towards us, and who did the honours of his gallery with that graceful courtesy which his visitors must always have found charming, and which he sometimes found useful. It pleased him to meet in this casual way persons with whom he

would not otherwise have come in contact. To-day, for example, it must have amused him to take stock of Mr Henry Reeve, the author of the most slashing diatribes published in *The Times* against his master and himself: a man who, as a friend of M. Guizot and of Alexis de Tocqueville, and as a correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, was from his youth upwards a *doctrinaire* and an Orleanist of the very first water.

Charles - Auguste - Louis - Joseph - Morny, later styled de Morny, and actually Duc de Morny, was now in his fifty-fourth year. He was certainly *attempato*, inasmuch as he was nearly bald, but his figure was so slight that my first impression was of a *primo tenore*, or of a dandy of the D'Orsay type. From his mother, Queen Hortense, he had inherited the rather long nose and pathetically arched eyebrows. His voice in speaking was singularly sweet, as became the son of a musically gifted woman and of that *jeune et beau Dunois* who had once, by moving her heart, inspired her song, the Comte de Flahaut, who became, in 1811, the father of M. de Morny. The great fortune of this man, his present position, and the palace in which we stood to-day, were all very unlike the declaration of his birth into this world of vicissitudes. That document avers that he was born at midnight of the 22nd of October 1811, at 137 Rue Montmartre, in the house of Doctor Gardien, *accoucheur*; and that the witnesses to this declaration of birth (made before the *adjoint* Crotte of the *3rd arrondissement*) were Lamy, a shoemaker, and Münch, a tailor, residing in the *Rue des Deux Écus, No.* 3. Here were strange enough precautions taken to secure an *incognito*, yet the names given to the child's imaginary parents were quite as fanciful,

he being presented as the son of Louise-Emilie-Coralie Fleury and of Auguste-Jean-Hyacinthe *Morny*, a proprietor in San Domingo. Needless to say that no such persons existed in San Domingo, or anywhere else! Nor must it be supposed that these precautions were uncalled for. Hortense's husband and the Empress Josephine were both alive, and Madame *mère* was also there to be reckoned with: and what was worse, Caroline Murat, who detested the Beauharnais, was ever on the watch. The family of Jerome, which had never been friendly to Hortense, also continued their aspersions against her up to the time of her death. So active were they that Prince Napoleon often boasted that he had in his possession thirty letters, any one of which would dispose of Louis Napoleon's claim to any share of the blood of the Buonapartes of Ajaccio.[1] Hortense's confinement in Paris had therefore to be kept as secret as possible; so secret that she had then and there virtually to renounce this child who had a tailor and a shoemaker for his sponsors. But Time, which works wonders, was to be kind to this inconvenient little boy. His father could with safety hand him over to his paternal grandmother, the Comtesse de Souza. He was brought up in her house, and there, in the Rue St Florentin, he came to see, and to be seen by, the redoubtable Prince de Talleyrand, whose relation to him was supposed to be that of a grandfather. These things were so strange that when the boy grew to manhood he was justified in repeating the saying of the Goncourts that "this was not the Age of the Despots, but it was the

[1] When King Louis of Holland was in a bad temper he used to vow that Louis was no child of his, but in his Will he solemnly declared Louis Napoleon to be his legitimate and only surviving son.

Age of the Bastards." Not that Comte de Flahaut ignored the child, as Hortense was obliged to do. Though married to a Scotch heiress, the Baroness Keith and Nairne,[1] he had his son to live with him at Tullieallan. The Stirlingshire neighbours knew that a small boy played about in its woods, and sailed little boats on its pretty lake. They knew that his name was Morny, and they took it for granted that he was the progeny of a certain French housekeeper whose morals, they opined, left a good deal to be desired.

The child grew to be a youth, and still Comte de Flahaut had him often with himself. One day when father and son were out driving together Morny saw the Count lift his hat to a short and not very pleasing-looking gentleman who was walking quietly along Bury Street. Noticing a shade of deference in the bow, the young man asked: "Who is that?" "That," replied Comte de Flahaut, "is Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte." Nothing more was said, and the half-brothers did not meet, or shake hands, till some months later, in Switzerland.

Presently a career had to be thought of for Morny, or as he now called himself, M. de Morny. The Company of Jesus at one time seemed to offer an opening, then, through Madame de Rude, he formed a friendship with the young Duke of Orleans. Death cut short all that prince's hopes and ties, and

[1] Miss Mercer, daughter of Lord Keith by his first wife. Born in 1788, she became, on her mother's death, Baroness Nairne in her own right. She was ugly, and not very popular, so that her neighbours seemed pleased when her friendship with Princess Charlotte came to an abrupt end, and they were much surprised at her choice of a husband. She was married, in Edinburgh, in 1817, to the Comte de Flahaut, who was said to be a son of Talleyrand and of Comtesse Souza. He was baldheaded, and without fortune, character or birth, but a diplomatic career made up for those deficiencies. After being ambassador in Rome, and in Vienna, he was accredited to the Court of St James, and took a house in Piccadilly.

it remained for Morny, after the affairs of Strasburg and of Boulogue, to attach himself to his half-brother, and to believe in the Napoleonic legend which was to make Louis Napoleon first President and then Emperor in France.

Years ago, in the days of the League, a clever Frenchman said: "We never mount so high as when we do not know where we are going." That might truly have been said of de Morny and of all the promoters of Louis Napoleon's fortunes, who, if they did not know precisely where Fate might land them, were unscrupulous as to every step. Just as the Taschers and the Beauharnais were to help the sprouting ambition of the "flat-haired Corsican" till then poor and obscure, so the two sons of Hortense were predestined to originate a second Empire in a country where the people enjoy alternately unbridled licence and military tyranny. Of the *coup d'état* M. de Morny was the mainspring. Two nights before it he was in the Orleanist *salon* of Madame de Rude, and the night before it, escaping from the usual circle held at the Élysée, he went to the theatre. There he chatted gaily during every *entr'acte* and visited the boxes of his friends, wearing his *dilettante* smile, just as if no catastrophe were impending, as if two hundred arrests were not about to be made before daybreak, and as if the streets of Paris were not to be red with blood. To-day, when the Duc de Morny stood showing us the Chinese spoils, was it a fancy of mine that the mouth, under its well-trimmed moustache, had a certain cruelty in its lines, and that, in spite of a bland courtesy of manner, I saw pitilessness in his eyes? The Duke was at this moment, after the Emperor, the most important man in the Empire, and the busiest. He had fought at the siege of

Constantine, he had been twice President of the Council and once Ambassador-Extraordinary, while as a leader of society he had the most unparalleled success. He was a poet at his hours, the glass of fashion, the arbiter of all claims to elegance or to distinction. He was at once a *connaisseur*, a librettist[1] and a financier, to say nothing of his *bonnes fortunes*.

When the Duc de Morny was on his mission to Russia, to represent Napoleon III. at the coronation of Emperor Alexander II., he saw, wooed and won, Sophie Sergeevna Troubetzkoy the daughter of Prince Serge Troubetzkoy and of Catherine Poushkine. I never saw her, but heard her described by her aunts, and her friends, as a blonde, with wonderful hair, and very dark eyes. Perhaps as she was the fashion, her beauty was exaggerated: it was certainly not possessed by either of her aunts, Madame de Bausche or Countess Apraxine, when I knew them. As regards her qualities, an old French friend of mine, an ex-ambassador, assured me that she was a born and bred *intrigante*, and as such, on more than one occasion, caused him a great deal of trouble. She was, of course, very much envied for the marriage she had made, and if, when she came to Paris, she described some of the stars of Eugénie's Court as *prostoi* (common), she could not complain that she felt either lonely or ex-patriated, since the Paris to which she was introduced was full of Polish, Russian, Austrian, Spanish and Italian beauties and of courtiers who had more than their own share of its glories and amusements. Among these were her aunts, who certainly kept up, even after the fall of the Empire, the reputation for

[1] Anyone who likes a good laugh must be grateful to him for that very funny piece, *M. de Choufleuri reste chez lui.*

smart repartee, and all the extravagance of their best days. So much was this the case that to me a breakfast at the Villa Apraxine was quite a startling affair. Laughter reigned in an atmosphere thick with tobacco smoke, while the champagne literally dripped off the table on to the floor.

What John Knox called "that foul fiend *Death*" was nevertheless lying in wait in the palace of this over-fortunate and over-busy man. Worn out by living, the Duc de Morny died suddenly in the spring of 1866. As the Emperor was often annoyed by the pretensions of both de Morny and Walewsky, it had not always been peace and joy between the sons of Queen Hortense, but Louis Napoleon, being the most kind-hearted of men, hastened at once to the Duke's death-bed, and long held in his own hands that of the unconscious patient. All Paris, especially the Paris of affairs, was moved at his death, while his funeral was a sight that every Parisian woman would have regretted to have missed.

I was at a reception at the Prefecture of Nice the day that the bad news came in. The Prefect, M. Gavini-de-Campile, said to be profoundly affected by the sad intelligence, did not appear. Madame Gavini received the condolences of the General commanding the district, of several of the clergy, and of the Procureur-General, and of such Imperialist friends as old d'Espeuilles Baron Nervo, the Sansons, Salverte and the Duc de Rivoli. In her *salon* people whispered about arsenic pills, and the English doctor was commented upon, and one was aware of a general sense of desolation, a premonition, as it were, of the much darker days in store for the Second Empire. In truth de Morny's last piece of good fortune was to die before the

prodigious edifice built up by him collapsed like a house of cards; to die at home before the Court was driven into exile. A few more years and he would have seen Paris revenge herself for that *coup d'état*, and the long carnival of the Second Empire close with the burning of the Tuileries.

When the Duc de Morny died, his widow cut off her beautiful hair, and placed it in his coffin. This incident was generally felt to be affecting, but very soon after the funeral the bereaved and shorn lady betook herself to going over the Duke's papers. He had not left many, but still there were sufficient to enlighten her on several topics. Anger replaced her grief, though it could not replace her plaits of fair hair; she took off her weeds, and set herself to forget the man whom she had recently mourned. Before long she united herself with a relation of the Empress, the Duque de Sesto, with whom she generally lived in Spain, and who proved a kind father to her Morny children. One of these, a daughter, has become *déclassée*, the phrase which Parisians apply to what they feel to be an abnormal amount of immorality.

Before we left Paris that spring I saw the Emperor and Empress again, for my brother and I went to a review at Longchamps. It was a beautiful scene in a beautiful setting, all the more so as the troops reviewed were exclusively cavalry. The Empress on horseback charmed me far more than she had done in her Sunday bonnet, and as for the Emperor, if he was stumpy and common-looking on foot, he was a demigod on his charger, so the sight of this sovereign, so superbly mounted and surrounded by so brilliant a staff, haunted my memory long after his defeat and surrender at Sedan. I never, of course, heard any good of him

in the Orleanist houses to which the Reeves took me, and where certainly no one could be reproached for the riotous living which had been introduced by the Empire. Very unpretending was the establishment of the Vicomtesse de Peyronnet.[1] She was a lady of literary abilities, and had embraced the principles of her husband, a son of that minister of Charles X. who, after 1830, was imprisoned, first at Vincennes and then at Ham. Left a widow, she was now bringing up her three girls and entertaining their friends in the simplest manner. I amused myself very well there one evening on the balcony, but I got a scolding from my hostess when I admitted that I had gone to the Mass at the Tuileries to see their Majesties. "How could you?" she cried. "I would as soon have gone to see toads and vipers."

The guests at Louis Wolonsky's, where I dined another night, had dislikes of their own, for they were either Poles or of Polish proclivities. As a young Scottish lady it was thought right to put me at table next Monsieur Mignet. He took me to dinner, and I found the historian of *Marie Stuart* very kind. Monsieur F. Passy was on my other side, and I remember the presence of a great Polish lady who told me how the train which took

[1] Daughter of Mr Whitfield, one of a West Indian family of that name.

Madame de Peyronnet was the elder and the more able of two remarkable sisters. The younger one, Madame de Perpigna, married a landowner in the south of France, and was the mother of the gifted and faithful Georgina de Perpigna, *grande gouvernanet* to the children of the Emperor Frederic, in whom the Empress Victoria found a trusted and invaluable friend. Madame de Perpigna died in Cannes. Of the three Peyronnet daughters, Laura, the eldest, married Lord Arthur Russell; the second is Lady Sligo; while Madeleine, preferring England to an altered Paris, has a great circle of friends in Brighton. Their mother, a frequent contributor to *The Edinburgh Review*, was correspondent to *The Times* during the siege of Paris.

the Emperor of Russia to see his son die, in Nice, was driven by a noble Polish refugee, who was earning his living on the P.L.M. Railway. The lady added that "judgment had come up into the house of the king." There was some music in the evening, and they all sang *God for Poland.*

This was not my only excursion into the Polish world of Paris. I had heard from Hélène Sanguszko that a sale was to take place at the Hôtel Lambert for the benefit of the poorer refugees. Mrs Reeve and I went to it, and the scene left such a profound impression on me that I tried to reproduce it many years later in the pages of *Blue Roses.* I did not see anyone there as beautiful as Hélène, but I remember the great gloomy hotel in the island, and the sense of public and private trials lived through in its sombre rooms, with that melancholy picture on the wall of the *escalier d'honneur.* It shows Christ pointing to his wounds "in the house of His friends," those which are, alas! always the most painful of all! I do not know if much money was made at the sale, for it was only to be formally opened on the following day. I saw ladies busy unpacking screens and pillows, and *articles de piété* and many pathetic bunches of wedding rings, sent in by poor Polish women who had nothing else to sell. I left a louis with one of the stall-keepers, and old Princess Adam Czartoryski[1] was so pleased with it that she sent me a little pair of sleeve links, made of Ukraine gold, which I still possess.

We left Paris with great regret, were only a couple of days in London, and then Kate and I went down to Newstead Abbey to spend a delightful week with Mr and Mrs Webb. I was feeling

[1] Widow of the Prince Adam Czartoryski, who was so deeply attached to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia.

very weak and poorly, but that did not prevent Sherwood and its dukeries being enchanting, and our taking drives every day. We were very kindly received at Thorsby, and saw its great oaks, and went another day to see Clumber, and a little of the Duke of Portland's water meadows, and of the outside of his house: only the façade of Welbeck, while we were burning with curiosity to see the subterranean rooms and the riding school! As for Newstead itself, "repentant Henry's pride," as it has been called, we revelled in its beauty and in its legends, for if one Henry built the Abbey as an expiation of the murder of Thomas à Becket, another Henry, after his attack on the monasteries, gave the house and lands to the "little Sir John Byron with the long beard" whose picture hangs in the morning-room. In this way Newstead came into the possession of the poet's family, though owing to his father's impecunious circumstances, and to the fact of his mother being a Scottish heiress, but little of his youth can have been spent in this place. I have seen Gight (which belonged to Mrs Byron), and I have seen, in papers in General Frank Russell's[1] possession, all the sordid details of the family quarrels of Lord Byron's parents and of a dismal life in Aberdeen, when the contrast between its grey and windswept streets and the turnip fields and ash-trees of Gight, with beautiful Newstead, must have been bitter indeed. The chapel at Newstead has been restored by the Webbs, and there they gave decent burial to the skull which Lord Byron had desecrated. They

[1] General Frank Russell of Aden, C.M.G., at one time M.P., and also military attaché in Berlin, married Philippa, younger daughter of the late Rt. Hon. Henry Baillie of Redcastle. An elder Russell of Aden was trustee to the Hon. Mrs Byron, *née* Gordon of Gight.

sent for a priest from Nottingham (whose Mass was served by Alastair Fraser of Lovat), after which a requiem was sung. *R.I.P.* They did this because they had been assured that so long as the monk was offended by the misusage of his skull, Jane Webb would not have an heir, and the place would not descend from father to son. Jane did give birth first to one boy and then to a second, but alas! that monk must still bear a grudge, one trouble after another overtook the family, and Newstead has not gone from father to son.

One of the things that charmed us most there was the quadrangle by moonlight. Cleared of ruins, and of everything gloomy, all its open spaces were full of hyacinths and tulips, while upstairs the walls of the quadrangle were covered with prints and drawings, and there was a wealth of tapestries in the different suites of rooms that are known as the "lodgings" of the different English kings who had, at one period or another, *lain* at Newstead.

A propos of the uniformity of the doors and of the arrangement of these suites on all the four sides of the quadrangle, Baron Huddleston told me of an incident which he described to me as "the only true ghost story that he could vouch for." It fell on this way: Colonel Wildman[1] had quite recently purchased Newstead when he met, in Hanover Square, a friend whose name has escaped me, and whom I must call X. On being congratulated on his purchase, Colonel Wildman replied: "Yes; and I am just going down there with my lawyer, Mr Lushington, for there is still a good deal of business to wind up. Would you care to have a look at the place? It would be

[1] Colonel Richard Wildman married Lady Margaret Charteris, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss.

something of a picnic, for everything is in the rough, and Lady Margaret is at Gosford for the present. It is an easy journey : you take the Mail, by Nottingham, to Mansfield-Woodhouse, and I can send to meet you there. I can't answer for the cook, but there is a decent bottle of port, or two."

X. accepted the friendly invitation, and five days later found himself at table with the Colonel and with Mr Lushington in what used to be Lord Byron's dining-room, full of spider-legged Sheraton furniture. About ten o'clock X. felt sleepy, took a bedroom candle, and went upstairs to bed. About eleven Mr Lushington did the same, leaving Colonel Wildman to lock away the papers which they had been considering. Presently the door opened and the lawyer, still in evening dress, entered. He was pale, and the candle in his hand shook as Leporello's does in the play, when he is terrified by the speech of the stone Commandant.

"What is the matter?"

"I don't feel very well, Colonel."

"Have some brandy, my dear fellow."

The brandy was swallowed, but the patient remained as pale and uneasy as before. "In fact, my dear Colonel, I think it would be far wiser for me to return to town at once. Could you send round to the stables and have me taken as far as Mansfield-Woodhouse? And from that I could catch the Mail to London."

"I never heard such a thing! Why, our work here, yours and mine, is only just begun."

"That is where it is : but I cannot sleep another night in this house."

"God bless my soul! What ails you?"

"The place does not suit me. It must be

haunted, and that comes extra hard on a man who knows as much of the Byron family as I do."

"The Byrons be hanged, for a bad lot."

"To cut a long story short, Colonel. I had just gone up to my room——"

"I know *that*, but what then?"

"I opened my door, and there, on my pillow, lay a horrible apparition."

"Lady Byron? By Jove!"

"No!—a man's face with all the worst passions stamped on it. Then a weird-looking figure appeared to rise from the bed, and I fled! And I really must get the Mail back to town. It would kill me to sleep another night here. It was horrible! quite horrible!"

At that moment the door opened again, and in dressing-gown and slippers X. entered. He was deadly pale, and his bedroom candle also shook and guttered like Leporello's.

"What next?" asked Colonel Wildman.

"I come to—to—to ask you," stammered X., "if it would be possible to send round to the stables. It is very late, but if I could only be sent as far as Mansfield-Woodhouse, I could catch the Mail next morning, and return to town—I could not possibly sleep another night in this house!"

"But that is what Mr Lushington has just told me. What the devil is the matter with you both?"

"Matter?" cried X. "There is plenty the matter with my room, or rather with this unholy house!"

"Ah! If all tales are true that is by no means unlikely; but what has happened to you?"

"As you know, I went early to bed."

"Quite so!"

"And I don't mind adding that, before retiring to rest, I said my prayers!"

"Good! Very proper indeed."

"I fell asleep, and slept till now. On waking I was horrified to see a man's figure at the foot of my bed. On his face all the worst passions were stamped. I raised myself in bed and the apparition vanished! I was in the dark, but I scrambled into some garments to come down and tell you that I *must* positively return to town!"

Colonel Wildman burst out laughing. "You have seen each other. You, Lushington, as sleepy as an owl, have mistaken your room for X.'s. All the doors of all the suites in the quadrangle upstairs are alike, so you went into X.'s room by mistake and scared him out of his first sleep and out of his wits. You have simply seen one another. The Byron tragedies have nothing at all to do with it, but you, X., had better also have some brandy and water!"

CHAPTER VII

LETTERS FROM NICE, 1864-1865

[Miss Dempster suffered much from the cold and damp of her Highland home, and was glad to accept the invitation of Mrs James Knox[1] to spend the winter of 1864 with her at Nice.]

HÔTEL CHAUVIN, NICE,
3rd January 1865.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I owe you a letter in return for the pleasant one you wrote me from Castle Leod, so to-day I will give you an account of the Christmas Eve service at the Russian Church, which may interest you. Princess Galitzine called for me at seven, and the service lasted till half-past nine. The church is an upper room well "furnished" . . . and the high altar is in the apse behind a screen, or *iconostase* of which the arches are covered with Byzantine saints, painted on a gold ground. In the open space the service is chanted at a reading-desk, and there are groups of candles on the movable altar, on which the *pain bénit* is laid. There three candles burn, and there the religious picture is placed to be kissed by the congregation. The Empress has a chair and carpet, and the service is more ornately ritualistic than the Roman Catholic one. It is read in

[1] Mrs James Knox, *née* Taylor of Bifrons, married Col. the Hon. James Knox, son of the 1st Earl of Ranfurly. Their only child, Emily, was Mrs Dundas of Arniston.

Sclavon, and a legend, in that language, runs round the dome: "Oh! all who are weary and heavy-laden," etc.: I prayed for Poland, and for peace on earth, and good will. The poor people are exceedingly devout, many of them worshipping on their faces, and children joining with apparent attention. Infants communicate from babyhood in the Greek Church, and Princess Galitzine told me that her little boy, who is not four years old, has already taken the Blessèd Sacrament three times. The music is good, though monotonous, and there is no organ. The choristers wear a green and gold livery, like footmen, which I thought rather strange, but it is accounted for by the fact of the Empress's presence. The robes of the priests are a mass of gold tissue; they let their long hair hang on their shoulders, and have beards and high head-dresses. Some of the ceremonies are very suggestive and symbolical. The whole service is indeed symbolical, and Princess Galitzine told me that she herself did not understand one half of its meaning. At one time a great candle was brought in and set down, and at the same moment a blazing lamp was run up into the dome. This was in honour of Him who "came to be a Light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the Glory of His people Israel." Then in honour of the "Word," a Gospel, heavily bound in silver, was exhibited to the congregation, who knelt and praised God for it. It was then opened, and rested on a priest's shoulders, while another one read out of it the Gospel of the day. Then came the kissing of an *icon*, which represented the Passion of Our Lord. It was laid on a movable altar, and the little Grand duchess Marie[1] stepped forward and bowed until

[1] Afterwards Duchess of Edinburgh.

she touched the ground with her forehead, then rising she laid her hand on the altar, and kissed the picture: her example being followed by the greater part of the congregation, including my companion. "Allelujah" was then sung, and the crowd knelt throughout instead of standing. The Sign of the Cross is different in the Russian Church from what it is in the Latin. The people touch with two fingers their foreheads, breast and left and right shoulders, bowing as they do this. After Benediction the priests shook hands with the little Grand duchess, and the congregation dispersed, having stood, or knelt, for more than two hours.

Princess Galitzine is not pretty, but she is a pleasing little person. Her husband is aide-de-camp to the Czar, and very good-looking, and has taught me to dance the mazurka. She has no name! When he married her she was called Kisseleff, from an old Princess who had adopted her, but when one looks at her position, and remembers the exclusiveness of the Russian *Upper Ten*, and that she was adopted by a very great lady of the Empress' suite and that she was next bestowed on the son of a noble house, you can at least guess her parentage, and explain how she brought with her no name, but a splendid portion in money; in fact, gossips aver that she might write herself, Olga Nikolaevna.

I amused myself well at the Prefecture this week. I danced with Albert de Rothschild, Raglan Somerset, Cowper Unwin, M. de Lassence, M. Fontanes, with the *Procureur Général* (who hails from Bordeaux), with M. de Monbrison, and with a Picardy squire M. de B. You will laugh, but next day this squire (rather a cub) waited on Mrs Knox to ask for the honour of my hand! She

had great difficulty in keeping her countenance when from his pocket he drew a slip of paper on which were enrolled the names of five young ladies in society with their addresses, and a succinct account of their fortunes. Mine was, as he understood, *petite, mais sûre!* When Mrs Knox told me I laughed, and said: "M. de B. must take us for the five foolish virgins! but I don't think any one of us is foolish up to the point of marrying him." This is my second conquest! for an Italian doctor, who saw me at a wedding, came to Mrs Knox next day to ask for my hand. "I have a *leetle*, and she has a *leetle*, so it will do very well!" *That* time I was angry, and I am terrified of meeting the animal at some corner of the street!

31st January.

In these carnival days, when we are either dancing or talking *Hashed Ball*, as Bessie Dundas used to call it, I can only write to you about balls. The one at the Villa Carlone was especially pretty, and the hostess, Mrs Baird, *née* Goff, is a peculiarly lively and ladylike woman. The host calls kin with the Bairds of Newbyth, but though good-looking and gentlemanlike is *not* lively. I danced eleven of the twelve dances, and had thirteen partners, owing to the Niçois fashion that another dancer may come up, make you a bow, and ask for a turn during the valse. I never had such health, and I suppose I ought to be glad to be in this air, and not in Rome, where they say that even strong people feel their muscular system *délabré*. We are bidden to a Matinée at the Préfecture next week. I do not care for dancing before dinner, for my bonnet-strings make me hot, and dancing makes me hotter, and tea makes me hottest!

Madame Pantaleone tells me they have not made any plans for the summer, and truth to say their plans are not easy to make. The Liberal doctor is, as you know, exiled from Rome, and she tells me that they are also forbidden to touch Austrian ground. Luckily their home at Macerata is on neutral ground, since to have to wander with three rather lively boys under twelve years of age would be trying. Madame Pantaleone's accounts of Macerata, and of the lives of their peasantry, are most amusing. Hers is a case of a *villeggiatura* in provincial Italy, and the manners and customs are, to say the least of it, peculiar. Every lady has her established and recognised adorer, and if one lady were to interfere with the other's *property*, the *husbands* would have to take up the matter!! They meet in each other's gardens in the warm evenings, and dance and flirt, and eat ices: they have a little opera house, and the men have their *cafés*, but books, except in Dr Pantaleone's house, are unknown, and life goes on like in a picture of Giorgione's. All the girls are brought up in convents, and all the boys by priests, and Madame Pantaleone calls her neighbours *miracles of vacancy*. Her own marriage is a happy one, and the boys are lively and clever.

27th March.

The cold is miserable. The hills are white with snow, and I have a sore throat. At Nervi there is a foot of snow, and the mails came in covered with it, and at Lyons I hear it is a *metre* in depth. Albert de Rothschild writes that Paris is "fast bound in misery and iron," and Mr B. D. declares he was never so cold in his life as on his journey to Nice. I don't think him particularly pleasant,

but as he is having, or has had the jaundice, I suppose we must make allowances for him. We danced last night for the *Mi-Carême*, hoping to keep ourselves warm, but our chaperons, sitting in fur, velvet and sealskins, were to be pitied, while the Russians present might have fancied themselves back in their dear native country. As regards dancing partners, I sometimes wish *they* had stayed there, for the Russian Fleet sends a number of *monsters* into Society. The Navy in Russia is not good style, and these officers are all hideous, and *mal élevés*. Nothing is more curious than the contrast between them and the French Navy, and the two French *lieutenants de vaisseau* that I know look like princes beside these Kalmucks. Equally curious, of course, is the difference between an English Guardsman, or rifle brigademan, and a French *Chasseur de la Garde Impériale*. Altogether, the types of men and women in a cosmopolitan *ménagerie* like this are very diverting, and I often wish I could draw them, and carry away sketches of the "kindreds and tongues" that I meet here.

2nd April.

Everything is packed, and I leave in two hours. Last night we went to a *prima sera* at dear old Mrs Arabin's. Having danced for a whole winter we declared that we really *must* keep it up to the end! Mrs Arabin (at nearly eighty) was good-natured, and let us push aside the chairs, and her nephew, Horace Rumbold, equally good-natured, played valses, and we danced for an hour and a half. It was rather a waste of his talent, for he has a good voice and better method, and his singing has been one of the delights of my winter in Nice. . . . Mrs Arabin had an interesting friend

staying with her, not young either, as you will believe when I tell you that Madame Paolucci is the widow of one of the Generals who met and mastered Napoleon in Russia. His policy was to burn crops and houses in front of the French line of march. In this way the army of Napoleon was deprived of food and shelter all the way to Moscow, and when it reached that town, hoping for good winter quarters, its Governor-General, Rostopchine, had set it on fire. . . .

CHAPTER VIII

ITALY IN 1866-1867

"First name of the world's names, ROME!"
SWINBURNE.

After the sale of Skibo it was settled that we should go abroad for three months, starting as soon as I was strong enough to travel: and that our winter should be spent in Rome. Whilst still in London I remember that we went out to Chiswick[1] to say good-bye to the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland. She was then too unwell to go farther from her doctor than to this pretty old house. Its tall elms, its brimming river, and its picturesque barges delighted me, and I am very glad that we went, since we never saw that truly great lady again. She was still dressed in white, though sickness had bowed her figure, and age had wrinkled her face, yet she never spoke of her sufferings, and was still the same kind and graceful hostess. Her rooms were full of flowers, arranged, not for their rarity, but for their colours: for example, tall Chinese jars standing against a pale green wall held masses of those scarlet poppies that have big black hearts, whilst against a gold background there were placed the longest purple feather hyacinths that ever I have seen. She showed us some of the new designs (that she never tired of making) for Minton's potteries, and we left with the greatest fears for her health, which alas! were to be only too soon realised.

[1] Chiswick House was famous as the residence of the wicked Earl and Countess of Somerset who had been proved guilty of the murder, in the Tower, of Sir Thomas Overbury. Frances Howard, first Countess of Essex, and then Countess of Somerset, died there in disgrace, in 1632.

Aunt Dempster also went one morning to see the young Duchess. She found the new mistress of Stafford House much excited over the christening of her little girl, the first baby that she had had for about ten years.[1] It was named Alexandra, and Dr Cumming had just performed the christening ceremony, to the delight of the mamma, who averred that "Dr Cumming was quite apostolic, and that in fact he never said anything with which *she* did not perfectiy agree"! As Countess of Cromartie in her own right, this young lady had the presentation to over a dozen livings in the counties of Ross and Cromarty, so that she was perhaps right in cultivating the friendship of Dr Cumming, but her estimation of him, and of his prophecies, is open to question; in fact, the prophecies have all been disproved by "Time which trieth Truth."

Our tour through France was full of sunshine and of interest. We went to Tours, and to Bourges, to Périgueux and Montauban. At Agen I was so delighted with the Hôtel du Petit St Jean, with its proprietors, with their pretty daughter, their garden and the wide river, that I transferred them to my first novel, published later, by Smith & Elder, *The Hôtel du Petit St Jean.* As the autumn days closed in, we turned our steps northwards, and crossing the Auvergne, we reached Lyons by way of St Étienne.

Aix-les-Bains was a place to which I lost my heart at first sight, and it is one to which I have often and often returned, though it is now spoilt by

[1] Lady Alexandra Leveson Gower, who became a nurse at St Bartholomew's, and died at Argyle Lodge, Campden Hill. At the moment of her death Lord Archibald Campbell heard the house and garden resound with music, the origin of which was never discovered. He searched the garden and the two lanes, but no musicians were ever traced to account for the strains.

a casino and by questionable company, and though political and religious difficulties have quite changed the temper of a population once simple and kindly, and full of "sunburnt mirth." Our next stage was Turin, and then across formidably swollen torrents, to Milan, and into provinces quivering with all the excitement of the Italian *Risorgimento*. It was, however, only after we had spent some time in Verona that we got to realise all that the Austrian occupation must have meant for the people who had so long endured it. It is true that the last Tuscan Grand duke had been a really mild and equitable ruler, and it was also true that here, in Verona, the Commandant, General Jakobs, was respected by the inhabitants for his just and conciliatory conduct, but between the two nationalities a great gulf was fixed. What a disparity of qualities, and of aims and tastes! "*Sempre questi brutti visi innanzi!*" groaned a Veronese beadle to me, and now that by the recent cession of Venetia to Italy, they have the prospect of getting rid of the thirty thousand Austrian soldiers who keep them in awe, the populace is wild with joy. The shops exhibit masses of forbidden *roba*, flags, and banners, and ribbons, and mottoes of rejoicing. In one shop a woman threw a piece of tricoloured ribbon round my neck, and, as she tied it, she said, with brimming eyes and a tender smile: "*Carina*, let an Italian woman put this ribbon on you, and ask you to wear it for her dear country's sake." We saw many touching things, and we heard so many interesting ones from our good friend, the Canonico Giuliari that, as the *manners* of an exciting time, I think they are worth extricating from the hurried journal that I kept on our travels.

"The actual ceremony of handing over the town

to General Leboeuf, and of his giving the bride to 'Italy' (in the shape of three commissioners) had not been accomplished when we got to Verona, so things did not always move smoothly there. One night a brawl began in a café under our windows between some Croatian soldiers and a populace that showed its feelings too freely. Chairs flew about, shots were fired, and martial law had to be proclaimed next morning. We awoke to find the bridges and squares full of pickets of armed Croats, and all the forbidden *roba* banished from the shops. Even the Veronese praised General Jakobs for his good sense. He has certainly during his long occupation of the town, and in the construction of its many frowning forts, won the genuine respect of the inhabitants. Their *affection* no *Straniero* can ever hope to win, and no respectable woman in Verona has ever opened her house, or received at her table any of the military. Most of the old Veronese families are self-exiled on account of their presence. The present bishop is a Canossa, and his people still occupy the old Palazzo Canossa in the city, but they are poor, having been impoverished by Napoleon's wars. We heard a good deal of the Canossa from our friend, the Canonico Giuliari, who is a relation of the Bishop's and who explained the absence from this beautiful city, not only of an upper class, but even of a good middle class. Indeed it would be hard to see a poorer or more squalid population than that which in the cafés and at the stalls of the chestnut-sellers and knife-grinders has to mix a little with the active-looking Croats.

. . . . . .

The Canonico comes to see us every day, and brings us the latest news of the town. He says

the soil of this valley is poor, and that the wine leaves something to be desired. The sufferings and domestic miseries of the inhabitants during these campaigns of independence have been very great. Our Canonico has had two brothers self-exiled from Verona through the Austrian rule, and they, being marked men, found it impossible for them, even for one day, to enter Verona, so as to close the eyes of their dying mother. She, poor lady, died without hearing any of the 'Songs before Sunrise,' or seeing the dawn of a better day in the Veneto, or of safety for her children. There is a fourth brother, who does live in Verona, but he is separated from a son whom he brought up as an engineer, because that young man has gone out with Garibaldi. The Canonico calls the turn of events which has surrendered Venetia to Italy a *propria misericordia di Dio*, since no army, in his opinion, could force the Quadrilatero, and he considers that it is only the severe blow lately inflicted on her by Prussia that has moved Austria to consent to this arrangement.

. . . . . .

General Leboeuf is to arrive from Venice to-morrow to give away the bride!

. . . . . .

From our balcony, which looked into the court-yard of the hotel, Helen and I were able to see this ceremony, which lasted less than twenty minutes. First, there arrived General Leboeuf, a rather vulgar-looking man, though much brushed up for the occasion. He took his place at the top of the hall. He was soon joined by the Italian commissioners entrusted to receive from Leboeuf the keys of the city and of the forts. They were good-looking young men, in blue uniforms. Last

of all, there stalked in General Jakobs, with a very small staff, all in white. That the fine old soldier suffered keenly I am convinced: his tall figure was bent, his moustache drooped, and no one could have got through the ceremony more quickly than he managed to do. He simply gave the great keys to Leboeuf, and then withdrew a few paces, while these insignia of his long responsibility were handed over to the Italian officer, who certainly grasped them with a visible joy.[1]

. . . . . .

The servants of this house are one and all anti-clerical. The hotel is not like the one we were in at Milan, a rendezvous for Kossuth and other foreign revolutionaries, but the people here judge their clergy solely from the point of view of the *Risorgimento*, and even the Bishop, all Canossa as he may be, is not too well spoken of, and as for the priests, people complain that there are too many of them, and that they are not all good nationalists. For the Canonico Giuliari they have nothing but good to say, but that is not on account of his moral qualities, or of his private virtues, but because he once got a month's arrest from old Radetsky: and 'of such' (for the Veronese) 'are the kingdom of heaven!'"

. . . . . .

We were very sorry to leave Verona, which in this lovely weather looks beautiful, and we felt for poor General Jakobs, whose hours within its walls are now numbered.

[1] When in Carlsbad, one day, I passed on a bridge the Archduke Albert walking with General Jakobs. They must have had many souvenirs of Verona and of Custozza, in common, and when I had the honour of meeting the Archduke in Cannes, he told me that poor General Jakobs did not long survive the grief of leaving Verona.

Our train stopped both at Somma-Campagna and at Pastrengo, so that we were able to point out to our parents the positions on the battle-field of Custozza which we had recently visited, and we seemed to see again its ruined palaces, and its litter of torn haversacks, uniforms and newspapers, and those great ungrassed-over mounds of the forgotten brave, with all the other marks of the conflict of 22nd June. I must say that, having compared the two reports, Archduke Albert's dispatch is much more graphic and intelligible than La Marmora's, and his notice of the Italian troops is very good. He praises their dogged courage, and the fierce fight that they made until the new ammunition, so hastily brought up, proved to be unroasted coffee beans instead of cartridges. Then they were obliged to retire across the river.

Many years later, when I had the honour to meet the Archduke Albert at Cannes, we spoke of Custozza, and he told me that the Austrian losses in point of numbers had been so enormous that their generals were, at nightfall, as ready as not to call the battle of Custozza a defeat. I told him that I had made a very careful sketch of the battle-field (for Mademoiselle Adèle de Watteville, whose brother fell near the little bridge), so might I beg permission to show it to him, since every broken mulberry-tree was to be seen in it? He rubbed his hands with glee as he cried out: "Ah! and didn't we break some?" I got this sketch enlarged, and sent copies both to H.R.I.H. and to his brother Archduke Rainer, in whose house we had met.

We reached Rome on 10th November 1866, and stayed in rooms in the Piazza di Spagna, in a hotel where Sir John and Lady Acton were spend-

ing the winter.[1] Their baby fell ill, and over this small morsel of humanity (about three months old),[2] there began a friendship which has lasted for over forty years, and which has become so dear and so valuable to me. Lady Acton was excessively pretty, as pretty as happiness and pearl necklaces, and marvellous fair hair could render a young married woman. Sir John, the kindest as well as the most learned of men, lent me books, and Helen and I went occasionally to spend an hour with them after dinner, to be put to flight sometimes by the appearance of a cardinal, whose servants, cushion and red umbrella duly adorned their ante-room.

The English colony that winter was an unusually interesting one. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll were there, she, like her mother, very enthusiastic about Italian liberty. They had with them their eldest son and their eldest girl, two creatures "in the hues of youth" who looked as if they were angels stepped out of some picture of Guercino's by mistake. In contrast with their radiant youthfulness were Lord and Lady Cardwell, so far gone down into the vale of years that they were truly glad to rest from official wear and tear. Then there were the Arthur Russells, who came after Christmas, and Mr Odo Russell, training for the part that he was to play later, when the Vatican Council held its sittings. Above all, there were Mr and Mrs Gladstone—the minister, out of office was over-busy in buying books, and in reading Homer, and, albeit a Liberal in matters of Italian

[1] Sir John Emmerich Dalberg Acton, Bart., of Aldenham, M.P. for Bridgenorth, married his cousin, Marie Euphrosyne d'Arco Valley, created 1st Baron Acton.

[2] Hon. Maria Acton, married Colonel Blei Herbert, son of John Herbert of Llanarth, and of Augusta, daughter and heiress of Lord and Lady Llanover.

politics, not always able to resist the charm of the cardinals!

Then there was the Master of Lovat and his newly married wife, Alice Blundell, a representative English Catholic, and a cousin of the Vaughans; with Simon's sister Charlotte, newly married to Sir Matthew Sausse, also on their wedding tour. Mr and Mrs Hornyold were old *habitués*, and so were the Henry Walpoles and Mr Esmeade. We had also our friends, the Edmund Wallers, and our kinsfolk, the Hamilton-Fergusons, and the Northesks, and Dr Grant, of the Scotch College, who tried to convert Helen and me. To the same end laboured Monsignore Howard, whom we had known as an officer in the Life Guards, and who here proved a most kind *cicerone*, and Mr Barrett, a brother of Mrs Browning, and Mr and Lady Charlotte Locker, with their dear little girl Eleanor,[1] a host in themselves. Out of the Villa Giulia came the old Miss Haigs of Bemersyde: in the Via Gregoriana lived the Arbuthnots, who gave pleasant parties, and Miss Lockwood, who knew everyone. Helen and I didn't go into any of the great Roman houses, for our friendship with Donna Gwendolina Doria[2] did not begin till many years later, but we had one or two Roman dancing partners, whom we also saw at the meets. Their names pleased our ears, and their ways of living amused us not a little. When I asked one of them what he did all day long, he replied: "*La mattina prendo un poco di cioccolata poi mi riposo tutto il giorno.*" Another was the younger son of a younger son of a great house, and as such he had the right to rooms in the family palace, eke to a

[1] Now Mrs Augustine Birrell.
[2] Married Gian Luca, Count of Somaglia and Deputy for Lecco.

trattamento—viz. so many dishes a day for himself, and so many more for his servant. He had rooms on a balcony, and there he carefully cultivated two camellia-trees in pots. This "real estate" brought him in the magnificent annual income of three pounds, as the florists bought the red and white flowers from him for the Roman dinner-tables.

We had many friends among the artists, Mr Shakspeare Wood among others, who arranged for our seeing the statues in the Vatican by torch-light. I know that this is the correct thing to do in Rome, but I am heretic enough to think that the statues do *not* gain much by this way of seeing them. The torches blaze and smoke, the effects are extravagant, startling and so nearly lurid as to lead to that exaggeration which is utterly foreign to the Greek mind, and to their art under cloudless skies.

There was one thing, however, that evening that was most original, and most true to the nature of the person—and that was Mr Gladstone. He was at his finest. Homer in hand, he talked on in a frenzy of classical allusions, quotations and assertions. His hat went almost off his head as he paced the gallery with rapid strides, while his beautiful and sonorous voice overpowered everybody, and filled the place. Lady Cardwell, who was on one side of him, looked fairly cowed by such a drenching oratory and by an enthusiasm which she was certainly not fitted to follow, or to share. The Duchess of Argyll hung on his words with rapture. I don't think she knew a word of Greek, but that didn't signify—had he talked in Double Dutch it would have given her as much pleasure! McCallum Mohr, in the background, looked frankly bored, and poor Shakspeare Wood

was terribly depressed. All his little orations, duly prepared to impress such distinguished visitors, were robbed, by this perfervid orator, of either colour or charm. The incident was not only amusing but it gave one a glimpse of Gladstone's vivid and emotional nature—even of its physical effect on himself, for though a man with his hat half off his head might not be supposed to show to advantage, he was leonine in force and vigour, while from under his brow, which is low but broad, his wonderful and formidable eyes had a strange power of contracting and again expanding; they appeared what the French would term *flamboyants*. The Gladstones descend from yeomen and men of commerce, all born and bred in the north-east provinces of Scotland, but I think the legions of Agricola who had their camp in the Grampians must have left some of their blood there, for W. E. Gladstone, if he has much of the Celt, has not a little of the Roman in his love of power, his rapid and varied gestures, his histrionic temperament and his passionate zeal. He sometimes looks fierce, and though he is an earnest Christian, and devoid of petty self-love, he is so much occupied with his own crowding thoughts that he does not give much attention to the thoughts and wishes of other people.

Sculpture is a leading note in Rome, and we were very intimate with the late Mr Gibson's favourite pupil, Miss Hosmer, so we gathered up many memories of Gibson's truly classical taste, and learned his opinions about the treasures to be found in the City of the Cæsars.

I also had many happy afternoons sketching in the Campagna, or at the Acqua Cetosa. I was able to do this in safety, because Miss Hosmer

would take me out there and leave me in charge of her coupé and servants, while she rode away on her horse Gallant, over the rolling country, starred as it then was by the first white crocuses of the spring. For the spring had come, and we had seen the French flag hauled down, and the French troops leave Rome. "You will have us back again!" cried these laughing little piou-pious, who had for so long, with their jokes and their poodles, and their bottles of wine, "chased black care" from their own minds, if not from the Roman streets. The populace, not liking this last joke, retorted: "If you do come again you will come like the moon, in four quarters!" In truth there was no love lost on either side, yet all the same, there were sad scenes at the station — Angela and Nunzia and Mariuccia sobbing, and begging to be allowed to accompany their sweethearts on board the *Gomer* and the *Panama*, now lying in Civita-Vecchia. But the cast-iron colonels, with the cast-iron faces, would not hear of such a thing: so bitter were the tears shed over the perfidy of Pierre and Jules, while the streets of Rome knew no more either the Duke of Montebello or the more popular General Guijon, and after all this agitation the black party and the white party were alike left to prepare for possible and very important changes.

We could not leave Rome without seeing the Holy Father. I think it was dear Simon Fraser who arranged for our presentation to him. At any rate, one afternoon a big card arrived, naming a day for our audience, and we hastened to order black veils before being presented to Pius IX. They are *de rigueur*, but when we dined with the Hornyolds the night before, and I asked several good Catholics whether we were to wear gloves

or not, I could get no positive answer. At the English Court gloves must be worn: on the other hand, the kings of France—so long as there were any kings—would not permit a glove to be worn by a woman. In the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and at Holy Communion, only the hangman is requested to keep his hands covered: but none of these were cases in point! And as no information was obtainable, we did as we should have done at Court, we put on our gloves, and hoped for the best. There were not many audiences that morning, so we had not long to wait before being shown into the Presence. In spite of my lame knee, I managed my three curtsies, and then found myself face to face with His Holiness. His face, be it said, is a very pleasant one, the features are good, and the expression full of benignity, as it ought to be. Time and trouble and treachery have not left any puckers of peevishness, or any shadows on it, and the smile is both humorous and sweet. The conversation was very stereotyped. Then turning to my aunt, His Holiness said: "These are your daughters, madame?" "Si, Santità!" she replied, with conviction. So far all had gone well, but the Pope next asked her if she meant to leave her daughters in Rome. I imagine that His Holiness meant was it her intention to marry us to Roman husbands, but my aunt, scenting either such a horrible contingency, or, worse still, a Popish intrigue, cried out vehemently: "No, no, Santità!" The Pope, very little accustomed to *that* monosyllable, smiled, and then with both hands he gave her a good pull to help her to rise, and so the audience ended.

We were now to leave Rome. We duly drank

at the fountain of Trevi, to ensure a return to the Eternal City, an event that has unfortunately never happened to me, and then we went to a ball at the Barberini Palace to say good-byes to all our friends. The beauty of the evening was a Miss Tucker,[1] an American, who came there with her handsome aunt, Madame Hoffmann,[2] but the sensation of the evening was the engagement of Prince Teano to Miss Ada Wilbraham. We dined with Miss Hosmer for the last time, and we left by the night train. The late moon made the Umbrian hills look beautiful. We crossed Clytumnus, and on a raw, misty morning passed the lake of Trasimene, and after a three months' absence, we found ourselves again in Florence, 25th February 1867.

[1] Now Mrs Gordon Clarke.

[2] I was afterwards to see a good deal of Madame Hoffmann at Cannes, when she was the hospitable mistress of the Château de la Bocca. Her husband, a native of Dresden, was connected with a bank in New York, of which the name was considered a synonym for order and honourability. Of their two daughters, one married the Baron von Sturmn, and the other, Médora, now the widow of the Marquis de Morès, is the kindest of my friends.

CHAPTER IX

LETTERS FROM CANNES

[In 1880 Miss Dempster and her sister Helen settled in a villa at Cannes, which henceforward became their home, although they spent a certain part of the summer each year in England and Scotland.]

11th January 1882.

DEAR UNCLE,

Last night we went to the soirée given by the Duchesse de Luynes for the *contrat de mariage* of her cousin, Mademoiselle de Contades, one of the Polignac family. She is going to marry M. de Vogué, so all the *légitimistes* mustered for the ceremony. The *trousseau* and the presents occupied three rooms, and when I tell you that the one in which the diamonds were laid out had ten lamps in it, you may imagine how hot those rooms became when they were full of people. The Duchesse de Luynes, and her cousin, the bride, stood at the door of the fourth room (which is the ante-room), and shook hands with us. The Duchesse in pale grey, and the bride in pale pink looked very charming. Crowds of people grouped themselves in the large room beyond (which is the drawing-room), and finally, at 10 P.M., we all strolled into the dining-room, there to sign our names, as witnesses, to the contract; 125 signatures in all, and so home! On Wednesday the couple appeared at the Hôtel de Ville, and went through their civil marriage before the Mayor,

Monsieur Gazagnaire, the same who, as notary public, had superintended the signatures the night before. It is not correct for friends to go to the civil ceremony, or for the bridegroom to see his bride again. So this morning, at eleven, the Bishop of Fréjus, in his fine mitre, addressed her as *Mademoiselle*, though the law had known her to be *Madame* for the last twenty-four hours!

We went early to the church, and had good places in the row behind the covered benches which were reserved for the *nobles témoins*. The bride looked plain. Our English veil, which covers the face and eyes, is a prettier plan than the uncovered face and the frizzed-up head. Mass was said after the ring and hand-plighting. The whole thing took three-quarters of an hour, and then all who were invited passed through a narrow cobwebby passage to the big sacristy (where the Bishop's vestments were being folded up), and where the *vicaires* were gossiping. We next reached the sacristy or vestry, where the bride and bridegroom stood side by side, with his *témoins*, and her parents, or *de jure* parents and *témoins*. You shake hands with the bride, and bow to the bridegroom, and we shook hands with the Duchesse de Luynes, who acted as her mother, and who invited the guests, and then having made a sweeping bow to the *nobles témoins*, we escaped by the other door. The Bishop's discourse was polished and worldly, all about their families,[1] and the fine people present to wish them joy, and nothing was said about duty, or sorrow, or love, or joy, and I was rather ashamed of it before some Jews, like the Goldsmids.

I have a long letter from Sir William Gregory,

[1] The bride descended from the Marquis de Contades, who was first Governor of Strasburg after its conquest by Louis XIV.

from Cairo. He is still full of Arabi, and says that he is sending another letter to *The Times* about this agitation, which is very different from the Irish ones! His Galway tenants have till now been exemplary, but they have just struck work. They admit that his rents are low, but the Land League have forbidden them to pay them, and they are terrified to be honest, even on the sly. . . .

Lady Donoughmore was here yesterday, and she says there are no rents for them in Ireland, where things are at a pretty pass.

Sunday, 15th January.

My Dear Uncle,

Yesterday morning broke very fine. At 9.30 Mr St Loe Strachey appeared, and not long after came Lady Tavistock.

We had a very happy day at Var, and were charmed with it and with the landscape. The beautiful fortified "fenced city" looked better than ever. Helen sketched the gate-way; Lady Tavistock did a view of St Jeanet du Var, and Mr Strachey and I explored the town. There never was a better companion than St Loe Strachey. He is about twenty-three years of age, well-read and gentle, and considerate, and full of enthusiasm for knowledge at its sources: and if he is a good critic it is because he has a just and true feeling for beauty. Needless to say, that in his family he is a keen Liberal, but at twenty-three that does not mean party spite, or mere love of place, rather a young enthusiasm for freedom, and for the greatest good of all; for, as Jowett says, "a young man is not worth speaking to who is not a Liberal; just because he *is* young." We found in a great vaulted place, now used as a café, an

old man who took us to see some fine old staircases and chimney-pieces, all flags, and cannons, and medallions, and full-bottomed wigs, and carved balustrades, with flying dragons, and gothic lions, mounting guard where the du Ports and the Villeneuves and Barcillons used to come and go. In one of these rooms sixty couples could have stood up to dance. All these houses are now in a state of dirt and disorder, for which there are no words, and which one must know the Provençals to believe. I asked my young Liberal friend whether he thought that to provide a mediocrity of mind and manners, and even of wants, was so much better for the country than the existence in it of the greatest variety of tastes and requirements. Nothing is more curious in the towns and cottages of these Provençal people than the absence of manufactured articles. The lantern is made of oiled paper. The few cords in use are of twisted horsehair, and the water-bottle is a gourd. The mattresses are stuffed with the sheaths of the Indian corn, as regards the hard ones, and with wool for the softer ones. The stockings are hand-knitted, and in this way shops are not required for anything except for coffee, and knives, onions, and coarse pottery.

We went to tea with Lord Somers yesterday, and said good-bye to his pretty daughter. He is an utterly delightful companion ; so gentle and so truly artistic. He hates Gladstone, and says that Palmerston never prevaricated as much as this dreadful ideologist does. He hopes that Gladstone is failing, but still he says that, never since the Great Reform Bill troubles did the House meet in such deadly encounter as this Parliament will do in February. He consoles himself that nothing lasts,

either for good or for bad; and that five years is the longest time that a Government can now hope to keep the public favour. Layard writes to Lord Somers that he has seen the draft of a Land Bill for Scotland, and one for England, modelled on the laws of the Irish one. The King Harmans confess to having lost £18,000 a year by the Irish one. How will it be if the others are to match? I am glad you have sold Skibo, but Kate possesses Dunnichen, for which she may come to pity herself. Early in the season Sir John McNeill warned me that it would presently go hard with small Scotch estates; hard on owners who have to pay mortgages out of two-thirds of their former rental, and harder still for the people who hold such mortgages, and who might never get paid, since "out of nothing nothing!" is a well-known principle.

23rd February.

Yesterday there was such a prodigious sun halo, a thing that covered more than quarter of the sky, that we feared an end to the fine weather, which had it happened would have been a bore as regards to-day, as it was our fourth attempt to drive out to Pégomas to see Mrs Holland. The morning broke as bright and fair, still and serene as all the others.

Admiral Sir Spencer Robinson was staying there with her, and sketching in her glen. I like him very much, and the talk was good at table. He is a Liberal, but he confesses that hope for his country he has *none* at the present moment, and that Gladstone's Midlothian campaign has ruined his reputation and the party prospects. He is very *sympathique*, and feels all the charm of Gladstone's voice and eloquence, and of his special pleading, but he says there seems no cure for the state of

things that this extraordinary gifted being has got the country into, unless—so far as Ireland was concerned—you were to tow it out into mid-ocean, and let it sink.

Mr Monteith of Carstairs was here yesterday, and expressed his admiration for *Vera*, which is deep on his part, and he says it is quite tearful on the part of his sweet wife. I said that if they went on to *Blue Roses*, his Florence would require two pocket-handkerchiefs instead of one, for that it is really a sad business.

All yesterday Cannes agitated itself with the rumours that the Société Française Lyonnaise had broke, and that Henri Rochefort had shot Gambetta[1] in a duel. The first of these pieces of news is the more likely to be true, since their operations here have been extravagance itself, with a big *boulevard*, and traction engines, and electric lighting and fabulous prices paid for any ground that crosses through the line of their *boulevard*. I take it that the ruin which did not come yesterday, as was rumoured, must come some other day. The Fonds de France, expecting the further polite attention of Mr Paul Bert, have been doing a gamble on their own account in the Union Générale Company. A certain Monsieur Bontout is the Law of this very big swindle, of which, three months ago, the shares were at a premium. The Marquis de Morès pulled off more than a million and a quarter of francs not long ago. Had he deferred till last week, the result would have been very different. There are many *Rue Quincampoix* in France just now.

Sunday and Monday were cold, rasping days, but I was out to get oysters, and other things for

[1] Gambetta was shot not by Henri Rochefort, but by a woman, his mistress.

Mrs Holland's luncheon here to-day. She likes conversation, so I asked Sir Montague Smith, P.C., and George Portal, to whom she took a liking, having known his uncle. George is as full of paradoxes as an egg is full of meat, and it all did very well, as Sir Montague was an old acquaintance of Mrs Holland's and an old friend of Mrs George Portal. They sparred a little about decisions in the Judicial Committee, but George cannot argue, he only lets off paradoxes like rockets, and Sir Montague ended by saying quietly: "Well, it is not possible either to say, or to refute, in one sentence what it takes months to understand, and to get up for statement in Court." Sir Montague's best story was of Sir George Rose when dying. He said he felt faint and weak, and asked for some wine or brandy. The doctor said his temperature was so high, it would be better to make it water. "No, no, doctor," said the patient; "I am not going down to *Gravesend* by water!"

To-morrow there is a *matinée dansante* at the Consulate, and an evening party at the Vallombrosas', for their son's wedding, for which they have sent us cards and which is to be on the 15th. He marries Miss Médora Hoffmann, a clever young American, with a pretty profile, whose parents live in the villa that used to belong to Sir John George Sinclair.

10th February.

This is the thirty-eighth day without one drop of rain, I find the dust ruinous to wearing apparel. Puff[1] sent my slips about ten days ago, so I fancy my article will be out in April. He says he read it with the greatest pleasure and interest, and unless he cuts off something in an unconscionable way, I

[1] Mr Henry Reeve.

ought to get £28 for it. To-day we had tea with Miss Peard, the author of *The Rose Garden*. She is a pleasant woman, who looks to be about forty-two. She resides in Torquay, and has a mother alive, who seems proud of her. She is niece to the Colonel Peard who was known as "Garibaldi's Englishman." I told her how Auntie had liked her book, but grieved over the fate of Cartouche, and she bids me say that she will never again kill a dog in any book, but will rather take a cat.

On Wednesday the party at Vallombrosas' was very pretty and Mademoiselle de Ségar sang charmingly, with a voice like poor Bozio's. Last night the smart ball of the winter was at Mrs Schenley's, where some of the dresses were really lovely. Bobby White is a great favourite with everybody.

Saturday 18th.

Yesterday was delightful at Grasse. I took Miss Gage with me, and the Pérolles came, and were, as they always are, very kind. He lent me books, and showed me papers. For more than five hundred years these Pérolles have lived in Grasse, as notaries, or men of letters. His wife, a Mademoiselle Maure, has property also in Grasse, and they married; and here they are. One of the papers I saw was signed "Louis" by Louis XIV. It was about a spy, a Capuchin friar, supposed to be hanging about Antibes. I saw the hotel of Mirabeau's bad sister. It is a bit of Trianon, a white and gold interior; and besides this, we visited several of the houses of the sixteenth century, and a few remnants of the tenth-century buildings.

We are very pleased with a pretty Mademoiselle

de Perpigna, who was *grande gouvernante* to the children of the Crown Princess of Prussia. She is a friend of the Reeves, and cousin of the Peyronnets, and I hope to see more of her.

27th February.

Rain fell yesterday for the first time for fifty-three days, and our myoll-tree was in great beauty for our luncheon-party to-day. Everything went off well. *Primo*, the weather was glorious; *secondo*, everyone came in time; *terzo*, the food was good. Sir Spencer Robinson would delight you. His wife is a rather dried-up edition of her cousin, Lady Strachey. Then she is a strong Tory, and her husband says she leads Sir Edward Strachey a life of it, when she goes to see them. But they suited very well to-day, and Southesk and George Portal hit it off admirably, and though I had the Duke of Northumberland's deaf side, and could not make him hear, Lady Robinson on the other side did succeed. Mrs Ware Scott was nice enough to bring her masterly sketches. Those of the Escurial, and of the edge of the great Sahara, were as new to us as they are striking. Lord Somers, who already knew the Admiral's work, greatly enjoyed Mrs Ware Scott's. Annie Dundas played us false, and she neither came nor sent her sketches, which I regret, as she is a most successful pupil of Miss Mercier's, and her water-colours are very much admired. People seemed to enjoy themselves, and it was a quarter to five before we got rid of the last of them, and went out to say good-bye to the Annalys, who go north to-morrow. Ian Keith-Falconer brings his bride, Gwendoline Bevan, to lunch here to-morrow. She is only sixteen, and rather like the Keith-Falconer

girls in face, but not in figure. She seems frank and affectionate, and is very, very clever. I am glad to find that Madeleine takes to her, and has had twelve or fifteen people to tea the other day to present this girl to her friends.

Louisa Denison's cousins, the Canterburys, are here, and Lady Canterbury had us hunted up and brought to her garden-party yesterday. She is lovely, which is always a pleasure at first sight, whatever it may prove on further acquaintance. Sometimes, you know, it is *bella la testa, ma vuota l'intelletto.* But that is not so bad as Madame F.'s two sons, more sickly the one than the other, so that a French lady described them thus: "*L'un ne garde rien sur l'estomac; l'autre ne garde rien sur la poitrine, et tous les deux gardent très peu dans la tête.*

12th March.

We had a very busy afternoon yesterday. First, a concert; then a tea-party, then a children's dance at the Duchesse de Luynes', who has one every Saturday afternoon. It is always pretty, and you could not see more distinguished-looking girls than Lady Constance and Lady Blanche Harris, and the two Bennet girls, Ida and Corisande. Tonita Bañuelos is also very pretty, and Princess Marguerite, the daughter of the Duc de Chartres, is a typical Princess, tall and blonde and gracious. The two little children have lovely manners, and seem to enjoy their party very much. All the Princesses in Cannes were at it, two Bourbons and two d'Orléans.

Edward Ross came to see us to-day.[1] I fear

[1] The champion rifle shot of Scotland, son of Mr Horatio Ross, a well-known sportsman.

Edward is far gone. His eyes are so glassy and have such a far-away look in them. He says his brother Peel is at the living of Tamworth, and Colin, though not any taller, is already a grandfather! He says his father has been in Edinburgh lately, and he is to bring his wife to see us some day, being, I think, as pleased to talk with anyone who has a flavour of *peats* as we were indeed pleased to see him. The glory of the weather goes on: cloudless, sunny hours, and I am sorry to think that Auntie has so much gout and confinement to her room.

26th March.

At the Vallombrosas' there were a lot of people, and Lady Emma Hamilton was enjoying herself after her long quarantine, and Mademoiselle de Sartiges after her long mourning. Madame Conneau[1] sang, and Madame de Vogué was there as a bride, just returned from her honeymoon tour to Naples.

I am getting on with my Provençal papers, and yesterday I wrote one you will like about the old nobility here, and much gossip about Mirabeau, and his bad sister at Grasse, and about a grandson of Madame de Sévigné, who was the twenty-fifth Lord of Venice.

1st April.

Yesterday we drove George Portal, at his request, and by the express wish of the Archbishop of Canterbury, out to Pégomas to wait on His Grace. We found him and Agnes Tait

[1] Widow of D. Conneau, the lifelong friend of Louis Napoleon, and who shared his imprisonment at Ham.

sitting in the garden. Miss Tait and the married daughter, Mrs Davidson, were also with him, and the husband of the married one, Mr Davidson, acts as his secretary.[1] The garden was a brilliant carpet of wall-flowers, anemones, asphodels, daffodils, pansies, and ixias. We had tea on the verandah, looking down over the Plain of Laval to a peep of the sea. I thought the Archbishop better—markedly better than last year, but, oh! he is so old for seventy years of age—more like being your father than six years your junior, which he is. He had been George Portal's master at Rugby, and they have kept on affectionate terms ever since. George thoroughly enjoyed the drive, the beauty of the day, the bush-burning in the Tanneron range, the hedges of medlar-trees in full flower, the blue borage in the ditches, and the cherry orchards in all their beauty, and the kind, grave old man who has his young daughters writing for him. Agnes Tait is a really charming person, with her father's face, his tact, and his sense of humour.

The Cardwells came out to tea—a sad sight for the Archbishop, as Lord Cardwell and he passed scholars together at Balliol on the same term day. That poor man's work is over. His servant has to button his coat for him; his eyes stare, and he does not answer when he is spoken to, though he can talk, and seems to enjoy the light, the air, and the sight of his friends. I talked with the Archbishop of Lady Ruthven, to whom he desired his best regards, and his utmost sympathy in her lonely and heroic life.

Philippa Baillie spent the morning with me, and

[1] Randall Davidson, now Archbishop of Canterbury, son of Mr Davidson of Muirhouse, near Edinburgh.

at that moment there was certainly no idea of the Queen coming to Cannes, for Philippa's cousin, Victoria Baillie, is in waiting at Mentone. The Queen finds the sun hot, and she only goes out when other people come in, at sunset.

CHAPTER X

PALMY DAYS OF CANNES

Saturday, 13th January 1883.

My Dear Uncle,

I send you the list of the guests at our party to-day. They were about 184 in number. The rain ceased for about three hours, so the thing went off well. The rooms were crowded, and the flowers, considering the weather, most creditable. The guests seemed pleased, and I hear some of them reported themselves as having had a "grand party," and, like Lady Ruthven, I could only say: "Oh, I am so glad to see them all happy." The grand party did not cost much money. Waiter, 10s.; flowers, 10s.; ices, and the like, 25s.; curaçoa, 2s.; brown bread, 2s.; and I now feel that I can meet all these 184, whether at church or market, with a clear conscience, "owing no man anything." Later, in February, we mean to have a party for H.R.H. of Caserta, but that means seating fifty people, and providing music, or charades, or something.

. . . . . .

16th January.

Cannes expects to receive Mr Gladstone on Thursday. He is coming out to stay with the Wolvertons, and to be kept out of Midlothian. Meta Suttie says she thinks of taking a basket of rotten eggs to the station. We might be able to

offer her a dead rat that was killed in the kitchen last night; but other people propose red cloth and bouquets.

There are balls here every night this week. We are going to one on Friday, and we dine with Annie Bentinck to-morrow.

My Jewish manuscript about the Doudan letters went to London to-day. Lord Acton says he hopes that many will read it with the same interest that he did. He adds that I have everything correct, and that on the Jewish question he cannot offer any original suggestions, but he points out two or three trifles to alter: first, "infringement," instead of "infraction," which is the correct word where law is concerned. He recommends for the "Neo-platonism of St John's Gospel," to write the "Neo-Platonic tinge of St John's Gospel." He detects a wrong date, and a word left out; but that is all! Neither he nor the Goldsmids have attempted to question any of my facts; which is a great point. "O. K." will be furious! and our Olga will not be much better pleased when she reads it. It will appear in April for, being so ill when I first came out to Cannes, I could not get it ready for the January number of *The Edinburgh Review*.

22nd January.

We have lovely weather, all sunshine and golden mimosas, and I hope that Gladstone will take such a fancy to it all that he will give up politics, and settle on the Riviera.

25th January.

Lady Wolverton bids us all to-day at three o'clock to a party for Mr Gladstone. Not having any

cold, I will risk it, for I should like to see the order of the day among his worshippers in this new château. The French news looks bad, and the Rothschilds swear they will make such a fall on the funds as this *République française* will not forget in a hurry, if the princes are touched. Last Friday Countess Caserta spoke hopefully about them, but to-day the papers look less well, and some people think that the Orleans princes will not submit to having a sword hung by a hair over their heads in permanence, and that they will go!

. . . . . .

We sat for a bit with Lady Cardwell. His state was never alluded to, which I saw was what she would prefer, for, with Sir Henry Keating the other day, she broke down, and sobbed bitterly.

. . . . . .

Time and chance happen to every man, and one learns to resign oneself to them, but every year that one lives, the hollowness and insufficiency of all human affections, even of kith and of kin, weigh more and more on one's mind, and brave are those who, like Lady Ruthven, can carry on till over ninety years of age, that generous love of their fellow-creatures, which by no means is lacking in perspicacity as to men's selfish motives, but gallantly lives on, ready to distribute, a giver of kindnesses, and civilities, and hospitalities, and good wishes, with whom God assuredly must be "well pleased."

The Prince of Wales arrived yesterday, and the English bachelors, who give a ball on Thursday, are much excited at the prospect of his being present at it. The secretary was here last night, and we are bidden to the show. If this week passes quietly in Paris, it will only be because the Rothschilds, and the other great Jew financiers,

have told M. Grévy, and his Cabinet, that if they cannot keep order in the streets, the Jews will, in a week, ruin them by a *baisse* on the bourse. In the old days it was the Popes who pulled the string, and excommunicated the world; now it is the Jew who, through the bourse, can make fair or foul weather.

29th January.

To-morrow we are going to the Club Ball to see all the Princes, our own, and the Orleans, and some Saxe-Meiningens, and not a few Neapolitans, and all the *belles dames* will turn out in their war-paint and feathers, and all the Princes' friends, Princes de Sagan, Duchesse de Mouchy (Anna Murat), Madame de Gallifet, Madame de Pourtalès, and Miss Chamberlain. As the debate in the French Chamber came off to-day on the expulsion of the Princes, this evening's gathering may turn out to be rather historical.

To-day I, of all people in the world, fished out Mr Gladstone's bag of dispatches from the *désordre achevé* of the Cannes Post Office. I found Lady Wolverton waiting, and two others waiting, at the common wicket, with about thirty dirty and smoking people. I told her that she *might* wait there, and that for anything so serious as the missing bag from Lord Granville it would be far better to hunt up the *chef de bureau* in his private den. She was enchanted, but the door was locked. We knocked twice. No answer. I suggested that I might find an entrance through another house; because I had seen a friend emerge thence when on the hunt for a lost letter. So we made another start, and we got into another house, and we did find a door and a room open. Then we rang a bell, and a clerk

appeared, and I sent him to look for the *chef de bureau*. He in the meantime came downstairs, and he explained that, being addressed to "W. E. G." they had proposed to keep the bag till "W. E. G." came to sign a receipt for it. Lady Wolverton's signature, as mistress of the house, was, however, finally accepted, and I left her still in parley, taking over duly all the papers that bear on the Egyptian question, and on a few others! They were all sewed into a white canvas bag, with the words "Foreign Office" printed in black letters. The *chef de bureau* was intensely civil and intensely stupid, and I think they will have worries every morning, but they now know where to go for redress. I learned this trick of the private office from Sir Julian Goldsmid one day, and it was decidedly useful.

Mr Gladstone was over at the islands this morning, and had a lovely day for it. We are to go to the Wolvertons' again on Thursday. No one would believe what Cannes has done for her. She arrived here so weak that she could not sit at table, and swooned two or three times a day, and could not bear eight people in the room; and I assure you that no one enjoys life better than she is doing to-day, laughing heartily when she and I explored on foot the back slums and dens of the dirty Cannes Post Office.

7th February.

Owing to a cold I lost the royal party at the Vallombrosas', and to-day I shall not be up to her Concert, or to the Annual Ball that is to take place for the Orphanage, of which I am one of the Patronesses. Some of the high-flying Protestants here are scandalised at us because we refused, three

years ago, to attend a grand demonstration about the Protestant Schools, but we have made a rule, and we stick to it, never to give our names or assist at any party movements, and I am delighted to find Dr Sandford, the Bishop of Gibraltar, has refused the Père Hyacinthe leave to preach in any of the three Anglican pulpits. . . .

18th February.

To-day the town is placarded with the play-bills of Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*, and we are wondering if it is meant for our Prince. But the excitement in the place is much greater about W. E. G. than about him. H.R.H. drives about in a low open trap, and no flag flies, but there are police keeping the gate. . . .

22nd February.

With better weather I have been out, and seeing something of the world and his wife. Poor Count Harry Arnim used to say that Cannes was the *centre de la nullité humaine*, but this winter it gives us sensations enough, and quite a company of all sorts and conditions of men and women. It appears that we have had in our midst, quite "unbeknownst" to all, the heads of the Irish Invincible Murder League, Messrs Burne and Walsh. The presence of these two interesting invalids no doubt explains the three days' visit of Sir Edward Henderson, which put people in Cannes on the *qui vive*. The Prince and Mr Gladstone would be big birds for the Irish Invincibles, so both Sir Edward Henderson and Colonel Sir Charles Howard Vincent have been together for three days, and one reads and thinks of nothing

but these culprits. One of them was pointed out to me yesterday quietly sitting between two friends on a bench on the Croisette. He wore a soft brown hat and looked as if he had never heard of a murder. Mrs Gladstone is, I think, less frightened than a more rational woman would be. Her disjointed talk is really amazing and would be maddening to some people. To-day she was holding forth: "Yes, of course; all very dreadful, is it not?—Quite dreadful! Yes, to be sure, it *is* quite dreadful; but we had a letter from dearest Lucy to-day, such a sweet letter; all in the right tone; no vengeance, you know! But there *is* going to be a row about this in London!" and the poor lady wore a face of pathetic astonishment at people in London being so peculiar as to object to Irish crime, and to Treaties of Kilmainham with Irish criminals. I thought Mr Gladstone looked old, and he sat down more than he stood; but he looks less ghastly than when he first came, owing to the good air and sleep. The clergy, who generally toady him, took the part of staying away to-day, so as not to have to discuss the Bradlaugh Bill with him. In general, he may be seen flanked on each side by a parson. There was one clergyman, however, viz., the Bishop of Gibraltar, who asked us for a lift out to Château Scott, and I assure you that I amused myself royally. It seems that I had said to Miss Gladstone that Catherine Phillimore had two wild adorations: Charles I. and Mr Gladstone, and that it was very lucky those persons could never meet, except in her heart! as the one would certainly have cut off the other's head. She repeated this remark to her father, who said: "Oh no; cutting off King Charles's head would have been murder! I never could have done *that*!"

She also repeated it to Lord Acton, who laughed heartily and said : "I think Miss Dempster is right ; the King's head would have been very unsafe if it had been in your father's power." All this she narrated to me to-day, but it seems that she had never heard of Macaulay, and a few more Liberals, ordering a calf's head for dinner on King Charles's Day.

The Gladstones leave on Monday. Lord Acton is coming to dine here on the third and so is the Bishop of Gibraltar, who made friends with him at Château Scott to-day, where the cold grey eye of Lord Kenmare was fixed on me for bringing them together. That little interlude pleased our Bishop, but for the rest he did not seem to be much gratified by Gladstone's reception of him, while Lord Wolverton and a few more scowled at him for preaching against Monte Carlo and its supporters.

We saw the Comte de Paris to-day at the Vallombrosas', looking very dragged and yellow, and as if he was having *des nuits blanches.* His is a most cruel position.

24th February.

I am just going out to find Duchesse Vallombrosa and get help from her. I told Puff[1] to ask the permission of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris to dedicate my book of the *Maritime Alps* to them. His Royal Highness writes that he accepts for the Comtesse only, this not being the moment to put his name on any place or thing. I was presented to him last year, but it was at the time of her confinement, when Princesse Louise was born, so that to her I have never been presented. I must get that arranged and be taken to her by Duchess

[1] Mr Reeve.

Vallombrosa, to thank her for accepting my dedication.

If only we could get hold of a Fenian murderer, and if only a bill of high treason could be brought against Parnell! I am sure the Wolvertons will be thankful when Mr Gladstone is safe out of Cannes. Sir Edward Henderson has had to come here, and Colonel Howard Vincent and Superintendent Williamson, and last Thursday they had up the central officer of local police at the Château, and I am told doubled the night watch. On Thursday a servant who was a stranger stood at the carriage step as we went and came—I suppose a new officer in plain clothes, for he was a tall fair man in the usual dress of a butler, but he had a light fair moustache surely significant of his not being a butler. After we got into the saloon I was sitting against the wall with Miss Gladstone, and looking down through both the rooms, when she said to me: "Can you tell me who is speaking to my father? Lady Wolverton does not know who he is?" which showed that they kept a watch, even in the drawing-room or dining-room on a day when fifty people, and as many servants, were drifting about the Villa. You will see that Mr Gladstone will give Home Rule to save his own life, and go in the face of the Opposition, and of common-sense.

26th February.

The Annalys cross to Dublin to-morrow: Emily very unhappy and unwilling. Every time they go into Dublin they must pass the spot in the Phœnix Park from which Bobby White tells me that an amiable populace has picked every blade of grass. This has been done to obtain relics, and also to

leave on the turf two long brown marks where the bodies had fallen! Lady O'Hagan could not stand it any more, and has given up Woodlands on this account.

1st March.

To-morrow I understand that a great treat has been prepared for us by the Gurneys. They have asked us to dine with them to meet Lord Houghton and Mr and Mrs Henry Bright. Mr Bright is a cousin of the dear Dr Bright and of his brother, Professor Henry Bright of Oxford. He is a "medicine man," in another sense of the word, for he is a great authority on *belles lettres*; and he is travelling with poor old Lord Houghton. The blind Mr Gurney is himself most interesting; he is of the true Norfolk stock; for the last two years he has been blind, and, of course, talking is his one pleasure. His wife is pretty, and gentle, and beautifully dressed, but there are six children, so that she cannot be always at hand to amuse him.

TERRE BLANCHE, PÉGOMAS, A.M.
6th March.

Our dinner on Saturday had no misfortunes, and I think Mr Harris enjoyed himself extremely. In the evening Lord Acton and Bishop Sandford gave pleasure to the blind Mr Gurney, while Lord Acton had the American Colonel, John Hay, for his especial solace. We have all lost our hearts to him. He is very good-looking, and has such a graceful, fresh and sympathetic mind, full of cultivation, and so simple in manners. Mr Henry Bright is a Liverpool man of literature, but, like F. L., he has nothing simple about his mind. It

is all the echo of dinners, and diners-out and of smart sayings.

Colonel Hay has written a History of Lincoln's Presidency, but the six volumes that he promises will make a book as much too long for pleasure as his wife is too fat for beauty. She has a lovely face, but is quite as large as poor Duchess Constance became. On Sunday we had a visit from Lord Houghton and his sister, Lady Galway. She was very civil, and is a very agreeable woman, whose capabilities and wit would be much more talked about if she were not overshadowed by her popular brother. They have fixed on Wednesday to come to lunch here during our stay with Mrs Holland. He has promised me a copy of Tennyson's epitaph on Lord Stratford de Ratcliffe's bust in Westminster Abbey. I will hand it on to you, for yourself, and for dear Lady Ruthven when I get it. His Lordship, seeing Renira Bentinck's picture in our house, proved to me that he and we were cousins! It is in this way: Renira's aunt, Charlotte Hawkins, married Sir Robert Milnes, who was *his* father's cousin! There was, after the death of this Milnes couple, some muddle about the will, and you will not be surprised to hear that Lord Houghton had much to say of Renira Bentinck's honourable and generous conduct.

Monsieur and Madame Pérolle from Grasse are asked to lunch here to-day. Madame Pérolle is the child of that good old notary, Monsieur Maure, whom Lady Louisa Percy and I knew at Grasse some years ago; Monsieur Pérolle represents six hundred years of burghership in Grasse. His grandfather was notary for Mirabeau's mad sister Louise, up at Cabris. I hope Mrs Holland will

Geneviève des Cars
Duchesse de Vallombrosa

take me to see the mills near her house where some handsome red stuffs are made for the dresses of the peasants. It is colder here than at Cannes; but the air is charming. Many lovely intersecting valleys, all of them beautiful and full of wild flowers, meet at the bridge of Pégomas, where the old historic road from Antibes to Aix-en-Provence (through Draguignan) starts. The fields at this moment are scarlet with anemones, and the little garden, where we had tea last April with Archbishop Tait, is gay with daffodils. Mrs Holland is looking well and handsome. You know that she sat to Ary Scheffer as the model for St Monica.

Last night as we all sat round the olive wood fire, we started her off on the days of her *salon* in Paris, when she used to have Mignet, and Thiers, and Odilon Barrot, and Rémusat, de Tocqueville, and that Duchesse de Broglie who was Madame de Staël's daughter. Since the war the last rags of such social life have vanished from Paris, so she sold her house in the Rue de Lille.

Duchesse Vallombrosa came to our evening party just as the last guests were disappearing, from a dinner to which she had been, and she told me that no day could be fixed for her tea-party for the Comtesse de Paris yet, as the royal family were busy with the arrival of the poor Duc de Chartres and his family, and were getting them into a villa. I hear his grief and anger at not being allowed to continue in the Army are intense, for above all things he was, and is, a soldier. Since he came to Cannes he has written a note to a friend of ours, signed "Robert d'Orléans, Colonel en *non-activité*!"

The Duc d'Aumale did not, by the way, write that paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of

February 1st, on the Republic of 1883. It was done by Monsieur Lamy, a friend of his, and it must be said that, even among Republics, *this* is a poor one.

Saturday, 17th March.

Our luncheon with the Comte de Paris went off very pleasantly at the Villa St Jean. Mrs Holland and Alphonse Karr were there, and de Mussy and his wife, and the three eldest children, and after coffee the little girl, Princess Hélène, said she would go and fetch the pugs, but she must put on their best clothes first! "Where do you live, Mademoiselle, and what is your pug's name?" etc. etc. All this mixed up with floral talk with Alphonse Karr, and talk about the London dynamite affair. The Comte de Paris detests Gladstone, and spoke of him yesterday with great interest to me, though I don't think Mrs Holland liked it much. This thing is in itself a fine epilogue to the debate on Parnell's requests, and Lady Galway calls it "a serenade under Gladstone's windows, given him by a few friends on his return from Cannes." The Comtesse de Paris does not look plain without her hat, for she has eyes of a bright blue and a cheerful manner, but, unluckily, a loud and ugly voice. He looks nervous and ill, and as if, by dint of the many disappointments of his life, he would develop a big illness some day. I cannot help thinking he is a man who will die of cancer. She was very very kind to me, shook hands with me twice at parting, and said twice: "Remember, I shall always be glad to see you here."

Selina Bathurst has died of typhoid fever. Blind, crippled and helpless as she was, she will be more missed than any twelve healthy folk. Did I

tell you that I had an opportunity of sending a message to old Count Pahlen[1] by Lord Hatherton this week? The old man cried out, raising both hands: "Miss Dempster of Skibo! Oh, I knew Mr Dempster, and I knew Skibo! I used often to go there from Dunrobin, and they asked me to go and stay with them. Tell the Miss Dempsters they will do me a great pleasure if they will come and see me!"

So we will go, for you remember how excited we used to be when he came to Skibo, and walked on the terrace, and we from the schoolroom windows watched the man whose father had murdered an Emperor! We are to meet the niece, Countess Leonide Pahlen one of these days at the Herberts'.

Helen went to her luncheon at Mrs Hunloke's, and I fetched her about 2.30. By that time the rain had stopped, and it was quite mild, and I suppose the thaw is general. But Alphonse Karr says that there is a proverb in Normandy, "Whoever answers for the weather is fibbing," so we will not promise, only hope for better things. Perhaps heavy rain in Paris may keep down rioting tomorrow. I can see that some people are nervous enough, but I also saw that the *arrière pensée* of these poor royalties is a grim pleasure at the mess the Republic is in, and fury and contempt for Gladstone's intrigue here with Clémenceau.

Georgina de Perpigna came to see us to-day. She is a first cousin to Lady Arthur Russell, and *grande gouvernante des enfants de Prusse.* When she has had ten years of that she will get a hand-

[1] Count Pahlen, a well-known figure in London society, was the son of the man who murdered Emperor Paul of Russia, a dangerous lunatic, who was ordering universal massacres from which Russia was saved by Pahlen. Both father and son, though exiled, were respected by all.

some pension, and they, in the meantime, are very lucky to have such a charming creature, with good looks and good manners, good English, and a perfect French accent. The Crown Princess is very fond of her, and very kind to her, but she says that the children are spoilt.

CHAPTER XI

CANNES, 1884. DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY

CANNES, *20th January* 1884.

We have just returned from the weekly tea-party given by the Duchesse de Luynes.

It is always pleasant and amusing; tea from 4.30 to 5, and from 5 to 7 the children have a man to play the fiddle, and they and the *grown ups* dance. This goes on till Lent begins. The children are delicate-looking. Honoré looks like the child of old, *too* old, races,[1] and Lili looks like what she is, the posthumous baby, born after the Duke was killed in battle.[2] She has magnificent eyes, like her mother's in colour, only they have not the sad expression, the look of a wounded deer, which has never left the young widow's eyes since they brought her the news of the Duke's death. He went into action early on a cold December morning after hearing Mass said. The dawn began to break. The going was bad and very heavy for the *moblots* as they went through some vineyards, and they began to get unsteady under the enemy's fire. The Duke rode ahead. "Courage, boys!" he said. "Courage! Come on now! it is not as difficult as it looks! *parole d'honneur.*" As he drew, a Prussian bullet found its billet, and he fell with the word *honour* on his lips. Among the heaps of slain it was hard to recognise the body; but at last one of the Vogué brothers, who had

[1] Honoré d'Albert, Duc de Luynes et de Chevreuse, married, 1889, Simone de Crussol d'Uzès.

[2] At Patay, near Orleans, 2nd December 1870.

been in action, saw the signet ring on his hand, and the corpse was put aside to be claimed by the Duke's mother, who got a pass from a Prussian staff officer to go through their lines. No wonder the posthumous child is a tiny, plaintive-looking little thing, one for whom some of life's saddest secrets have been told before she saw the light, and while the Prussians were still in the land. This phrase sounds as if it referred to "the Hittites and the Hivites" of the Pentateuch, but it is not inappropriate at this moment, since it expresses the feeling with which all who had the enemy within their gates in 1870-1 have learnt that a young Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is coming to spend the winter in Cannes, for the good of his health! It was against his father's *corps* that the young Duc de Luynes led his men on that fatal morning, and poor Duchess Yolande turns pale when the advent of the Mecklenburg royalties is mentioned, for it was also the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin who burnt down the beautiful château of her relation the Duc de Gramont. As for old Baroness James Rothschild (whose villa is opposite the Villa Luynes) she is furious! She had the Prussians for many days at la Ferrière, where she says that they did horrors, and had hoped to steal the wonderful Cordova leather hangings which are the glory of her house. Her steward had cleverly had them all covered with toiles de Vichy, and covered *that* with pictures, so that the Prussians missed their prey! The same steward also kept them so well supplied with firewood that an avenue of elms on which the James Rothschilds set great store were not cut down. After the enemy left, the house became an Ambulance, and was for long uninhabitable after all the smallpox, and other miseries, which followed

the armies of 1870. You will see from these facts what a pleasing crop of heart-burnings is growing up for the season 1884 in Cannes. What will the harvest be like?

We lunched with Mrs John Elder, owner, since her husband's death, of the great shipbuilding yards at Govan, a large, handsome woman, full of dignity and intelligence and good works. At Glasgow she has founded Chairs in the University and St Margaret's College for Women, and given a park and band-stand to Govan. She is one of the Ures of Northumberland to whom Shields and Newcastle owe so much in docks and quays. Her husband once discussed with her an idea that he had for diminishing the quantity of coal required for ocean-going steamers. He had large orders at the time and could not work out his idea. Years passed before he was able to recur to it, and then in a big shed he made several quite unsuccessful experiments. Dull and weary and worried, he told his wife one evening how he had failed, and said that rather than waste more time and money on any more plans he had just ordered the shed to be pulled down. "Oh, John, don't do that! I am sure there is a great deal in the notion you had when this idea first occurred to you; it is six years ago now, if it is a day. Have you really tried *jacketing* the boilers to economise heat and fuel?" "No! what puts that in your head?" "You did, six years ago, and ever since I have felt sure you would work out the plan, and coin money by it. Do send to the works and have the shed preserved to work this out in." Mr Elder was astonished at her helpful recollection. He tried again, made a complete success of his method, and made a fortune by it.

This clever woman lives in a lovely villa with a

view over the roadstead of Golfe Juan, and asked to make our acquaintance. To meet us at luncheon were a Mr and Mrs Hansard. It was this gentleman's grandfather who bought up the old *Mirror of Parliament*, and started the *Hansard* that we all know. It is being managed at this moment by one of his cousins.

Lady Harington has just arrived, and is at Hôtel Continental, beside the Liddells, and Princess Barbara Orbeliani.

2nd February.

On Tuesday next we have a dinner-party at home. Lord Acton, Sir George and Lady Cox, two Charles Grants, Ian Campbell, and Sir Henry Keating, and Ian Keith-Falconer. Sir G. Cox is Indian born and bred, and being full of Afghan folk-lore, he and Ian Islay can talk Highland mythology. For the evening we have asked Philippa Baillie, Lady Harington, and the Liddells, the blind Mr John Gurney and his pretty wife, Count Leonide Pahlen and his wife, and one of the Shropshire Corbets who (through the Leycesters) is a cousin of Dean Stanley. He can talk "Stanley" with Sir George Cox, who is *broad Church*. Pahlen's nephew and niece have a splendid library in their house in Courland, where they live near Mittau, and grow coriander for the making of Alasch Kimmel. Our dinner ought to do well, and if Ian Keith-Falconer turns up in time, Sir George Cox will be provided with the third best Semitic scholar in Britain.

5th February.

It all went off well *in the end*; but just at first it seemed to hang fire, for Lord Acton and Sir

G. Cox had to take stock of each other! After having done so they cheered up! In the evening three men failed us: General Peacock, because he had the nettle-rash! Sir Henry Keating because the night was too cold, and Prince George Orbeliani, because his mother was too suffering to be left.

14th February.

We sat some time yesterday with old Baroness James Rothschild. Her palace is most beautiful, but things in this wicked world are more equal than they look for Baroness Betsy is *very* ugly, and is fast in her chair with the gout, caused by too much appreciation of the four cooks whom she keeps. There is a purely Jewish one—used to *kosher* meat, and to the dishes proper for fasts and festivals. There is a *chef* for the Christians, a cook for vegetables, and one for pastry and other bakemeats, with understudies and scullions galore! In vain does Dr Gimbert preach abstinence, for Baroness Betsy loves good eating. She also, after the manner and genius of her race, loves good music, and sometimes invites us to hear it. Yesterday she was alone, and gave vent to her feelings about her neighbour Lady Murray's furore for the Mecklenburg-Schwerin royalties. "Her head is turned by these Germans, but if they insist on getting into my house, I will leave Cannes." One cannot blame the old lady, for only King William's commands prevented La Ferrière being burnt to the ground by this Grand Duke of Mecklenburg's father.

21st February 1884.

Blanche and Granville Smith lunched with us yesterday. She is looking thin but very pretty.[1]

[1] Curiously like Gainsborough's picture of her grand-aunt, Mrs Hey Puget.

He is nearly as fair as she is, you know that his mother was Raglan Somerset's sister, and he is a thorough gentleman. They are, in fact, a pair of blameless people, with no fault but their lack of animal spirits. He has a very good influence in his regiment (Coldstream Guards) but at this moment his leave is nearly up, so that they will not be able to be present at her brother Ian's wedding on the 4th of March, but we are to dine to-night with the bride's father, Mr R. Bevan, to meet them.

Carnival parties are very brilliant this spring. There was Lady Murray's fancy ball of which we wrote to Auntie (I went as Pansy)—some one meeting me at the top of the stairs, said, "*très bien pensée!*" and on the night before last, Duchess Vallombrosa gave a concert at which she had seven royal persons. These were the Duke and Duchess of Chartres, Her Royal Highness the Countess of Caserta, and her sister, Princess Caroline of Bourbon ; and Princess Clémentine of Saxe-Coburg, with the two Mecklenburgs. On account of their presence no French military men were asked, nor was the poor Duchesse de Luynes, but there were a good many diplomats, a good many Russians and Americans, and a few Englishwomen—viz. Lady Murray, Mrs Townley, Philippa Baillie and Mrs Grant, a very fast Mrs Powell (who is the *beauty* of the season) and our two selves. Madame Conneau sang, and Sir Arthur Sullivan accompanied, etc. I was presented to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin,[1] she is a Russian, a daughter of Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, who married a German. She is a dream of beauty, a stately Romanoff, six foot tall, with a pale face,

[1] Mother of the ex-Crown Princess of Prussia

and eyes whose sidelong expression leaves one anxious how she may turn out? Meantime she was gracious, and said kind things about my being the author of *Vera*. Her husband is tall and fair, and delicate, with an expression so good as to disarm prejudices. To-night the greater part of these royalties go to the Duchesse de Luynes to see a play that will be acted again to-morrow night.

22nd February.

We went with Lady Harington to the Villa Vallombrosa and *this* happened when the Duchess asked me to write something in her album:

> "She begged a verse, and I refused,
> The neighbours showing no surprise.
> They knew though pen and ink were mine,
> The poem stood ready in her eyes."

5th March.

Yesterday, being Ian's wedding day, was indeed a busy one for us. We took Mrs and Miss Lehmann[1] to the wedding, and chaperoned the latter to the breakfast. Ian, the unpunctual, *did* arrive in time, well dressed, and with his golden head looking less like a schoolboy's than usual. Indeed he looked very handsome, for he is as tall as George, but not heavy, and with a beautiful expression all simplicity and goodness. P. made rather a silly speech, to which Ian replied admirably, for his voice is beautiful, and the words were well chosen though simple. The girl, though badly dressed, looked charming, and she is quite without guile. Nice telegrams poured in on them and they looked happy, and sure of themselves, and of each

[1] Mrs Lehmann was a daughter of Robert Chambers. Her only daughter, Nina, married Lady Metcalfe's nephew, Sir Guy Fitzgerald Campbell.

other. It was hard on Gwendolen that her mother's religious peculiarities would not allow her to go to a church, even to see her daughter married to so good a Christian as dear Ian. *His* mother being in Scotland, I did the *mère noble.* I sat in the front bench on the bridegroom's side: in dark blue satin with Japanese embroideries, if you please. Covers were laid for seventy-eight people. Helen had such a bad headache that we did not wait to see the pair go off, but went home to prepare tea for the bridesmaids and eight other small persons, Maimé Acton helping us to take care of them.

There was a great crowd at the Vallombrosas' on account of His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany who has come to stay some weeks in Cannes. Heaps of English were asked, and as the Duchess of St Albans said, one might describe the party as *All London* had it not also been *All Paris*, and, I added, *half New York.* Prince Leopold has really a great look of Charles I. and he cultivates the beard of the part, only his eyes are of the true Guelf blue. He looks delicate, and the fairish hair is scanty.

We went a cheery party of four to the Villa Vallombrosa, taking Lady Harington and Louisa Denison. Lady Harington very smart. What a crowd! One's elbow ran into a king or a prince at every turn. The royal ladies were all seated so that they were safe! There might be seen "King Philip of France" (as the Comte de Paris would fain be) and his Queen, and Madame Royale.[1] With Her Royal Highness of Caserta I had a great deal of talk, and she has promised me one of her husband's photographs for the frontispiece of my

[1] Princess Amélie of Orleans, married to the King of Portugal, and mother of King Manoel.

Maritime Alps. I never could have settled this with her when we go to her Fridays, for the half-dozen people in the room make her shy, and they listen with all their ears to all that passes: but in a big crowd one can settle anything. Alice Coke had her first drive yesterday in company of her little new girl, and of Master Ian. About Alice's confinement I must tell you something funny! It took place in the Hôtel de Provence. Next day old Sir Henry Keating, P.C., sent for the landlady, and complained that one night the P. family over his head had a violent quarrel, and the lady taking hysterics, screamed for two hours. The next night Lady Coke, who was underneath him, was brought to bed of an infant, and both mother and child screamed at intervals. It did not suit him, and if it were to occur again he should have to go elsewhere. "Well, Sir Henry, I cannot, of course, answer for Mrs P.; you had better see *her* yourself. But for Lady Coke, I think I *may* undertake to say that it will *not* happen again, at any rate not for a year, Sir Henry."

We are going with Annie Bentinck to a garden-party given by Mrs Vyner, for His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, but I began the day with a funeral. A poor governess died at the Asile Evangélique. We both liked her, and she often got to church, thanks to our carriage. It will be six weeks to-morrow since she last accompanied us, enjoying the service and the singing, and the drive past, and the ships! The poor little thing was only twenty-four, and was the daughter of a missionary in the hill villages here. The sun was very hot at midday, but though I got a splitting headache by standing in it before I had had my midday meal, I am glad that I went, for the poor parents were

pleased by my presence, and by Helen's basket of white flowers, and I do not like that our four servants, and the masons who are working in our lane, should think that we *never* change our dresses and go out except, as Lady Ruthven would say, "to play ourselves." Prince Leopold seems in the best of spirits, and goes everywhere. One Sunday he insisted on taking Captain Perceval's yacht round to Monte Carlo, but when on the next Sunday he proposed the same diversion, his host simply said: "I cannot take you, sir." "Why not? Is there anything wrong with the ship?" "The ship is all right, sir, but the Queen would be sure to hear of this, and she would be vexed, because it must make such a bad impression on all the English here." His Royal Highness did not look best pleased, and had to go to church instead, remarking that if the English here did not stare at them so much, the Royal family would go to church more often.

Life is quite simple in Miss Perceval's villa, where her parlour-maids wait at table, unless there is *company*, when His Royal Highness's two servants appear. He enjoys the views and the flowers, and he is very kind to Gaynor Simpson[1] (who is spending this winter with Miss Perceval) and to the dog Puff, who bothers him to play at ball with him! The accounts of his Duchess are excellent, and he is very anxious that the expected baby should be a son. It seems that he proposed to Her Majesty that it should be called "Charles Edward"! The Queen, though proud of having Stuart eyebrows, would not hear of it, but ended by conceding the first name. I send you all this gossip.

[1] A grandchild of Mr Nassan, senior, now married to Mr St Loe Strachey, the present editor of *The Spectator*.

I wish you could see our myoll-tree in full flower. It is forty-five feet high, graceful as a tree in a Fragonard or a Watteau picture, and a mass of pale yellow blossoms. It is a kind of mimosa known as the *violet wood tree*, for you must not suppose because the flowers are so pale that the wood is the same; on the contrary, its deep purple colour makes it beloved by the cabinet-makers, and all who inlay wood here. The tree makes a beautiful show in our garden in this glorious weather. The thermometer is 67° in my bedroom, at 7 A.M., and I am actually writing to you at 7 A.M., for at 8, Helen and Annie Bentinck will come in to breakfast with me, and then I must get up, and be dressed in time for the 10-o'clock boat over to St Honorat. We are going to lunch under the pine-trees that are so well twisted by the mistral, and I am to read the two chapters of my book that concern these islands to Sir George Cox, while he, and Helen, and Gerald Wellesley sketch the old Castle. We take our cook with us to make the *bouillabaisse* (or soup[1] of fishes), which it is classical to eat on the spot. *She* goes back by the 2-o'clock boat, but we only leave at four; which barely gives us time to change our dress, and get to tea at Grandbois, where Lady Agnes Frank has a party for the Duke of Albany.

Sir George Cox approves of my account of the founding of the Lerins as *history*, and finds it interesting; I suppose because much of it is new to him, but we got into an argument because he found that I said too much good of the monasteries, and presupposed (he said) too much good understanding among the early Christians. I stood to my guns!

[1] This *broth of abominable things*, as Lady Louisa Percy used to call it, is made of boiled *bass*, to which are added *langoustes*, tomatoes, and a little garlic. The soup is poured over slices of bread, and is excellent.

and observed that from the fourth to the seventh century monasticism, and the dwelling together in *congeries* of its teachers, offered the only security for Christian civilisation. Sir George is so "broad Church" that he dwells with positive pleasure on the differences and heresies of the early centuries, feeling that these render null and void any claim to *authority* on the part of the Church; since even the apostles had their differences. When I hear people take for granted that there never was, or could be, any certain standard of Christian teaching I long to remind them of "jesting Pilate," his "What *is* truth?" but as Sir George Cox is my elder and better I refrained, and only contended that the dangers from Imperial persecution and from the barbarians *did* give a solidarity to the early Christians, which may have lessened when they became more prosperous, but as far as orthodoxy is concerned, it was precisely *here* that St Vincent of the Lerins did give the test for Christian doctrine: "That which everywhere, always, and by all has been believed," and such a definition is surely hard to beat. Later in the day I came on Lord Acton at Lady Agnes's party, and I told him how I wished he had been with us at St Honorat, to take *my side* against Sir George Cox. He laughed when I told him of our argument, and said: "It seems to me that you were very well able to take care of yourself, without any help from me."

H.R.H. the Duke of Albany planted a tree in Lady Agnes Frank's garden. When this was over she came to me and said that the Duke, who had been speaking of *Vera*, wished to make my acquaintance. So I was taken to him. His Royal Highness shook hands with me, and said he had read both *Vera* and the *Hôtel du Petit St Jean* some

years ago, at Baden during an illness, but that he had just re-read *Vera*, and that Miss Perceval had told him how I had been in her villa only last week. Of *Blue Roses*, he said: "Ah! *that* is a wonderful book! but why *did* you make it so sad? Please to make your next one end well." "The next one will be all right, sir. It is a Scotch story, and it does end well." He has promised to read *Within Sound of the Sea*, which I said was dedicated to Lady Ruthven. He liked to hear about Napoleon in Cannes, and how Mr Henry Baillie, as a child, *saw* the landing on March 1st, 1815, and he is much interested in my big book to be. He has evidently a first-rate memory, and this is well for him, since his is at best an invalid's life. His knee tries him, but in the meantime, he is very happy, and means to spend another fortnight in Cannes, where he told me he means to build himself a villa, and where he told me that he thought that the weather was always fine! "Ah! sir," I replied, "in this case the Queen's children bring the Queen's weather, but the truth obliges me to confess that during this very week last year we were sweeping up the snow, and that many mimosa-trees snapped under its weight!

Poor Princess Orbeliani is as ill to-day as it is possible for anyone to be, and I fear that her son George, hurrying up from beyond Merv, will be too late to see her alive.

Monday, 24th March 1884.

We lunch with Lady Henrietta[1] Riddell to-day, and to-morrow Lord and Lady Coke, and the Gerald Wellesleys lunch here, and so do Sir Guy Campbell and his bride, Nina Lehmann that was.

[1] Lady Henrietta Plunkett, married to a Northumbrian squire. Her daughter Mary married Mr Edmund Stonor.

Wednesday we have promised to lunch with the Wellesleys, and on Thursday we have to go early to Nice to bury our poor Princess Barbara Orbeliani, who has been released from her great sufferings; but alas! without seeing her beloved George. This week there will be a big party at the Villa Vallombrosa to which we will go, as it will be the last appearance of our Prince. He danced at the Goldsmids' ball last week, a *farandoulo* all over the house, which sounds rash for his weak knee.

Friday, 28th March 1884.

My Dear Uncle,

You cannot realise the shock and the excitement caused by the death of the Duke of Albany. All sorts of rumours are afloat, but the fact remains, and what will the Queen say? and how will the poor widow bear it? He came here delicate, to stay in a friend's house. He over-exerted himself, he over-excited himself in the hot sun of March, and he is *dead*! The Châlet Nevada, where he lies, is a cottage not much more roomy than Stack Lodge, and the house, which is on a steep rocky hill-side, is only to be reached by a staircase cut in the rock, the door being really "a hole in the wall." The road to it runs through pine woods, it is not lit at night, and the villa stands a good twenty minutes from a doctor, and thirty minutes from help in the town. There, if you can conceive it, death took this English prince at 3 A.M. When we went to write our names (for I have seen a great deal of him), we found that all the women had been sent out of the house to Mentone. There were about ten carriages at the door, Sir John Stanley Errington,[1] the Vallombrosas, etc., etc.

[1] Married Marie de Talleyrand-Périgord, who survived him.

Clifton Perceval, looking very ruffled, and dejected, was talking with an *entrepreneur*; but the civil courier, in charge of the visitors' register, told us that the Queen's telegram had just come. It was dated 2.30 P.M., so I think they must have charitably waited till she had had her food to tell her the sad tidings from Cannes. They were broken to the widowed Duchess by Princess Christian in the afternoon. Dr Frank was the first person summoned for the certificate of death, coming up on foot through the pine woods at the earliest dawn. Then they sent for Sir Charles Murray, to help them with the cypher, and so to compose a telegram to Sir Henry Ponsonby, for, without these precautions, there was a danger of the wires being tapped, and the news spreading in London. This telegram from the Queen (direct to C. Perceval) was the answer. It has all been terribly sudden. I saw him last at the Villa Vallombrosa about midnight between Tuesday and Wednesday. The Actons and ourselves were the very last to get our carriages called, and we were sitting about together in the vestibule, in the belief that His Royal Highness had long gone, when he suddenly appeared, and we had *just* time to get to our feet and curtsy, as he passed out.[1] He always drove in an open carriage, and had on a large brigand's cloak thrown over the left shoulder, and I said to Lord Acton: "How strong the likeness to Charles I. comes out to-night." "It is indeed remarkable," was the reply, and that was the last time either of us beheld him in life. I might have met him again on the following night, for we were

[1] It was learnt afterwards that he had spent twenty minutes alone with his host in the little morning-room, on business connected with his intended purchase of ground at Golfe Juan.

asked to a ball to meet him, but we could not go. We had been in Nice, and on our knees all morning, beside the coffin of Princess Barbara Orbeliani, and were too tired and *impressionnées* for dressing and going to a ball late that evening. Next day arrived Mrs Behrens, much fussed. "Why had we not gone? Did we not know that when the list had been submitted to His Royal Highness, he had put his pen through the name of the Duke of Marlborough, and had added *yours* to the list of persons he wished to meet?" I said that I was deeply sensible of the honour intended, but that we were invalids too much knocked up by an exhausting day in Nice (which had been a duty) to avail ourselves of the Duke's kindness. Then came the Battle of Flowers, at which His Royal Highness was to have been present, and for which he went to his room at the club to dress. About 3 P.M. we were on the *Corso*, and his Dr Royle passed us. He called to me: "It is all right about that petition for preserving the Islands. I gave it to the Duke, and he has signed it." I thanked Dr Royle, and our carriage moved on. Not very long after that the Duke must have had his fall at the Club, and hurt his knee. He did not go to a dinner that George Abercromby, and some others had got up for him at the Splendid Hotel, but dined alone with Miss Perceval. He did not look *ill*, but was under a deep impression that his days were numbered. He said to Miss Perceval: "One night my sister Alice appeared to me in my sleep. She was smiling. She told me not to worry, and that very soon I should be where no troubles could reach me. When *we*, of the house of Guelf see each other out of the body, it is a warning that Death is near at hand." It seems that His Royal Highness told

the same thing to Lady Goldsmid three days before his fall, and he evidently was quite convinced that his life was soon to terminate, for he went on that evening to speak to Miss Perceval about his wife, and her need of every consideration in her present condition. Miss Perceval, though feeling cold in her bones as she listened to him, tried to cheer him, and said he would live to hold a fine little son in his arms; but the Duke would only talk of death. He said it had been hard on him all his days to be an invalid. He would have liked to be a soldier. It was true that the Queen had made him Colonel of the Seaforth Highlanders, but did Miss Perceval think that if he died the Queen would let him have a military funeral. Miss Perceval said it was too soon to think of such things. "Not too soon," said the Duke: "and I should like to be carried on a gun-carriage." Before 11 P.M. he went upstairs to his room. Miss Perceval showed it to me one day. It was the one that Clifton Perceval generally used, with a little camp bed, and was quite small and plain; seven large photographs of his Duchess, and a little watch-case being its only ornaments. Some sort of seizure must have taken place about 3 A.M. Dr Royle, who was with him, called to Captain Perceval to get some brandy. While the Doctor put it to his lips the head fell back into Captain Perceval's hands, and all was over! It was still dark outside. The household was soon alarmed. Miss Perceval went to her nephew, and Dr Royle went to dress, and got down through the woods to knock up Dr Frank. Last Sunday he was in church in front of us. Helen, driving Miss Perceval up our hill to lunch with the Plunketts, happened to say: "What is the Duke doing to-day?" "He is gone to the cemetery

which he wished to see, and is due at luncheon at Lady Camden's." By *this* Sunday his corpse will probably have been taken out of Cannes. No more regrettable incident could well have happened. It will scatter the English Colony here, and spoil trade in London for the coming season, while the unhappy Percevals will be abused in every note of the gamut, by the very persons who have moved heaven and earth to be invited to their house to meet the Duke. His Royal Highness died while negotiating the purchase of a beautiful piece of ground at Golfe Juan. He meant to build a villa and pier for his yacht there. It would have been a perfectly charming spot, and when he brought out the Duchess and the children, his house would have been a centre for the best English society. Alas! Alas!

30th March.

The Queen's first telegram authorised the immediate departure of the dead Prince's body, but a second message bade them wait the arrival of Colonel Du Plat. I filled a basket with the first white narcissus of the poets, and took it up to the little *chapelle ardente* to be arranged at Villa Nevada. *It* lay on a violet cloth in the dining-room of the Villa, in a glass coffin, which was sealed and enclosed in one of black and silver. The face was like wax, and very like Charles I., but the arrangements struck me as so cold! No cross and no lights; so unlike Barbara Orbeliani's *wake*! and I should have been even glad of the Highland candle and plate of salt! This is the second coffin that I have seen on this March day, for M. Ferdinand Moreau is dead. He owned Philibert de l'Orme's masterpiece, *The Castle of Aust*, and had asked us to go and stay there and study it with him. The Duke of Albany was close

to me as M. Moreau gave me that invitation, and now they are both gone, the one at 30 years of age, and the other at 59. The Queen has sent very kind telegrams thanking Captain Perceval and Dr Royle and saying that she is well aware that everything was done that was possible and (Jane) Lady Churchill has telegraphed to a friend here that Her Majesty is bearing it better than they had dared hope, and is devoting herself to the poor widow.

31st March.

The sad days go on here. The Prince of Wales is due and nothing will be done till he arrives, but yesterday a battalion of infantry came in from Antibes at 5 A.M. and is now bivouacked on the Cours, while a *piquet* of 16 men relieve each other on the lawn. The French Government sent in these troops without being asked, but what the *fag* of these days has been no words can say, for doctors, telegrams, undertakers, tradesmen, troops, bier and tall candlesticks (they have been got at last), with consuls, clergy, wreaths, and disinfectants, have all had to be fetched up this hill, and got through this hole in the rock at an extraordinary cost of worry and responsibility. The weather has been very unfavourable, both hot and wet, and the coffin has had to be soldered up before the Prince arrives. He will be lodged at the next villa *Edelweiss*, which Mr Augustus Savile has put at His Royal Highness's disposal. It is said here that His Royal Highness heard the news of his brother's death bawled at a race-course! In spite of the best precautions the terrible publicity of these days can defeat all one's efforts. George Abercromby has come three times to see us since the Duke's death. He was the next after Sir Charles Murray to hear of it, and saw the

dead body before it had been touched. He says the face was beautiful then: quite fair and so quiet.

2nd April.

We saw the departure of the dead Duke from Cannes yesterday. Our old landlady's rooms overlook the yard of the railway station and the turntables on which the travelling hearse waited. I liked to see all these republicans made to bend their backs and spread gravel all along their streets, and put up barriers, and present arms, and veil their lamps with crape. I should think that not less than 6000 people were at the station. All the blinds were drawn, and black was worn, not only of course by the English, but by many Americans, and by the best French—black ribbons and violets worn everywhere. The Judges from Grasse turned out in robes and *mortiers*; the Municipality and all the Vice-Consuls were in attendance; there were two bands with muffled drums, and a guard of honour at the station. There had been a short service beside the coffin, the Prince having marked the prayers that he wished to have read. At this service only a few people *could* be present, so small was the space in the Villa, but everyone speaks of the Prince's devoted attention to every detail, and of his kindness to his brother's friends.

At 12.30 the guns from St Marguerite announced that the body had been, as the French say, *lifted*. How eight men managed to get it down the little rocky staircase I cannot imagine, but they did; and by the time sixteen guns had been fired it reached the station. The car on which it lay had been originally built to convey the dead Tzarevitch from Nice to Villefranche, as described by me in *Vera*, and dilated upon to me by the very man who

was now lying on it silent, among masses of spring flowers, and of white and silver trappings with "L" on all the shields. Once inside the station the leaders were taken off, and it was driven into a little dock and up to the turn-tables. The Prince stood beside it, the Comte de Paris was opposite to him, and both were very pale. Then the Mayor of Cannes held back the black velvet curtains of the travelling hearse, and a *fourgon* was filled up with wreaths (even my little basket that had been full of violets and narcissus was there) and then the hearse was locked, attached to two other *fourgons*, and slipped on to the main line. Our Prince walked into the station followed by his family and household. The muffled drums beat, the troops presented arms, and the General and his staff remained mounted in the court. It was as well that troops were present, for the crowd of Cannois had got out of hand. They swarmed into the station, and over the roofs, so much so that on the platform the Prince's suite and his English friends had to link arms, and make a strong guard round him. So eager were these republican roughs to see the future King of England, the chief mourner on this day, which is assuredly a sad one for Cannes. The last good-byes cannot have been said till about twenty minutes later, for Helen and I had time to get home before, in the deep railway cutting under our garden, we heard the scream of the engine which ran ahead of the funeral train. One could not sleep for thinking of its long journey through the night, taking Prince Leopold back to his own land, and to his grave among English Kings. What pitiful thoughts went out to the Queen, to the young widow and to the unborn babe of whom he had spoken so tenderly.

CHAPTER XII

FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSES

1. *Le Château de Flêchères*

Among the French country houses that I know I must give the first place to the Castle of Flêchères, because I have been there frequently, and because its hosts, the General and the Vicomtesse de Bernis, and their relations, were all so kind to us, that after many years of friendship we grew to speak of this couple as *l'oncle et la tante de Bernis.* The General was a cadet of the family that gave a Cardinal to the Conclave, and an Ambassador to the Holy See; the man who, during the Revolution, tendered the same kindly shelter in Rome to *Mesdames* (the sisters of Louis XVI.) as he had formerly done to Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and to Henry Stuart, afterwards Cardinal York. The family came from the Ardêche, and it had made good alliances in a country which now, as ever, regards marriage as *une affaire.* Our handsome General, no exception to that rule, had married an heiress, Marguerite, daughter of the Comte de la Ferrière, whose wife was the only daughter (and heiress) of the last Marquis de Sarrans, lord of the manor of Flêchères; of whom more anon. Marguerite's father, a tall, distinguished and cultivated man, came of an old Lyonese family which had Buonapartist sympathies, and he was made a Chamberlain by the Emperor Napoleon III. I have heard him describe his tours with Napoleon III., and his visits, thus rendered possible, to places that, like the Visitation

Convent of Annecy, are only open to a sovereign. His daughter Marguerite married early, and she followed the regiment, now to water-logged Lille, and now waterless Algiers. Her charming mother was welcome whenever she chose to join her daughter, and these two ladies rendered the quarters of the commanding officer justly popular. Madame de Bernis used to tell of a prank that was played by her mother and herself immediately after the regiment went to Lille. Mother and daughter, lively and well dressed, went for a walk on the ramparts, able, as they believed, to do so free of observation, since they were only known by sight to at most three or four people in the town. Great was their wrath when they perceived that a couple of subalterns were impudent enough to follow them, and to ogle them whenever there was a chance. "Wait a little!" said Madame de la Ferrière, to her daughter. "They think of beginning a *farce*, but we will give them a nice little lesson; one that will raise all the hairs on their heads!" The two ladies continued to walk, left the ramparts, and struck into the town, their two gallants still dogging their steps. "When we get close to our house we must take care to walk along the opposite side of the street, and to look as if we had still some way to go." The two ladies did this, but on getting right opposite the house of the Colonel, with its sentry box, they tripped across, to be met on the threshold by a respectful *planton*, and only to linger there long enough to enjoy the terrified amazement of the two subalterns when they realised that they had been following, through half the town of Lille, no one less than the wife and the mother-in-law of their Commanding Officer!

During the residence of the de Bernis couple in

Algiers a great sorrow fell on them. They had taken their two children to that climate of extremes, and there, far from the green banks of the Saône, where they had first seen the light, the two little girls died. Their mother never spoke of a loss which embittered her early life. Then came the death of her adored mother, and later the fall of the Empire: a crushing blow to people who had shared "all the fun of the fair," and who had enjoyed all that Court or camp could offer them. General de Bernis was the officer put in charge of the Prince Imperial at Saarbrück, and I often wished that de Neuville could have painted the scene on that little rising ground: the lad, with his mother's pretty brows, and his lips parted with eagerness as he cried: "See! See! We have driven them back! They run!" and the handsome General, in his spick and span uniform, with his well-waxed white moustache, and his blue eyes smiling as he watched the lad's happiness, and the fire of the *mitrailleuses* which had won this very ephemeral victory. I can rejoice to think that this blameless soldier was not caught in the net of Sedan, since he accompanied Ducrot's force, and had gone back upon Paris. His wife, who was with her father in the Tuileries, lived through that dreadful time of suspense when it was sometimes reported that MacMahon and Bazaine *had* made a junction, or when again desperately bad accounts filtered through by way of Laon; when *fourgons* were being packed in courtyards, and the ladies, who all lay down in their clothes, only slept by snatches. Bad health and troubles of the heart and breathing came to General de Bernis's wife after such terrible shocks, and since the climate of the Saône valley is a very rigorous one they had, when I first knew them, bought a villa in Cannes

in which to spend their winters—a plan which suited them all the better because the General was, under MacMahon's presidency, put in command of this district, and many were the pleasant breakfasts that we had at the Villa Léonie. The General was a most sweet-tempered and courteous host; Pierre, their ancient serving-man, was a character: one of those domestic tyrants who allowed no amateur tampering with his wood fires or his colza lamps: the table, with its piles of *reinettes*, and its sparkle of red and white wines, was admirably served, and the wit of *Madame la Vicomtesse* was always biting. Nor ought I to forget Marphise, a very small broken-haired dog, whose tantrums of temper amused us extremely, who dared to defy Pierre, and even attack the General's shins. But pleasant as all this was, it was nothing to the delight of staying with them at Flêchères. It is a grand Henry II. house, built in the form of the letter H, standing in the valley of the Saône, and facing the range of the mountains of the Beaujolais. To reach it we had to take a train from Paris that stopped at the station of Villefranche-sur-Saône. There an omnibus had been sent to meet us. It was late, and to get across the river, which was wide and heavy with October rains, we had to knock up the bridge-keeper. He had gone to bed at the hour of the hens, but after much knocking and waiting, the guardian appeared, wearing the long, hanging *bonnet de coton* which has, I think, now disappeared from English manners. Before I had done laughing at the comical figure that he presented, we had rattled up to the castle, crossed the drawbridge, and drawn up at the foot of the *perron*. At the top of this long and wide flight of steps stood the housekeeper. She had been sent to welcome us, and to tell us that,

as the hour was late, we must not expect to see her always suffering mistress until the next day. Then Pierre appeared, and ushered us into the little morning-room, where the General and Madame de la Poëze were sitting, with Marphise, over a wood fire. This lady was one of the beauties of Eugénie's Court. She had by this time lost the willowy figure for which the three handsome ladies, *nées de la Rochelambert*, were so celebrated. She had grown heavy and dark, and seemed to "want knowing," as the phrase is. Then we were sent up to our rooms. The housekeeper, who was again in charge of us, had been more than thirty years in the castle. She was one of the old French *noblesse* ruined by the Revolution, after which her grandmother (an orphan in need of some protection) had married a working man. This grandchild possessed all the papers that proved her to be an authentic *marquise*, but she did not, like an English housekeeper in a great house, dress in black silk. She wore a short dress, with a checked white-and-blue overall, and had a big bunch of keys suspended from her waist. As we followed her we had to cross the great hall. Just as it would be in an old Scottish keep, the great dining-hall was upstairs. It could seat three hundred people, had five windows on each side, and was two stories high. The moonlight streamed across its *parquet* as we walked along. Our rooms were close together. They contained a great deal of needlework, for Frenchwomen of all generations work diligently; there was a fire of logs, and not much carpet on its red-brick floors, while the doors opened by pressing down such a latch as is now in England only to be found in a rough outhouse. Next day we explored the castle, in which there were some magnificent specimens of Louis

XV. furniture, and from thence went to the park, and to the village church.

In the days preceding the Revolution the *petite Église* had many adherents in this part of the old kingdom of Burgundy, and so heated had people's minds become by the so-called miracles at the grave of the Abbé Paris that in this church a terrible thing happened. So excited were the parishioners of Montmerle that they actually crucified a young girl in the nave of their church. The police, hastily summoned by the lord of the manor (the grandfather of our hostess) cut her down, and her life was actually preserved, but to the end of a rather suffering existence the girl not only assured her friends that she was sorry that the police had interfered, but she declared that she had not been aware of any pain while on the cross!

Another curious tale is told of this village church. It used, before the Revolution, to contain a rather more than life-size statue of St Denis. The Jacobins cast it forth, and it would doubtless have been broken up to make road metal had it not been believed to possess miraculous powers. A place of safety was therefore found for it in a neighbouring farmyard. Here again, after half-a-century, the lord of the manor interfered. He said that such a situation was unbecoming, and he had the statue replaced in the church. After a couple of days the stone St Denis did, to the astonishment of all concerned, convey himself back to the farmyard. I could not hear that anyone had witnessed his levitation, or his journey, but so much impressed were his simple admirers that he has never again been moved. I beheld him among the cocks and hens, and the reputation of this saint who so zealously practises "the simple life" has only gained by his

tastes, and to this day many are the childless women who come here to touch him, and to pray for the cure of their sterility.

A little farther up the river is one of the most telling echoes in France. We went with the General one evening to see the eels taken from the Saône, and the General told us of the legend of a murdered girl whose unquiet spirit still haunts the spot, and cries in the echo. He bade me face the river, and call aloud. "*Vive Henri Quatre!*" I cried, and though France be now a democratic country, that echo replied correctly: "*Vive Henri Quatre!*"

I have said that France was a democratic country, and there is perhaps no more socialistic corner of it than the town of Trévoux. It stands with its feet in the river, about half-an-hour nearer to Lyons than Flêchères, and it has only one industry—viz. beating gold for the Church ornaments and jewellery made in that city. Gold-beating is not a healthy occupation, but be that as it may, the hand of the folk of Trévoux is against most institutions, and against all things that savour of property and of privileges. The priests, of course, come in for much ill will; not for dogmatic reasons, but because a village *curé* had a magnificent "living wage" of £28 a year without, as it was said, having done anything to earn it.[1]

The river-side folk are, however, in their own way, quite as superstitious as the votaries of St Denis of the farmyard. As I am writing of "*the manners of my time*" I will tell a tale that was given to me near Trévoux, and though Dr Charcot could easily have explained it as a

[1] The separation of Church and State has removed this cause of offence, and the 75,000 clergy of France without a right to food or shelter are left to the charity of those who value their services.

case of suggestion, it was offered to me as the very best of witchcraft ! It fell out on this wise. Every autumn strings of gipsies, on their way to a fair in Lyons, used to come down through the marshy country of Les Dombes. One caravan of these tinkers used regularly to receive hospitality at the farm of a certain M. Ambroise. There they would sleep a little, sing and dance a little, and pilfer not a little, and then go on their way to the great city, to sell pots and pans, tell fortunes and pick up some money at the fair. On one occasion, either because they had pilfered too much at Ambroise's farm on a former visit, or because his wife was in a worse temper than usual, they were abruptly refused shelter for the night. The gipsy grandmother had such a splendid reputation as a witch that the herdsmen implored their mistress to change her mind, but her son backed her up in her determination, and she said that they must clear out at once. *L'Égyptienne*, as they termed her, asked *why* she was denied the hospitality on which for years she had been able to reckon. Madame Ambroise replied that they were all thieves and vagabonds ; and that they must decamp.

"But if we have to travel all night along such wet roads the little ones will be quite ill, and the girls and the dogs too tired to dance."

"And if you do *not* dance what is that to me or to my son? He does not ask to dance with you, I believe."

The old hag shook her stick at Madame Ambroise, and bade the caravan move on. Then, turning to the inhospitable mother and son, she cried: "But it is *you*, and not we, who will soon have enough of dancing."

Two days passed, and Sunday came, when the Ambroise family meant to go over to St Georges,

and to return in the evening. Just as they were ready to start Madame Ambroise began to dance, her son did the same, and this mania seldom, if ever, left them during many weeks. The gipsy had put a spell on them! What was the fate of the son I was not told, but the woman died in hospital, worn to a skeleton by incessant dancing.[1]

Now, as a set-off to this rather grotesque story told to me by a person who also felt *sure* that there was something in werewolves, let us hasten to put on our hats, and drive with the Comtesse de la Poëze to see the church, and presbytery, and all the relics of the *bienheureux* Curé of Ars. He, alas! is dead and gone, but everyone has heard of the saintly virtues of Jean-Baptiste Vianey. His father was a ploughman; the lad was both poor and slow-witted, so much so that when, at the end of his terms in the seminary, he went up for his examination, it seemed to the examiners as if they hardly ought to pass him for Orders. They debated the matter. The novice-master reported that Jean-Baptiste was what the French call *un bon sujet*, pious and quiet, and generally liked. The Superior knew that for his education his parents had made extraordinary sacrifices. It was then the question whether to reject him, and break his parents' hearts, or to pass him, since he was a good young man, and hope for the best. That

[1] *Tarantism*, or nervous paroxysms of dancing mania, are not very uncommon, and are generally caused by the bites of the *tarantula* spider. They are treated by the people of the region of Troy with strong doses of *raki* spirit, and by profuse perspirations; but "possession," or suggestion, can produce such attacks without any help from the spider. An *annual* epidemic of dancing mania occurring among persons of all ages and both sexes at the time of a popular festival can have its symptoms relieved by a preparation of zinc, such as is often prescribed for St Vitus's dance. When many peasants are attacked at the same time, the scenes in a church turn it into a real pandemonium.

best did, as we know, turn out to be such a burning and shining light that it has illuminated France for many a year; such a flame of love to God and to man as still continues to burn, and which atheistical Cabinets, and anti-clerical mayors, and Masonic lodges, combined with communal schools, and with hospitals without sisters, and a godless Press, have not been able to put out. This ploughman's son, who never had a fire, or allowed himself a meal of cooked food in his house, grew to be consulted by some fifteen thousand penitents a year. How then, you will ask, are there really so many unhappy, disillusioned, or discontented people as to supply fifteen thousand visits a year? I am sure that there are. It is true that his penitents came from many countries, but I am sure that France alone could keep up this sad supply. The Curé d'Ars brushed aside all pretensions of superiority, all strings of doubts, whether scientific or philosophical. He told them that Christ was the only rescuer from solitude and from despair; that sins separate us from God, and so intensify our loneliness; that religion alone can make life sound, sacred and blest. He loved his penitents, yearning for the souls who either had proclaimed a creed of atheism, or who had, by their grosser sins, estranged themselves from God. He made them one and all kneel down, and make their confession, for confession, he said, restored their broken relationships with the Divine, while it was as a bar placed by themselves between their dark past and a brighter future. Ruined natures left Ars with hope, but the work of reconciliation was terribly heavy for their saintly pastor, and it was found, after his death, that one of his knees had turned to horn by its incessant pressure against

the side of the wooden confessional where he would frequently spend from twelve to fifteen hours at a time. This was the peasant who feared the face of no man, left no mourner unconsoled, and no sinner unwarned, and who now shares with Jeanne, the shepherdess of Domrémy, the love of the French nation. Jeanne and Jean! d'Arc and d'Ars! they will never be forgotten, especially in this old kingdom of Burgundy. Ars was originally a poor hamlet, and its meek little shepherd of souls had at the outset very few to know or to love him, but he began to be loved as a poor man among poor men, since they could judge for themselves that his presbytery was as bare as any of their own homes. Large gifts, coming to the place after his death, have filled Ars with buildings and with statues, while a great domed church literally covers over, and preserves, the tiny church where Jean-Baptiste Vianey said his first Mass, and his last one. On that narrow pallet he expired, when the ardent love of God and of man had made, as it were, a holocaust of the puny and ill-nourished body. Thousands of mourners followed it to the grave, and to-day his blue-and-white checked bed-curtains, and his two straw chairs, have to be protected by railings from the zeal of relic-hunters. Like his Divine Master, he has left no writings: only an example, and the memory of his simple sermons, and of his absolute good faith. Ah! if it could please God to send three or four such apostles to France! Strong in their simplicity, and in their love of souls, they would speak with a tender authority, and France might yet be saved from the grossness of her sensuality, and from her still more sinful indifference; and there would be such a revival of faith in her midst as would

awaken every man to the realisation of his duties. As we drove back from Ars, we cried: "Who shall make these dry bones live?"

I have said that the Comtesse de la Poëze was our *cicerone* that day. Now an elderly woman, she has married her daughter Apollonie to Humbert de la Ferrière, the heir to this fine castle of Flêchères: he being the second son of Madame de Bernis's surviving uncle. This arrangement causes her great satisfaction, yet sadness overhangs Madame de la Poëze, so loyal is she to her two sisters, and to the Second Empire. She is reticent about its tragic close, and about those faults and mistakes which brought it about. "I can never bring myself to speak evil of the people whom I have served, and whose bread I have eaten"; that is what she says, and if she ever draws on her souvenirs it is to speak rather of old, long-ago things than of the great *débâcle* which swept away the merry men and women of that Court. Madame de Bernis is less reticent, and so intelligent that she analyses as well as remembers. I was again at Flêchères when there was no other visitor in the house but myself, till the anniversary of her mother's death brought an old friend of the Comtesse de la Ferrière to spend it with her daughter. M. de V. talked much and well, and the conversations were most interesting after the lamps were lit. Both the men present had been in the thick of the fight, the General being on the Staff during its first weeks, and M. de V. with the brave Aurelle de Paladines after Paris was invested. He spoke a great deal of the Duc de Chartres. The French princes had early offered their services to France, and though the Comte de Paris did not cross the Channel, the others came to Paris, more or less *incognito*. They

met their friends and supporters (the wisest and best of whom was the Comte d'Haussonville) at the house of M. Laugel's sisters-in-law,[1] in the Rue de la Ville l'Evêque, or else with M. Bocher. Their offers having been declined by the provisional government, they retired, but in taking leave of M. d'Haussonville the Duc de Chartres said: "If ever I can be of any use as a simple soldier, do not write, but send someone to say the one word: '*Come.*'" Perhaps that word was said—perhaps it was not: at any rate the Prince's heart burnt within him, and he arrived, a volunteer, a simple soldier whose name was Robert le Fort. For some days he passed unknown. It was winter, and intensely cold for men constantly on the move, and who, in front of a vigilant and effective enemy, were in want of nearly every necessary of life. One day they got food and a little shelter in a lady's house. Robert le Fort commanded the handful of men, and as he took leave and thanked their hostess for her charitable kindness, she looked at him very sharply, and said: "It is really curious how much you resemble Monseigneur le Duc de Chartres." The officer did not lose his self-command, but putting the lady's hand to his lips, he replied: "Madame, this is not the first time that people have been flattering enough to tell me of such a likeness."

To M. de V. he happened to be well known, but, needless to say, the secret was kept by him, even when he heard it commonly remarked that this new volunteer *must* be rich, for not only were his arms and accoutrements very good, but he evidently had lots of pocket-money, and was ready to give away tobacco!—a thing that had become priceless. At last one evening, round a camp fire,

[1] M. Auguste Laugel was secretary to the Duc d'Aumale.

the talk ran on politics: the politics of the future. *Who*, it was asked, was to govern France?—the mob, or M. Thiers? A legitimate king, or one of the Orléans dynasty? The Duc d'Aumale was spoken of. He had everything for him: birth, good looks, intelligence, experience of men and of manners, of soldiering and of letters—to say nothing of correct opinions; he had also a profound value for all that is beautiful and tender in domestic life, or in a family's honour. In spite of this aggregate of qualities, the outcry against him was general. "Oh! *not* an Orléans prince! They are only good to be conspirators! Yes, and *not* even good at that! Not fine old-fashioned conspirators, with a dagger in one hand and a cup of poison in the other, but underhand conspirators: just like village notaries! They are far too fond of their money! While France is bleeding to death they come here asking for their rights, and their arrears. It is abominable!"

Robert le Fort sprang to his feet. "What have the Orléans princes then done to you that you should hate them so much, and say it so bitterly?"

"But we have just told you. They think only of themselves, and have done nothing for France."

"Nothing?" shouted Robert le Fort, and his blue eyes glittered. "Nothing! but Jemmapes?"

"That is ancient history."

"And the forcing of the passage of the Iron Gates, and the capture of Abd-el-Kader's *Smala*? And the taking of Constantine? They are nothing?" Then there were cries of "*Bravo!*" but Robert le Fort went on: "Orléans princes have already served France. They have asked to serve her again, only to be refused by a bourgeois government, but *c'est égal*; one of them at least can risk his life for her

every day." After that silence! and Robert le Fort took his place in every French heart that was not busied in thinking how to prevent money and power from passing out of the hands of an ambitious *bourgeoisie.*

"Yes," continued M. de V., "as there are people who are not able to see the wood for the trees, so the real France is hidden by the men who make money by administering her affairs. *They* are in the saddle, and they will not dismount in favour of any descendant of St Louis. They will sit there till they are pushed off by a more hungry, howling, and frenzied democracy. They will then pity themselves; but they must not ask me to pity them——" "Or," I put in, "ask the Duc de Chartres to do so, for since they have obliged him to leave the army he is a broken-hearted man. One sees him every winter in Cannes, and always with the most profound commiseration."

We got the General to speak of the poor little Prince Imperial, and of the curious fatality that he, like the great Napoleon, should die upon what was English ground. He told us that the Germans, with questionable taste, have marked the spot at Saarbrück where the boy stood to see the battle. Not content with erecting a monument that is like a plethoric milestone, they have also engraved on a bronze plate: "*Lu-Lu's erstes Débüt.*" They ought at least to be able to sneer in good German, and not to express themselves in *Kauderwelsch.*

When the conversation turned another evening on the Court of the Tuileries, Madame de Bernis took up the cudgels in its defence. "I admit," she said, "that there was extravagance; that they liked Thérèsa's songs and Offenbach's pieces; that Marguerite Bellanger devoured a lot of money; that

such a society made the happiness of dressmakers and hairdressers; that Mademoiselle S.'s cascade of curls took two hours to do; that the *Bal des Bêtes* left a great deal to be desired, in its costumes and its suggestions: but I must be permitted to say that such exotics as the Comtesse de Castellane and the Princesse Metternich-Sandor were the worst offenders. For us Frenchwomen I will continue to hold a brief, and to maintain that we were neither as ignorant, nor as idle, nor as rowdy as people made out. The circle was full of Russians, of Spaniards, and of Poles, whose manners were not those of France, though they happened to enjoy life in Paris. Of Madame de la Poëze's sister, Madame de la Bedoyère, it used to be said that her entrance into a room was like an illumination; she was so intelligent, and so graceful. Madame de Souza left fifty volumes of prose and verse. *La belle Mélanie* was and is a woman of will and energy and of public spirit. Nor were the arts neglected.

"I could show you many women of my friends who were good miniature painters, and better musicians. Émile Ollivier's wife was a daughter of the literary Comtesse d'Agoult: Madame Conneau had not only a beautiful voice, but she was a finished artist, and after her reverse of fortune, she found consolation in her art. Thus I do not consider that we, the women of the Second Empire, were more idle and restless (perhaps even less so) than the modern beauties who dine every night at some *gargotte* or another, to be stared at by men who are not of *our monde*. The men and women of to-day seem to me to take every morning a glass of 'Je *xxxx!*' and not to care for anything but that their *auto's* should take them fast to no matter where, to do no matter what!

which is stupid! But how comes it that I have not indicated to you already Princesse Mathilde, whose tastes were artistic, and whose house was the *rendez-vous* of all that France held of brightest and most gifted."

"And the Empress?" I asked, "was she really intelligent?"

"In her own way, yes; but do not forget that it *was* in her own way, and that she was a Spaniard, and above all jealous of her influence. Her influence over the Emperor, as he aged through bad health, was unfortunately great, but her influence over Metternich and Nigra was by no means what she took it to be; and *that* was proved to her on the day of her flight."

"Did you witness it?"

"No; I only saw her *fourgons* packing during three days, and I said to my father: '*She is going away.*' Metternich left her in the middle of the street, and it was Madame Le Breton who hailed a cab, and drove away with her, to the house of Evans, her dentist."

"Princesse Mathilde wrote of her that the Empress had on the 4th September given up a game that was still playable. Do you think that it was so?"

Here the General broke in: "No; no; all was over; and now there remains for *us* nothing to do but to say the *Pater*, and to go very quietly to bed."

His wife smiled. "If ever Eugénie could have retrieved the fortune of the Buonapartes it must, I suppose, have been done through Bazaine. You remember that Bourbaki was sent by him to Chislehurst to implore the Empress to permit a regency, and to place her son on the throne of France. She refused; was it from distrust of Bazaine? Or was it from jealousy of her own son? *Que sçais je?* as Montaigne used to say! Into the inside of a Spanish

woman's head it is not easy to see. I never cared for her, though to the Emperor I was profoundly attached; and he deserved it. He was not only for eighteen years a successful man, but his was a very interesting mind. He had great command of temper, and though the assertion may surprise you, he was born both ardent and unselfish, for when young he risked his life for the cause of Italian freedom. His tenderness for Queen Hortense was great, though she was by no means an immaculate mother, and when he left Ham he carried her last letter under the workman's blouse with which he disguised himself. His son he adored. It was for the dynasty that he went into the war with successful and masterful Germany, a war which ended in that curt telegram: 'I am the prisoner of the King of Prussia. Take the Prince to England.' To me he was a kind and faithful friend, and my father, who served him well, regretted him with a disinterested affection. The La Ferrière family comes originally from Lyons, where they were *échevins* of the city, centuries ago, and we are independent of the favours of any Court, but having seen the excesses of more than one revolution in Lyons, we were ready to attach ourselves to an Empire that announced itself as *Peace*. Unluckily, it ended in a war and a commune."

"Apropos of revolutions," said the General, "we are lucky that the Jacobins left one stone on another in this old castle. They gutted the house and they burnt down the commons, while the last Marquis de Sarrans (my wife's grandfather) had to fly for his life. Let me show you his portrait."

I went to look at a small picture in oils: the likeness of a young man.

"That was painted by his foster-brother, the hero

of the saddest and the most pathetic legend of Flêchères. In the pre-Revolution days people lived on their own lands, and did their best without the advantages of a town life. My wife's grandfather was an only child, and when his parents took an abbé to educate him, they admitted to the same advantages, and lessons, the son of the local notary, and the son of the nurse. The two lads turned out very differently. The young *bourgeois* was restless; scoffed at religion, and was not grateful for the education he had received. He hated the young Marquis for his title and his beauty, for his dress, his sword, and his fortune. The nurse's son was quiet and pensive, loved his foster-brother, and his brushes, and, after some training in a Paris studio, he did that likeness of my wife's grandfather, which you have just been looking at. But presently Paris ceased to think of studios. It was in full revolution, and the Bastille had fallen. Lyons caught the infection, and prominent among its Jacobins was the notary's son, speaking everywhere to great crowds, and calling: '*A bas les arsitos!*' One day, it was a Friday, to the young Marquis, who was alone in the castle, there entered his old nurse.

"'Good-morning, Nou-Nou, and what do you bring me here?'

"The woman laid at his feet a pair of *sabots*, a workman's dress, and a stout stick with a bundle tied to it. 'Undress quickly, my dear one. Put on this dress, and these *sabots*. There is a little food in the bundle tied to the staff. Take some money, and get off at once. Go into Les Dombes. You will easily be lost there, and do not rest till you have come out, and reached Bourg-en-Bresse through the forest that lies to the south of it.'

"'Is there such cause for haste? Can I not make some defence of this castle?'

"'No defence is possible. On Sunday, if not perhaps to-morrow, all Lyons will be here, led by that infamous traitor, the notary's son. Do not throw away your life by delay.'

"The young Marquis allowed himself to be dressed as a peasant, put the stick over his shoulder, and started. His way led through the marshes by paths pretty familiar to himself, but which must prove more than perplexing to persons unaccustomed to Les Dombes and its morasses.

"On Sunday things turned out just as the old nurse expected. A furious and howling mob passed into the great courtyard.

"'Give us the Marquis!' they cried. '*À bas les aristos!*' '*À la lanterne!*' and, no doubt, they would have soon been as good as their word. They were quite capable of hanging the young *aristo* before setting fire to as much of this solid old castle as would burn. But where in the meantime was the Marquis?

"The notary's son had just volunteered to head a hunt for him, when at the top of the *perron* a young man appeared.

"'It is he," cried this modern Judas; 'I know him by his sword, and by his shoe buckles; the same as the late Marquis used to wear. Let us drive him to Lyons. He will meet other *aristos* in the Square where the guillotine stands. *À bas l'aristo!*'

"The young man stepped forward. 'My friends,' he said, in a firm voice, 'what brings you here? What am I to do for you?'

"'Ah! my fine bird, we want the Marquis.'

"'Well, here' (pointing to his breast) 'you have

the Marquis; he is young, but he is at your service.'

"'*À bas l'aristo*,' and always led by the notary's son, the angry crowd swarmed up the long flight of steps. The young lord of the castle was soon in their power. They dragged him over the drawbridge; they bound his hands behind his back, and drove him before them, like a sheep, along the road to Lyons. As he went along this Calvary he could see the flames rising from the commons of the Castle of Flêchères. Arrived in Lyons they drove him into the Place Bellecour. There they did not even go through the formality of a trial, but, seizing him, they fastened him, face downward, to the plank, and then pushed it towards the *lunette*. There was a moment's pause before the knife fell, and a head rolled down into a basket full of sawdust. Then a great and bitter cry went up which sobered even this dancing and yelling mob in the middle of its unholy joy. It came from an old peasant woman who pushed her way up to the *bois de justice*. She bent down there, and dipped a handkerchief in the blood. 'Ah! miserable wretches!' she exclaimed, as she shook the cloth in their faces—'miserable and insane people! You thought to take the Marquis de Sarrans. You believed that you had seized him, and that you had murdered him. Far from it! The Marquis de Sarrans has for three long days been far out of your reach. He whom you have just killed is the only son of a poor working woman. God will be your judge.'"

1911

The present owner (1911) of Flêchères is Humbert de la Ferrière, who married Apollonie

de la Poëze. She is dead, leaving him sons, and two daughters. When Françoise married the young Vicomte de Rozé (a landowner in Franche Comté) I filled the tables at Flêchères with orange-blossom sent from Cannes, and I have seen something of that young couple since, when I stayed at the Castle of Bièrre. There every autumn, from August to November, Humbert's father collects a large family party. When I was there we sat down twenty-three to dinner every night, and I was the only stranger. Patriarchal is his state, and very simple are the holidays of his numerous grandchildren who, dressed in checked overalls and blouses, run about the park, visit the *viviers*, or go for picnics into the mountains of the Morven. Bièrre is near the watershed, and stands too high to be pleasant in winter, and half-a-century ago it held both wolves and wild boars in its woods. Madame de Bernis had the pelt of the last wolf killed there by her uncle. The last wild boar perished ignominiously. There was a wedding feast being prepared at Bièrre, and a peasant woman, going in with a basket of vegetables, met him, not far from the kitchen door. She gave the alarm, the game-keepers got their guns, and there was wild boar on the table that week, and, *hure de sanglier* at the wedding banquet!

If at Flêchères the Curé d'Ars fills the heart and the memory, at Bièrre it is the *bienheureuse Jeanne de Chantal* who presides. There are ties of kinship between the Chantals and the Ferrières, and nearly every one of the girls and women round the table at Bièrre had "Chantal" either as a first or as a second Christian name. Nor can it be said that no one now emulates the piety of St François de Sales' saintly ally. Of my host's

widowed daughter the Vicomtesse de Thoizy's three children, two have gone into religion: Rénée is a nun in a convent in Manchester, now that her Order has been expelled from Lyons, and Raymond has gone into the Company of Jesus. Their mother says that two out of three is much to have to resign, but that if there were no pains in parting from them there would be no merit in sacrifice, and no place for true resignation. The care of sons is now an anxious one for French parents, for boys brought up in a college that is taught by the clergy cannot get admittance to the army, or the navy, or to the civil service. Only business is open to them, and these two sons of Madame de Thoizy had to be educated in England, and there they learnt English, with a view to some commercial occupation.

About Bièrre the populace is rather a-religious than irreligious. They are quite indifferent. The churches are therefore not well attended, and the clergy lead very solitary lives. Raised up from the peasant class (as in nine cases out of ten they are) they do not fit in well with the land-owning class, and their peasantry *dare* not take any notice of them. If a labouring man's old mother lies sick of the palsy he must not invite the parish priest to visit her, because the fact would be reported (probably by the agnostic schoolmaster) to the mayor, and by the mayor to the préfecture, where a bad mark would be made against his name at the *bureau* where votes are registered, and he would become a marked man, one whose daughter could not get a place easily in any school, and whose son would be refused in a post office, or on the roads and bridges works. From this it will be seen what are the French ideas about liberty, and

how isolation and silence must torture a young priest who already suffers, since the Separation, from the most grinding forms of poverty.

I had an interesting drive from Bièrre to Bourbilly, Madame de Sévigné's birthplace. It stands among tall spruce-trees, and reminded me of the little Aberdeenshire house and estate of Pitcaple: even its architecture might pass for Scotch. The Baron and Baronne de Francqueville live in it, when they are not at La Muette. He is a *littérateur* of distinction, and she is a sister of the Earl of Selborne: an amiable woman of whom her French neighbours are quite proud as well as fond. She received me very kindly, was glad I had always valued her father's collection of classical and devotional pieces, and showed me the relics in the house of Madame de Sévigné, and of Jean de Chantal. They make rather an incongruous mixture. I was not sure that I liked it, and I was *quite* sure that I disliked the memory of Madame de Sévigné's ribald old cousin, Bussy-Rabutin. He was the worst enemy that the dear woman ever had. After tea with the Francquevilles we drove home in rain, past the ruins of Thoizy sur Ille, a castle from which the ancestors of Roger and Raymond and Rénée de Thoizy went to the Crusades. It is now a mere shell, and France has lost her faith. *Autre temps, autres mœurs!* It is only God who never changes.

CHAPTER XIII

FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSES

2. *The Castle of Abondant*

There had been a promise of long standing that in some week of October I should, after crossing the Channel, pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Vallombrosa in her historical Castle of Abondant. How historic it was I knew, because it had belonged to her grandmother, that Duchess of Tourzel who, as governess to the children of Louis XVI., had accompanied them on their ill-starred flight to Varennes. Through her daughter Pauline (whose clothes had been used on that fatal day to disguise the poor little Dauphin), the lands of Abondant had descended to the kind friend whose guest I now hoped to become. The accounts of her health were disquieting, and had been so ever since Easter, so that I was anxious not again to put off my visit. I was only *just* able for it, for I had been ill all the summer in East Lothian, and I felt abominably weak on the day when I took my tickets for Abondant, which lies on the Paris-Granville line. It was on a day in early October, and I was glad that what the Scotch gardeners call "the back end o' hairst" was so sunny and congenial as we ran out by Montfort. That is the fief which gave its name to the famous, or infamous, Simon de Montfort, a captain so hated through all the Albigeois region that to this day its peasantry remember the savage *refrain* of the song

which the women made on his death, so many centuries ago.

"Il est mort! mort! mort!
Ce Simon de Montfort:
Mort! mort! mort!"

The wooded mound on which the remains of his castle are still visible may have been a *strong mount* in the days of archery and of scaling ladders, but it could not now stand for an hour before modern artillery. It looks like a robbers' nest, but I doubt if it holds at this moment anything but hen-coops, for we are in the *Houdan* district, so famous for its poultry. After passing the station of Houdan the line rises: there are sandy roads, and level meadows, where the apples lie fermenting in heaps round the roots of the orchard trees. They will lie there till they are ready for the presses that await them, for this is a country where they make cider, and drink it. I wonder if the tanner's family of Falaise, or William the Conqueror drank it before he sailed for Hastings?

When I got to Abondant I found it on the table, and the Duke, believing it to be better for his gout than wine, drank nothing else.

Abondant is a stately pile, built on the same plan as Arniston,[1] though on a much larger scale. There is the same centre, three stories high, and the same long low colonnades that on both sides connect the great *coups de logis* with the flanking wings in which the servants' quarters, and the kitchen, and the stable courts are placed. Like at Arniston there is a large orangery, only here the front door and the *escalier d'honneur* are on the

[1] Arniston, in Midlothian, the property of Sir Robert Dundas, where I spent many weeks in my younger days.

south side of the house. The park, which is just about the size of the Arniston "wilderness," is, however, more formal, for though there are the same fine straight avenues, and long vistas through the trees, it is all separated from the house and lawns by tall *grilles* and by ornamental gates. Below the park, where at Arniston you would find the gardens, you here find the village and the parish church.

As soon as I got out of the carriage which had been sent to meet me at the station, the *major-domo* told me that he had orders to show me at once to my rooms, which, to save me a staircase, were on the ground floor, and that tea would be served in the drawing-room at five o'clock. My rooms were those which the late Duchesse des Cars had always used, and they proved to be eleven in number. In the centre one, which was at the angle of the house, a stove was burning. French fashion, all the rooms (boudoir, bedrooms, bathroom, powdering-room, boxroom, etc.) opened out of each other, but they had also outer doors that led into a narrow *corridor de service.* That was dark, lit only by an *œil-de-bœuf* in each of the doors. There was an ivory crucifix beside each bed, *trumeaux* over the tall narrow mirrors, and the hangings were mostly of those Trianon-patterned chintzes which are the fashion in French country houses. As at Arniston, there was a great deal of wainscoting painted white. Having rested a little, I went to tea. Very kind was the welcome that met me. Claire came in, and carried away with her a cup for her German *Fräulein.* I found that that lady never came to meals, and I imagined it was thought wisest not to produce her, lest the country neighbours, who had all had the Prussians billeted upon

them during the war, should dislike sitting at meat with a person who hailed from beyond the Rhine.

With the exception of an Italian cousin of the Duke's, a retired colonel, there were no guests in the Castle. For this I was grateful, for if I was weak, and not able for long formal meals, what could be said of my dear hostess, who sat through luncheon and dinner drinking milk, and eating gluten bread? She smiled as usual, but the sweet face was like ivory, and the hands had become transparent. In those autumnal days she went out very little, except to Mass in the village every morning at seven; *that* she never missed. Some days, if pretty well, she would paint, chiefly Watteau groups on furniture, using the newly re-discovered (at Nancy) *Henri-Martin* gold-ground and varnish. At this work her daughter would help her, but more often she wrote. There were letters to be got through, and all those *Méditations et Elévations de l'âme* which were found in such quantities after her death. With these she tried to pacify her heart and her nerves, both terribly tried at this time. Her idolised but quite uncontrollable son, the Marquis de Morès, was at that moment standing his trial in America for having shot the cowboy who had deliberately fired into a lamplit room where he and his wife were seated. I am glad to say that while I was at Abondant, a telegram came from her daughter-in-law, announcing that the proceedings were at an end, and that the verdict was given in Morès's favour. After that message there crept a little more colour into his mother's lovely face, but to no one did she ever reveal what all the cruel suspense had cost her.

The Castle, when I came to explore it, was at once more interesting, and less so, than I had

expected. To begin with, there were but few relics of the Duchess of Tourzel, except a quantity of Oriental china, with her arms and crest, and a large "T," that now served to ornament the walls of the dining-room. The Duke explained how, after Law had drawn attention to Oriental trade, it had been the fashion to import such sets of china. "So it was in Scotland," I said. "Hardly any Scotch family but had, and still possesses, services of china on which Eastern workmen painted their arms."

"Yes, but then besides your china you have been able to keep your gold and silver plate. *Here* we have only one tiny covered silver basin that has escaped; no one guesses how. I suspect that in the years of dearth before the Revolution, a good deal of family plate got into the melting-pot, and was replaced at table by all this china. Then came the end, and anything that, for a wonder, the Jacobins might have left was quite recently stolen by the Prussians. Our family pictures were luckily at Cannes during the war, and this Tourzel china did not attract them, though no doubt the German officers knew perfectly to whom this castle had belonged. The Duchess of Tourzel was lucky enough, after the Restoration, to get back her home, but with such exceptions as Bonnétable, which belongs to the Rochefoucaulds, few, if any, French families can now show a great collection of valuable gold and silver plate."

To console me for finding so few relics of the *grande gouvernante des enfants de France*, the Duchess of Vallombrosa gave me a copy of her grandmother's Memoirs. They record the life of a brave and much-tried woman, and I asked myself which experience had been the more heart-breaking,

that fatal flight to Varennes, or the visits that she and her daughter Pauline used to pay to the young Duchess of Angoulême in the *Temple*. They went there to show her that love and fidelity were not extinct, but *there* they had to leave her, with her cruel jailers, this orphan who had lost father, mother, brother and aunt!

On one of the walls of the staircase at Abondant hangs a pedigree which I gave myself time to study, because it was not that of the Tourzels, but of the Duke of Vallombrosa, and because my host happened, at that very moment, to be much offended by Mr Henry Labouchère's remarks about his birth and parentage. It was put about by the editor of *Truth*! that the Duke's father, a steward in the Pope's household, had bought his title, and had then passed for a French nobleman. I do not think that the tale about the steward can be true, for my host's mother, Claire de Béarn, was the very *greatest* of great ladies, one who would certainly not have been permitted in a country (and at a time when girls did not choose their mates) to make a *mésalliance* of so gross a sort. One has only to read the Memoirs of the Duchess of Dino to realise how charming was the personality of that Duchess Claire and the emotion caused by her too early death. Her portrait is that of a beautiful woman. All Paris mourned when her sudden summons came, and to his dying day, old Count Nicholas Pahlen, who had been passionately attached to her, never would put his foot into the house where her portrait hung, feeling that the sight of it would even then unman him.[1]

As regards the social standing in Italy of the

[1] Nicholas Pahlen, or von der Pahlen, came from the Baltic Provinces. His father assisted at the murder of Emperor Paul, and the children were brought up in exile. Nicholas was a friend of the 2nd Duke of Sutherland, with whom he had been at school. He was

Vallombrosa family (which was of Spanish extraction, and whose real family name is Amat[1]), there is witness among the Castiglione papers. When the most celebrated beauty of the Second Empire, Virginie Olduini, Countess of Castiglione, sent out the *lettres de faire part* of the death of her husband, Count Verasis Castiglione, the Duke and the Duchess of Vallombrosa are cited among the *cousins* of the defunct: ranking along with Cavour, Spinola, and Emmanuel d'Azeglio. This relationship came, I fancy, through the Asinari family, to whom the 1st Duke was kin. The marriage of my host and hostess had been a love match, and it took place after the Duke's return from India, where (being already smitten with her) he collected for her a beautiful set of emeralds.

The establishment in this castle is on such old-fashioned French lines as to astonish my Scotch maid, accustomed at home to what used to be called *the wumman hoose*, of a dozen maidservants. Here the Duchess has her maid, and little Amédée has Nou-Nou; Claire has her *Fräulein*, and out in the stable court there is an Englishwoman, the wife

often at Dunrobin, and when the Duke drove him over to Skibo we, as children, "snatched a fearful joy" in seeing a man, over six foot in height, whose father had killed an Emperor! Helen and I were able to give him pleasure in his last years, when he lived in a hotel in Cannes opposite the lodge of the Villa Vallombrosa. He used to sit before a huge fire, with his hands in a muff, and repeat verses of Camoens, who was his favourite author. He refused to enter the Duke of Vallombrosa's house, but I often met there his nephew, Count Léonide Pahlen, with a very charming wife. She was clever, and high-bred, and gave me a little volume of her poems, translations from the Russian into English. Count Nicholas sighed away his rugged soul early one November and we were of the five mourners who buried him in the cemetery of Cannes. He had (though for long a professed freethinker) given me a touching *rendezvous* in another life: "*somewhere and somehow.*" *R.I.P.*

[1] According to the Almanach de Gotha the name is Manca—"Maison de Manca."

of the head groom. That is all the femininity, and when one looks at the length of these corridors and staircases one is obliged to confess that so much hewing of firewood, and carrying of water is really best left to the stronger sex. Nearly all the servants here are married. You could never get French people to believe either in the safety, or in the morality of such a *wumman hoose* as obtains in Scotch domestic arrangements. It would be repulsive to all classes, while as regards the masters of great houses, they still preserve the manners, and what used to be called *les règlements* of their forbears.[1] The Catholic Church favours matrimony, which is one of her Sacraments, or means of grace. She never inflicts celibacy on anyone, only insisting that if a man, or woman (having a vocation for the religious or cloistered life), should have taken a vow of celibacy, he, or she, is then absolutely bound to observe it. As regards the marriage of servants, ever since the time of Diocletian, the Christian Church has occupied herself with rendering the marriage of slaves secure, while more recently St Thomas Aquinas has rubbed it in to the morality of French family life that no master, rich enough to keep a servant, has a right (as a matter of Christian charity) to deprive that servant of what he himself enjoys, the dignity of fatherhood and motherhood, and the joys of the domestic hearth. As I am writing about *manners* I venture to mention these

[1] My friend the Marquise de Forbin-d'Oppède, in order to show how seriously the old nobility of France considered the management of a large establishment, published and edited the *Règlements de Liancourt.* Every detail of her household life was set down by a certain Duchesse de Liancourt; its scale of expenses, and the occupations of every servant, as well as of her methodical and pious self. In Scotland the great bell in the court announces the meals of gentle and simple, but at Liancourt it rang for the canonical hours, and all were called by the Angelus to remember how "the angel, entering in, said : 'Hail, Mary.'"

things, which many readers may consider to be trivial, but which have the deepest roots in French social life, and which depend upon the teaching of a Church profoundly maternal, and, in one sense, profoundly democratic.

I was sent over one afternoon with Claire and her *Fräulein* to tea at Anet. That is a magnificent Renaissance pile, the most ornately beautiful of all the houses that Diane de Poitiers managed to acquire, and to decorate with her monogram of the triple crescents. It belongs now to the Ferdinand Moreau family. They are rich, as he is Dean of Faculty of the Paris stockbrokers, and no expense has been spared by him for setting off the beauty of these gardens and rooms. Their daughter has married a son of M. Paul de Leusse, lord of the manor of Reichshofen. She is a sportswoman, and goes out with the fine *équipage* of which her husband is master, and hunts these forests of Evreux and Dreux. Their trophies of the chase are wonderful. As regards the spread of the antlers I will not say that I could not show something as good on a head that I possess which was killed in Lord Lovat's forest, but the weight of the beams, and the number of the *tines*, and the great size of the feet all speak of a weight in the stags far greater than is to be found in any Highland deer; and not even in Ben-y-glo could these be matched. As for the *hures de sangliers*, their tusks are simply terrific, and stout of heart must be the hounds that tackle such grizzly monsters.

On our way home from Anet, Claire and I got great sprays of the pale yellow maples, and of the blood-red cherry-trees of this beautiful forest, and we made what the Italians would call trophies of

them in the corridor, where we found little Amédée and my pug having high fun together. They were both about four years of age, and which was the happier, who could say?

Next evening, my last, I took a late walk through the dead leaves, down to the village church, for Benediction. Claire played the harmonium, and I knelt above the vault out of which the ashes of brave men and of good women had been swept by the Jacobins, and where, as my aching heart warned me, my dear friend might ere long be garnered, in the peace of God. Over her head there still towers her great historic castle, but all her house of life is undermined, and must it not ere long crumble into that "little dust that nothing feels"? After dinner, when the Duke went to see his bailiff, we sat over the fire. She spoke hopefully. She would try to get back to Cannes. It had done so much for her ever since she was sent there after the birth of her first child, a quarter of a century ago; and, as Claire was not yet old enough to be taken into society, no great exertions would be asked of her. We spoke of my first sight of her, at a ball at the Adolphe de Rothschild's in Nice, when even then she looked very delicate, and of her visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin, where she had learned from my sister Kate to make *punti tagliati* and had been much pleased with her teacher's beautiful and well-trained voice. Then she told me of the arrangements she had made for my return to Paris next day. I was not to go back to the same station. She would give me her brougham, about 9 A.M., to take me a two-hours drive through the forest of Dreux. There I could see the mausoleum of the Orleans family, and, about one o'clock, could

get a train, from Dreux station, to take me back to town. Everything turned out as she had planned. I found her on the *perron* to see me off, and Amédée with his arms round my dog. We tried to speak of a happy meeting in Cannes, but our close kisses told all our unspoken fears.

The Forest was lovely, and after what seemed only too short a drive through its glades, I reached Dreux. The Castle, which is on the right-hand side of the road, is half hidden by trees, and it is so small that when all the princes, and their suites, repair thither for a family council, or for a funeral, it must be a tight fit. The mausoleum is circular, and round it rise great stone *lampadaires*, for burning green fires during a solemn obsequy. The vault, which is under the church, is well lit.[1] It seemed to me even then to be very full. And alas! since that day how many more dead have been added! and of the best! The charred remains of the Duchess of Alençon, who perished in the flames of the Charity Bazaar (with her rosary in her hands) now lie there; and there too is the uncle who never got over the shock of her fiery death. For the Duke of Aumale, Dubois has made a monument of the most eloquent and surpassing beauty. It represents an officer lying dead, yet clasping in his stiff hands, and over his

[1] A touching souvenir of the Queen Marie Amélie attaches to this mausoleum. When she and King Louis-Philippe were flying from Paris to the coast to be received on board an English boat (the *Express*) on 1st March 1848, they passed through Dreux, which was already the St Denis of their family. Theirs was an astonishing Odyssey, travelling as M. and Madame Lebrun, and choosing the roads that, leading through the royal woods of Dreux, Rozeux and Ivry, presented the fewest dangers, but they made a two-hours halt at Anet. While at Dreux the Queen went down on her knees and wept beside the tombs of her two gifted children, the Duke of Orleans and the Princess Marie, then left a chapel which she was only to re-enter in 1866, as a corpse.

silent heart, the flag of his first regiment; yet that keen soldier really died, not in war or tumult, but just of such an intimate and tender sorrow as his enfeebled frame could not long endure. Here also, at Dreux, they have quite recently laid the Duke of Chartres; true soldier, and true Frenchman, he is the last to come into this silent circle, where he can forget all the bitterness of his early exile, and the wrongs done to Robert le Fort.

The Duchess of Vallombrosa never returned to Cannes, to the place where she had always seemed to combine the occupations of Mary and of Martha —the contemplative and the active virtues. During that winter I wrote to her every Monday morning, and her husband told me that she looked anxiously for my letters, full of the news of the town, and of our regrets for her absence.

I saw her once again in Paris, and then for the last time. She was so wasted that I could have easily lifted her with one hand. I could not have supposed it possible for a human body to have dwindled to such an extent; the clearness and the sweetness of the mind only bringing out more forcibly the body's ruin, only accentuating that division between the body and the spirit which would have to go on and on till their final separation took place. So great, however, were her powers of resistance that she actually got back to Abondant, and lived there till the fall of the leaf. The summer was spent on a couch under the trees, and she was busy till the last. Death came, as it so often does, before the dawn—but she did not encounter it in sleep. The last Sacraments were administered to her, and after that she lay quite silent, hearing and seeing already the things that it is not lawful to utter. Her niece, Mrs Standish,

bending over her, said: "Do you suffer much, dear aunt?" She whispered: "*Not enough,*" opened her blue eyes, and then closed them for ever. She died on 17th October 1886.

They laid her in the vault under the parish church,[1] and then the family hurried off to Cannes, to prepare the Villa for the tenancy of the Grand duke-hereditary of Baden and his wife, and, since their Royal Highnesses were Protestants, to shut the chapel. One more Mass had to be said in it, for her dear soul, and to be said by the man who, as her confessor for twenty years, and as Morès' tutor, knew her best in the place where she had lived and laboured. I got a note asking me to be present. I put on a black dress, and went. Monseigneur Guigou, protonotary-apostolic, and *Curé doyen* of Cannes, said the Mass, the Duke serving it, while Claire played the harmonium. There were present M. and Madame Maxime Outrey and their daughter Adeline, M. Louis de Geofroy, and myself, with three servants, and three poor cripples, her pensioners, who could "speak the truth of her before the Judge, on glorious themes." The Duke sent to ask me to go to him, and there were tears on both our faces as he told me how tenderly she had loved me, and had valued, what he called *my soul*, so much so that my name had been one of the three last names that ever crossed her lips. I possess, as her daughter's gift, one of those tall mother-of-pearl crucifixes that are made in Jerusalem, and that I had often seen on her table.

The Villa Vallombrosa is now a fashionable hotel, kept by a German landlord, and the chapel

[1] The vault being sold, the coffin has been transferred to Poitou, to lie among the graves of her father's family, the Des Cars.

is turned into a lumber room. Mademoiselle de Vallombrosa, married to a Count Lafonds, sold Abondant to a rich Jew,[1] so that the legend of the Tourzels is at an end, while in Cannes nothing remains of the Duchesse Géneviève but that marble head (in high relief) in which Alexander Munro seems to have caught the secret of her sweet and serious spirit. When she left us it did seem, to our foolish senses, a premature removal from Cannes of all that kept up a high tone in society, and of the best link between the French and the English colonies. Her daughter was on the eve of womanhood; her little child was not four years old. It seemed to be all inexplicably sad: but before very long we learnt the meaning of the sorrow, and saw that our Duchess had been taken away before a blow fell that must have killed her. Her son, the Marquis de Morès, was murdered by the fierce Touaregs on the African sands, but not until his escort had betrayed and forsaken him. Bold, and beautiful as a paladin, the Marquis de Morès sold his life dearly, and firmly fighting fell.

[1] It has been resold, and now belongs to a son of M. Théodore Porgès and of Madame Porgès (*née* Weigsweiler, of Madrid), who perished in the Bazar de Charité.

CHAPTER XIV

LETTERS FROM PARIS AND CANNES

October 1886.

Yesterday we lunched with the Sartiges, whose house in the Rue de l'Élysée is built on part of the grounds of what used to be the old Sebastiani Palace. M. de Sartiges was in great force. Of President Grévy he says that *he* has no intention whatever of resigning! He always holds his own tongue, and leaves the others to squabble, and lie, and contradict each other, while he will live snug and long at the Élysée. War is the topic discussed in the papers, to distract public discussion from the expulsion of the Princes, but M. de Sartiges assures me that it will not go further than the papers. No Deputy, wishing for a vote, would dare to go to his Electors with a tale of promised war. The country is sick of wars, and of this the heaviest burden of taxation that France has ever known.

CHÂTEAU DE SATHONAY,
21st October 1886.

DEAR UNCLE,

I left Paris yesterday morning and am here till Saturday. I must spend Sunday in Marseilles, to see some friends who will supply the notes I require for the little novel of *Ninette* which I have on hand. This estate is on the promontory between the two rivers, the Rhône and the Saône, on a hill above the *plateau* and Camp of Sathonay, and 40 miles from Lyons. Pierre de Bernis got it

with his wife, Mlle Thomas, who got it from her stepfather, Mons. Galline. Pierre is the nephew of the General who gave me the Memoirs of the Cardinal, and is the youngest brother of that Marquis Hervé who is the head of the house, and represents the Cardinal's branch. They are all Royalists, so we talk a great deal of treason. Whatever the Comte de Paris may have abstained from doing while he lived in France, he *now* makes no secret whatever of his wish to upset the Republic, and he moves from place to place so as to be within reach of his friends, who live in London, Brussels, Vevey and San Remo. These form a chain of points at which he can see, and be seen by Frenchmen. My host has just returned from seeing him at Vevey, and in like manner M. Gavard, the Orleanist, has gone from San Remo to London. The rock upon which the Republic will, they hope, go to pieces is the enormous taxation of the country. Between these ardent Royalists, and the Orleanists, I have heard a good deal that is interesting, and there are two people who have asked me leave to send under cover to this house, letters that are intended for their political friends. No one can trust the Post Office, nor may a Colonel of a regiment take in such a newspaper as the *Soleil*. I am told that the Comte de Paris is hopeful, and that if he resents his exile he can at least employ it in seeing and meeting people whom he could never see or meet in France. He declares that he could never, like Louis XVIII., arrive in the baggage train of a foreign army, but that "*Moi, et mes alliances de famille*" will come to pacify affairs, and to repress Socialism in France. Of course a hundred spies watch his comings and his goings, and I was able

to give Hervé de Bernis a hint as to one danger for them in this town which they all seem to have overlooked; but which I need not trouble you with. M. de Bernis and his father-in-law thanked me, and said that they would, on Wednesday, bring the matter before a trusted *employé* of the Comte de Paris, who is due in their house this week. It is sometimes useful to go, as we do, into many societies here and to belong to none, for you see a great deal of the game. Rents in Cannes have fallen immensely since the expulsion of the Princes, and everyone expects a bad season. As far as I am concerned I have lost since last Easter by expulsion, and by death, Duchess Vallombrosa, Baroness James de Rothschild, Count Radolinsky, Miss Wallace, Vere Kemball, and Mr and Mrs Espinett, whom we saw every week for many years at the Asile. I say nothing of dear Robert Anstruther. Tuesday, Nov. 2nd, is the *Fête des Morts*, and they (the *Morts*) will seem more in number than the living. There is a Funeral Mass for Duchess Vallombrosa arranged for Wednesday, and to which I shall go. The Duke and Claire will have to come here for a few days to prepare their house for letting, and at this moment the seals are on everything, as the Duke and the Duchess married under the régime of *Communauté des biens*, and the trustees appointed for such of the children as are minors own their mother's part of the property. No doubt, by her will, the Duke can represent them, and in this way he will be able to settle without loss of time.

Sunday, 7th November 1886.

I sat a little with H.R.H. of Caserta yesterday. She was as kind and nice as she always is to me. She feels the deaths and the losses here very sadly,

for old Count Radolinsky came to see them most days, and in this strange isolation to which their life and their royal blood condemn them in exile along with the many duties enforced upon her by their losses she feels the more warmly towards the few friends whom she has about her. She also realises that in this town of Cannes, so full of gossip and of ill will, she had *one* faithful friend in Duchess Vallombrosa, who was never selfish, and could make smooth all its rough places.

21st December.

I have been lunching with Lady Molyneux, sister to the Knight of Kerry, and talking with her, and Lord Emly, of Irish landlords and Irish troubles, and of all the sufferings of the Irish *poor*, who, to tell the truth, are not, as is generally imagined, the "finest peasantry in the world," but the poor, starving gentlefolk. I am reading a curious book, *Les Français en Russie*. Olga Smirnoff's grandfather, the Chevalier de Rosset figures in it, as the friend and helper of the emigrant Duc de Richelieu, who founded, among other things, the water-works of Odessa. Rosset planted that town with the white acacias he was accustomed to see in his native Dauphiné. He married a Tizianoff (who was of royal Georgian extraction), and they were the parents of Madame Smirnoff.

27th December.

I never saw a newspaper printed on a Christmas morning that had less promise of Peace and Goodwill than the *Galignani* of 25th December. Every great Power in Europe is threatening, or threatened. There are fires which throw thousands of families out of work, domestic scandals, and Lord Randolph Churchill's devilry of which the consequences, at

the present crisis of European affairs, are simply boundless. Mr Ashmead Bartlett, whom I saw on Christmas Eve, was very gloomy, and still more so was Lord Emly, who was here yesterday. God save the Ship of England in this coming year, called "of the Queen's Jubilee!"

VILLA REY,
Monday, 4th January 1887.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

We went out at half-past ten this morning to see the consecration of the Russian Chapel in Monsieur Tripet Skrypitzine's house. It is quite small and could not conveniently hold more than 30 people. It, and everything in it, had to be consecrated, beginning with the Altar, which was a plain four-legged deal table. It was first washed and dried, and then tied firmly over with a clean linen cover. The lady who founded the church, Mde Tripet Skrypitzine, and the young Grand Duchess, Anastasia Michaelovna stood inside the Sacrarium, until that place, and the Altar, had been consecrated: they were then turned out, and now no foot of woman, or hand of woman may ever be inside the holy place. A procession of banners, pictures, crosses, and holy vessels, carried by the priests (generally on their foreheads), went all round the house and courtyard, and staircase. There was much chanting, and then each article of plate, and all the books were consecrated separately. Then came prayers for the Imperial family, and for the founder, and so they finally got the whole place to their minds! Mass was next said, and we were asked to remain to luncheon after the service, which had lasted one and a half hours, but most unluckily we were already engaged and had to hurry away.

We have a dinner-party on hand, and are to have people in the evening. The dinner is to the Wynfords, Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick, Lord Acton, Professor Bryce, and Mr George Seton.

Lord Acton walks about with Professor Bryce, and he will, I daresay, continue to do so until the proof sheets of a forthcoming, and very Radical work of the Professor's on American Democracy is ready, because he has done for it what he did for my *Provençal* volume, namely, he has read the proofs. I told Professor Bryce that it was high time that such a book was brought out; first, because it is so long since de Tocqueville did this for France; 2ndly, because the new electors in Scotland (some of whom cannot read) tell me that they "prefer American institutions," about which they know exactly nothing! He asked me if I had a bad opinion of French democracy. "So bad," I replied, "that for twelve years it has been my amazement how business gets done at all, and how any sane Englishman can wish to grow such weeds of wickedness in British fields!" He said, "Do you think that elections are, or will be, invalidated by the evils you speak of; will the best men cease to be elected?" "If you call the Deputies, who scold, and howl, and spit, and all but bite each other in the Chamber at present *best men*, I daresay that men as good as these will, for some time to come, be returned. But take as a specimen of electional purity that of the Mayor of Nice. Monsieur Briglione's selection is worth looking into. In September-October last it cost 500,000 francs, and that sum was paid for it by the Gambling House of Monte Carlo; and for very good private reasons too."

He admitted that very soon in England also the

educated man like himself would be obliged to retire from the contests of a political career; no man capable and cultivated could stand for two or three elections.

"No, I daresay not, but in the old corrupt days such a man as yourself would have been returned unopposed for Woodstock or Knutsford, or some quiet place. You must admit the plan had a good side to it."

11th February.

One thinks of nothing but the riots in London. The stationer's shop at the cross-corners near to Kate's[1] house in John Street, Mayfair, seems to have had the worst of the mob's attack, and I am thankful that she was safe in a country house, and not having her windows broken. The object of this disgraceful day's work is just to *ring the chapel bell.* The Irish have been taught to intimidate the powers that be, and to defy the law in order to get what they want, and the London mob proves to be, as Portia would say, "not so dull but that they cannot learn." I am glad that the new Cabinet will have to clean up after the rioters. It is suitable work for them.

15th February.

I had rather an interesting conversation with Mr Evelyn Ashley on Saturday. We had taken Laura Dundas to a tea at Mrs Hope Barton's, and after tea Mr Ashley and I met. He bewails his loss of a seat after thirty years of parliamentary life. It had become more than second nature to him, so his wife's sick-room, his father's executory, and his father's memoirs (to be written by him,) do not seem to suffice. "Not," he added, "that I would

[1] Lady Metcalfe.

have taken office with this Government, but I should have liked to have a refusal of office!" I said: "Oh, console yourself that you will not have to hear and answer questions when the House meets about all these broken windows, and that you will not have to clean up after the mob, which the Party has educated."

He replied, "Gladstone has demoralised the lower orders, and one's only hope now is in the Whigs and the middle-class." He added, "Yes, the mob is, as you say, being educated. A speech like that about the Clerkenwell explosion may take a long time to sink into the mob, but it has sunk in." I said, "What aggravates me is that the man who made that speech in Midlothian is still the elect of Midlothian, and still has many supporters who ought to know better. Well do I remember all the wrath you gave vent to on our hearth-rug the week of that speech."

"This is the harvest," he said, "and a very nice mess it is! I don't see the way out, for the result must be that Mass Meetings, always legal in England, and useful as safety valves, will now have to be forbidden, or very sharply controlled."

"Yes, because the shopkeepers will have a word to say about such meetings, and then the next thing will be a yell about Tyranny! and good-bye to the saying about the 'inviolate Island' of the Sage, and Free, while as to a man speaking the thing he will in England, it is only a pity that Mr Gladstone, for one, has spoken so much!"

Then we talked about the new volume of Dizzy's letters.

I said, "His heirs are doing him bad service by publishing them. He sets himself forth as without a single gleam of principle, hardly of

passion, hardly of sex, let alone of patriotism, and even party seems to be held second to the success that he wishes to score for his personal aim."

He talked about the Jews, and their influence, and of Sir Julian Goldsmid's prospects, and I said I was glad that Lord Rosebery had got a Jewess for his wife, as her people would try to keep him straight. The Jews are never ignorant and never rash, and we might see fewer Egyptian campaigns, and other eccentricities in future. I should say that Mr Ashley was a little jealous of Lord Rosebery; but the man he really execrates is Lord Randolph Churchill. "That man has been thoroughly demoralised by Beaconsfield," he declares.

. . . . . .

Sir Arnold Kemball was here yesterday, and we had a good deal of talk about the late riots and the unemployed poor. Talking of developing what each poor man, or woman, can make, or do, I spoke of our Village Industries Exhibition for seven parishes. Sir Arnold read over our prospectus, and both he and Lady Borthwick were much struck with the Committees. We had slaters, and plumbers, and parish councillors, and colliers, and ladies of quality all pressed into the service. He carried off the Ormiston prospectus, and says that it will be of real use to him.

I am so shocked to read of poor Principal Tulloch's death to-day. It seems only yesterday that he was in George's house, and married my sister to Sir Theo Metcalfe. About a month ago Ian Campbell's old friend, Mr Mackenzie of Letterewe, asked Tulloch to come out here, and to be his guest, but the doctors thought it hopeless for him to make the journey. Perhaps he was

spared worse and darker days by dying so quickly.

Mr Harris, the Consul, is due to lunch here on Saturday, and we shall have his chaperonage to go and see the memorial stone of St George's Church laid by the Prince on Saturday.

March, 1887.

Now for a very fine affair! Helen and I for once broke our rule not to cross our own threshold on Sunday, as we were directly and personally invited to go to congratulate Princess Amélie of France on the occasion of her marriage to the King of Portugal. We went at ten o'clock and found a great gathering at the Villa Luynes. The girl looked very handsome. For the first time she had on a low dress (white over blue) with one or two diamond pins, her front hair was curled, and her spirits were excellent. Her voice is always low and sweet. She is as tall as Henrietta Hamilton, but unlike her, she stands very well over her feet. As she stood at the opening of one of the rooms, she held a big bouquet of white camellias that her *fiancé* had given her, and the ugly fair-haired little man was by her side. They seemed to have had plenty of fun together, but Helen, who was presented to him, found him uncommonly dull. She is really a very happy mixture of a good girl and of *Madame Royale de France*, and seemed delighted to talk to her friends, big and little. In the light of all the tragical events in Portugal it is strange to recall her words that evening to Tonita Bañuelos! "Yes! he is very *gentil*, and everyone is very kind, but *we* of the House of Orleans are famous *porte-malheurs* wherever we may go." She knows her own mind too, for when the Princess de Sagan came up, expecting

to be acknowledged, the girl quietly put both her hands behind her back, and looked the lady in the face, who had thus nothing to do but to pass on ashamed! She shook hands with me, thanking me for going to inscribe myself for her and for her happiness, and regretting not to have been at home when I came. "I always remember your visit. And how is your dog? My sister has lost hers. Do you know that it was stolen!" I told H.R.H. that my dog was safe and well, and that his mistress reminded him of the bouquet of red carnations that she had thrown to him at the last Bataille des Fleurs.

The Comte de Paris looks thin, and very grave, as expulsion is talked of every day. He shook hands with me, and said he wished he had seen me, and asked what I was writing now. "Oh, Sire," I said, "I am not writing, for I have been *malade, et ce qui de plus est*, c'est que notre pays est *encore plus malade*, et l'on a le cœur trop gros pour travailler." "C'est la même chose partout!"

Then I replied, "Vraiment, nous sommes tous malades, Sire, et votre pauvre France aussi."

"Vous avez raison, mais vous êtes plus malade, parce qu'ici et partout, le peuple est plus ou moins fou. Mais chez vous, ce sont les grands qui sont fous!" And he added bitterly, "*Ils sont fous!*"

Talking of *les grands*, there was one *grand* in the room, the Duke of Westminster, who was very much amused because the French here think that he will be too much frightened to go back to London. We are to go to tea with him on Thursday.

6th March.

His new Duchess is kindness and sweetness itself, and she will not I am sure take any share

in the desperate family quarrels which used to reign, and which E.I. is credited with having done so much to foment. This lady thinks no evil I am sure, and if she hears it, she will give it the go-bye, and go on her quiet smiling path. She speaks kindly of them all, and asks them all to the house.

The scare about the expulsion of the Princes has blown over, and the Comte de Paris told the Casertas that he considered himself safe as long as Freycinet is in power; but with Clémenceau it would be a different story. Would to God that our Home Rule scares would blow over, for I think it will come to the shedding of blood near the Boyne, or near Derry, before we see the end of this new, and last, and worst madness.

CHAPTER XV

LEOPOLD, PRINCE OF HOHENZOLLERN (1)

[The following sketch of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern throws an interesting light on the much-disputed cause of the Franco-Prussian War—and will be read with interest by students of those times.—ED.]

Anton, Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and Burgraf of Nuremberg, had for his wife Joséphine, a princess of Baden, and to them there was born, on the 22nd of September 1835, a son for whom a curious destiny was prepared. He was not, like his brother Karol, to become a king in Roumania, but he was to refuse the crown of Spain, and during two summer months of the year 1870, his name was to be in every mouth, as the real, or the pretended, cause of the Franco-Prussian War. During the course of that terrible struggle this quite unbellicose prince was to be made an instrument for wreaking upon France Germany's long-cherished rancour for the campaign of Jena, and for the sorrows of Queen Louisa. It was this Leopold, a near relation of Louis Napoleon, and (through the marriage of his sister Frida with the Marquis Pépoli) a connection of the Duchesse de Dino and of the Murats, and therefore of Caroline Buonaparte—it was *this* young man, always a *persona grata* at the Tuileries, who was to assist at the proclamation, in Versailles, of the first Emperor of Germany. He was also fated, as the head of the elder non-reigning Catholic branch of the

Hohenzollerns, to bury both the first and the second Emperors, and then, after this brief and unsought-for notoriety, he was to be quickly forgotten, even before, in 1905, a sudden and noiseless summons took him out of this troublesome world into Rest Eternal.

Let us look at the man in whom these unlikely conditions met. He strikes one as slender, without being graceful, though people who can remember his grandmother, Stéphanie Beauharnais, Grand duchess of Baden, in her old age at Nice, do say that he is like her. There is no dignity in the figure, because it is too short: all the dignity is in the head, which is forceful, and finely modelled. The nose is aquiline, with delicate nostrils, and between the brows there is that deep furrow which was so remarkable on the forehead of the Crown Prince Frederic. One sees that these two men are relations as well as close friends; indeed Prince Leopold looks like *Fritz* seen, not through a magnifying glass, but through a diminishing one. The two sides of the face are not quite alike, the eyes are brown, and they express a gentle and reflective nature. The note of the countenance is grave rather than gay, though when this affectionate father talks Swabian with his younger son he can be merry enough. He speaks French like a Frenchman, and if in speaking English there be a perceptible accent, he speaks without the guttural and explosive noises, or the facial contortions of the Teuton in conversation. His life is simple, and busy, and dutiful, and there are never any scandals about a man who is loyal to women; especially to the gracious mother who bore him, and to the most beautiful princess in the world, whom he married at Lisbon, in September, 1861.

Let me speak first of the mother, since one cannot really understand the son till one has met her.

We saw her at Cannes, in the spring of 1888. There had just been a gathering of her descendants, and a *Familien-Tafel* in her honour, and every right had she to be a proud woman when she counted those heads. She received Helen and me very kindly, but alas! she is deaf, so that intercourse was not easy, even when she bent down her head with its pointed coif of black crape. The conversation turned chiefly on the recent sale of pictures, etc., out of Hamilton Palace, about which she indicated a great deal of annoyance. A glance showed that she was half a Frenchwoman, though the expression of the face was that of reserve, and of a veiled pathos. She lost a son at Sadowa, and one could feel how antipathetic to her spirit, and to her nerves, war and war's alarms must be. Like her son, she is not tall, and her complexion is pale. Perhaps as the wife of one whom the Parisians, with their usual irreverence, called *le père Antoine* she had known some stormy weather, for her husband was a *Burgraf* of a mediæval pattern: such as Browning might have sketched in his *Flight of the Duchess*. This Prince Anton, who had become the head of the elder and Catholic branch of the Hohenzollerns, was an able man, known for his broad-minded and patriotic views, and had held the portfolio for War in the Schleinitz[1] Cabinet. He was also a noted *collectionneur*, both because he appreciated the Dürers, and the mediæval armour and the jewels that he had brought together in his palaces, and because he had a pleasurable sense of the value of the treasures amassed at Sigmaringen.

[1] Count Alexander von Schleinitz retired in July, 1861; died 1885.

One asks oneself: How much did the gentle wife whom he found at Baden know of the sad secrets of Prussian ambition and of family intrigues in her home, and what did she guess of the political crimes that brought about the poor Grand Duchess Stéphanie's double bereavement of her two male infants? Many daughters were left to her to keep, who all married well, but her boys she had not been permitted to preserve, lest they should perpetuate in Baden that French influence which was powerful both there and in the palatinate, and which it was the interest of Prussia to crush out. What did this daughter of Stéphanie's know, or guess, of Kaspar Haŭser's fate through all his terrible childhood and his darkened manhood, up to the hour when (as his epitaph says), *the unknown one occultly died.*[1] The Princess Joséphine of Hohenzollern certainly went so far as to contribute to the monument erected to Kaspar, "the wild boy of Nuremberg," at Anhalt, where he fell. This step she took at the request of her youngest sister, Princess Marie, Duchess of Hamilton. She at least was ever curious about the birth and death of Kaspar Haŭser, believed by so many to have been her brother. One evening at the Tuileries a *séance* was being given to show off the mesmeric powers of Mr D. Home. The Duchess of Hamilton was induced to ask the medium: "*Who murdered Kaspar Haŭser?*" The reply was only audible to the

[1] Gregorovius, no mean authority, held the Foundling of Nuremberg to have been the son of Stéphanie. This is the epitaph:

LIC JACIT
CASPARUS HAŬSER
ÆNIGMA
PIÙ LEMPORIS,
IGNOTO NATIVITAS
OCCULTA MORS
1883

Duchess, who, on receiving it, swooned away into the arms of the Comtesse de la Poëze, *who told me this incident!* What it needed no Comtesse de la Poëze to tell me was the fact of the extraordinary likeness of the Duchess of Hamilton's eldest son to the existing silhouette of the face and figure of "the wild boy of Nuremberg." No such likeness could, however, be traced among the children of her sister, Princess Joséphine of Hohenzollern. They have the Hohenzollern type, though into the house of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen another type was to be brought through the marriage of Leopold with the fair-haired Infanta Antonia of Portugal, whose father was a prince of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

All royal persons are cousins, and as such they *tutoyer* each other, but let me say a word about the circumstances, sweet yet sad, that led up to Donna Antonia's marriage.

When Louis Napoleon was looking for a wife, a lady was suggested to him, one later known to the world as Carola Vasa, Queen of Saxony. Her charms, like her virtues, were undeniable, but someone hinted that her health was more delicate than might be wished. Napoleon felt alarmed, and he sent Doctor Conneau to Germany to make inquiries, and the doctor's report not being apparently of such a nature as to allow the Emperor to hope for a long line of Cæsars, he decided not to go further in that direction. A bride for him was not easy to find. What wonder then that he bethought himself of a niece of Carola Vasa, and of a relative of his own, an ideally good and lovely girl, Stéphanie of Hohenzollern, a sister of Prince Leopold. Overtures were made. Her parents, having heard of the collapse of Princess Carola

Vasa's hopes, and of Miss Howard's long-standing influence over Louis Napoleon, went very cautiously to work, for fear of any affront to a girl in the first lustre of her youth and of her unsunned loveliness. At last they gave their consent, and accepted for a child so near to the Beauharnais, the hand of Hortense's son, the present ruler of France.

This was, however, fated to be a case of a slip between the cup and the lip. The parents had, as I said, felt their way cautiously, until they fancied themselves to be sure of their ground in Paris. There they trusted themselves to a very old friend, a niece of Madame Drouyn de Lhuys, a certain Baronne de Franck. But astute as that old lady was, and keen to serve the young princess and her family, she was foiled. There was another fair candidate in the field, who, if she did not possess either the family importance or the maidenly graces of the Princess Stéphanie, was beautiful, ambitious, and well steered by shrewd advisers. This was no less a person than Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo. Her friends, having heard that an official had strict orders to personally conduct Miss Howard to England, and realising that Louis Napoleon was super-sensitive to any repulse, determined to put the cautious, perhaps hesitating Hohenzollern parents in the wrong with their master.

Since Stéphanie's parents had too long pondered their answer, it was determined further to delay their reply. The two Fould brothers captured the letter from Sigmaringen, and by the time that it was permitted to emerge from their drawer, the Emperor, both nettled and impatient, had already thrown the handkerchief to the beautiful Spaniard. M. Morier described her at the time of her

betrothal, as fair and young, with an eager-to-please manner.

It was now the turn of Anton and Joséphine of Hohenzollern to feel annoyed, and they remained so till they were able to affiance their daughter to the young King Louis of Portugal. The bride had to go out to Lisbon to be married under the care of her brother, Prince Leopold, and on their way thither they paid a flying visit at Windsor. There had always been, of course, the closest relationship between our Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the German husband of Donna Maria-di-Gloria, so by both Queen Victoria and by her consort, the future Queen of Portugal was tenderly greeted, and on both this charming young brother and sister made the most favourable impression. Their arrival in the Tagus was an ovation. The girl was nervous, but she need not have been so, for King Louis received the *coup de foudre* at the first sight of the promised bride.[1] Her marriage promised to be both happy and popular. But the lease of happiness for this gentle Queen Stéphanie as wife and as mother was but a short one. Her baby died of diphtheria, and as she persisted in kissing the waxen lips and the pale face of her first-born her own death ensued.

The chapter of a Portuguese Alliance was only to open again at Sigmaringen when Prince Leopold wooed and won the Infanta Antonia.

I despair of giving an adequate description of her as I first saw her. Her face, with its crown of hair, is an inspiration for a painter, that hair being of the colour of ripe corn, while her figure, with its

[1] These details were given to me by the Baronne de Franck herself. She was a St Remy, and aunt to the Madame de Bonnemains who captured the heart of Boulanger.

shapely arms, and most beautiful hands, is a study for a sculptor. The Infanta dresses admirably, smiles sweetly, and is aware that she has been called the most beautiful princess in the world. As a beauty, and as a wife, she has had every chance of being spoilt, but she likes to charm, and her manner is an adorable mixture of caresses and caprices. She is well read and artistic, and since her bad health has often thrown her on her own resources, she has become a first-rate painter of flowers.[1] She is also a clever botanist. She is ambitious, and it is quite possible that at the time of *il gran rifiuto* of the crown of Spain, she might not have been insensible to the charms of that closed crown which it is said that General Prim brought to Sigmaringen in his pocket-handkerchief! Perhaps she might not have regretted exchanging Madrid for Sigmaringen, where her expensive tastes had not precisely endeared her to old Prince Anton. But that crown she never even saw! She was absent on a tour in Switzerland with her husband, when General Prim arrived, and he had left Sigmaringen before she descended from the mountain heights, and so she has had to content herself with the prospect of the crown of Roumania for her second son, Prince Ferdinand, named heir to the childless king his uncle. Donna Antonia has borne male children only. The eldest carries on the line at Sigmaringen.[2] Ferdinand married a daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, whose extraordinary beauty now entitles *her* in her turn to the place of "the most beautiful princess in the

[1] One of her chosen friends is that incomparable flower-painter, Mademoiselle Ruth Mercier.

[2] His daughter, Augustine Victoria (whose mother was a Bourbon of the Two Sicilies), was, in the spring of 1913, affianced to Manoel, the exiled King of Portugal.

world"; while, to Prince Charles of Hohenzollern Donna Antonia has bequeathed all her beauty, the fair head, the tall, shapely figure, and the winning smile.

I met the Prince of Hohenzollern for the first time at a *prima sera* at the Baronne de Franck's.[1] He made himself very agreeable, but one would have called his manner nervous rather than genial. For myself I must confess to some emotion on seeing for the first time the *causus belli* (real or assumed) of the Franco-Prussian War. It was not till long after, and when he had ceased to use the name of the Count of Berg, an *incognito* intended on first settling in Cannes to soothe the susceptibilities of the French, that we ever spoke on this subject. It was then at his own table that he said to me: "Once and for all, I ask you to believe that I had not, and never had, anything to do with the decision to accept or to refuse the crown of Spain. The incident fell, as you know, about midsummer, and I had gone, with my Princess, for a long ramble in the Alps. While we crossed passes on foot, and my wife added to her collection of wild flowers, General Prim came to Sigmaringen. The 'Yes' or the 'No' depended first on my father, and then on the Spanish Cortes, which was to meet by 20th July. My father did, in the first instance, accept—that is quite true; and then, for reasons that you can quite well suppose, he refused, and he did so before 10th July. I was then, and I am now (*augenblicklich*) in good faith in saying that I had no wish to be a king in Madrid. The Spanish people were unsettled.

[1] On the occasion of his wedding at Sigmaringen in July, the suffering Emperor Frederic, with the Empress Victoria, made the great effort of going to be present at it.

The king of one day might be a fugitive the day after. I considered Prim to be a man of little stability. I was a near relation of the Emperor Napoleon, and I was never a friend of war (*Kriegesfreund*), neither had I any reason for wishing to leave my Swabian home, or to take my boys away from it."

Only a few days after this conversation (which took place at luncheon, at the Hôtel Beau Séjour), Madame de Franck showed me a thing every way corroborative of the Prince's last statement. It was a cutting from a local paper, printed at Sigmaringen during that memorable summer, and it contained a touching petition from the people of his "Swabian home." They implored the Prince not to exchange their old Franconian loyalty for Spanish caprices: not to become a mere piece on the chessboard of European politics; but to remain among his own people, and to bring up his sons in a home where he, and they, could trust and rest—love and be beloved.

Possibly the great game of chess had few attractions for Prince Leopold; at all events the great game of war had none. He had lost a brother at Sadowa (Königgrätz) and it was only loyalty to his country's defence, and a deep devotion to the Crown Prince, with all whose views he was in accord, that made him go so heartily into the struggle round Paris. An officer in the Guards, he was quartered for some weeks at Creil, but it was only at Versailles, when the King of Prussia was to be proclaimed and crowned Emperor of a united and triumphant Germany, that he was able to congratulate the Crown Prince. He was also at that moment obliged to measure Bismarck's dislike to himself. There in the camp of the besiegers, where he lived

the simple life of *Garde Officier*, he appeared in the eyes of the "man of blood and iron" as the person who had, by refusing the crown of Spain, jeopardised his best-laid scheme: though, thanks to French chauvinism, that plan had, in the end, answered beyond all expectation. Was this the only motive, or had Bismarck sometimes found *le père Antoine* too hard a nut to crack, and had he later transferred his dislike to the son? For these or for other reasons (say for a too great partiality for the views of the Crown Prince) Bismarck, who always knew full well by whom his schemes had been foiled or opposed, marked Prince Leopold down for a snub. So when at Versailles the roll of royal and mediatised princes was being gone over, and their *status* in the new Empire rearranged, he asked that the title of Royal Highness might not be continued to Prince Leopold. The Crown Prince declared that the thing was impossible. When the little fief, with the tower of Hohenzollern, had been sold by Prince Anton to the younger and Protestant branch, to the Kings of Prussia (who felt a wish to possess the *Stamm Schloss* of their race), the style of Royal Highness had been granted as an equivalent to the elder branch, which was obliging enough to resign their ancestral home. Kings do not go back on their word, so the Chancellor's little piece of malice was a failure, and Prince Leopold and his heirs could continue to write: "*Wir, Leopold,*" etc., etc.

During three successive winters at Cannes we saw a great deal of the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern. Sometimes he would appear at five-o'clock tea at Madame de Franck's, or he was to be met at a concert at Lady Borthwick's. Lady Campbell of Blythswood had him as a guest. One Sunday he did us the honour to call when he knew

that we were "at home," and another day he came to tea quietly with us and Annie Bentinck. By degrees the French had got accustomed to his presence in the town, but our intercourse with him only became really interesting when, like every other English person, we were preoccupied about the Crown Prince's most painful illness, and about the future of our Princess Royal.

It was about this time that we were one day bidden by the Princess to luncheon. After the meal was over we sat in the Prince's business room for three quarters of an hour of talk; and even of politics. Bismarck's speech reported in the *Petit Marseillais* of that morning was the theme. Bismarck had blamed the Press for egging on war. "But, *Monseigneur*," I said, "cannot you in your country suppress that sort of writing? We, of course, in England are not able to escape from the tyranny of our liberty." He replied: "I fear that it is also beyond our power." Then he spoke of the great war, of the Crown Prince, and of his own absolute innocence of any share whatever in producing a crash, for which he blamed the chauvinism of the French.

"With permission, sir," I replied, "I must beg leave to quote the Russian proverb which reminds us that a roof always rests on *both* sides of the house."

He thought for a minute, then laughed, and said: "That is indeed so, and the unification of Germany was certain to provoke France to war. It could not be otherwise."

Then more talk about Mr Gladstone, with whom he had just dined at Lord Acton's table. "No one," he said, "*can* believe that Lord Acton agrees with Mr Gladstone: but at dinner the word

Ireland was carefully avoided, as indeed were all politics, only Dante and Florence were discussed." It appeared that the Grand Duke (*héritier*) of Baden had also dined there, and the different *suites* seemed to be quite delighted that their *Herrschaften* at least shared between them the onus of having sat at meat with W. E. G., whose Separatism is like a red rag to the friends of this new, and not yet too stable, German unity. Germany possesses a great many Irelands, and if Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Posen, Alsace-Lorraine, and even Bavaria were asked to separate, this fine new Empire would not live to become an old one. Needless to say that ex-Minister Dr Geffcken abhors W. E. G. and keeps out of his way.

I can perceive that between rumours of war, domestic unrest, and the Crown Prince's health, Germans of the best sort do not sleep well, since the frequent economic crises strengthen the hands of the Socialists. Our hosts of yesterday are Catholics, and I fancy that they are relieved, since Bismarck, discovering that the *Centre* is the party in the Reichstag most able and willing to keep down Socialism, has seen fit to express himself more civilly towards the Vatican. Prince Leopold did not attempt to hide from me that all hopes of a strong, peaceful, useful, and really constitutional rule for Germany (and therefore of peace for Europe) will depend on the life of the man whom the Berlin doctors assert to have such a disease as must debar a Hohenzollern from reigning; albeit Dr M. Mackenzie still hopes that this is not the case.

1st February.

. . . Minister Geffcken lunched here to-day, and so did Lord Acton and Dori Massenbach, which

made it almost a German party. The ex-minister is pleasant, quiet and plain, and rather like an old Scotch doctor, to look at you would not suspect him of being a strong opponent of Bismarck's war policy, and still more of an ecclesiastical attitude which can only lose to the government the support of the *Centre*. He long represented at Frankfort the Hansa towns. Now he is a *rallié*, and certainly valued as such for his brand new sympathy with that brand new policy, which (thanks to the Crown Prince's influence on his mind) has turned him into the "Cavour" of the Zollverein. He is very cosmopolitan, used to write in *The Edinburgh Review*, corresponds with M. Morier and Mr Reeve, and now occasionally *voices* himself in the *Contemporary*. Having lost his tail in the Zollverein, he now only praises other tailless people of whom he actually finds some in Alsace-Lorraine, so he begged me to read the memoirs of a certain Türckheim, who was Prefect there under King Louis-Philippe. Those volumes would, he said, prove to me the strong ties always existing between Alsace and Germany. I replied that the Türckheim I knew had been the last Governor of Strasburg, and that now, for love of France, he and his were *Heimathlose* living in Cannes and Montreux.

"Ah! none the less the Alsatians desired to become Germans, and they enjoy it."

"I fear that is because the true Alsatians have left the country, and that only the Jews remain. You have over 22,000 Jews in Alsace alone. I know some of them, and they send me newspapers which do, I admit, sometimes echo your sentiments."

Apropos of politics, Sir Algernon Borthwick thinks most gloomily of the European prospect,

and Prince Leopold has, as far as his brother King Karol of Roumania is concerned, the same sad prognostications. Ever since the Russian success in the Plevna war, they have meant to annex Bulgaria and the Balkans. It is true that we tied their hands at St Stefano, but they *mean* to get their hands free.[1] The question for Europe is: of the three Great Powers *which* is to fight Russia? They can easily punish Austria in Galicia if *she* were to fight. In the Baltic provinces they can punish Germany, and India is our vulnerable point, if we were to offend them. Sooner or later this Near Eastern question is *une querèlle a vider*: but in the meantime I pray Heaven that Lord Salisbury can plait a "threefold cord" strong enough to tie up the dogs of war.

Did I tell you how the Empress of Brazil, armed with a letter from the Pope, went to the Great Chartreuse? She not only crossed the threshold, but she went to the midnight Office. Things might have passed off quietly had she not brought with her a suite of two ladies-in-waiting, and of five lady's-maids! One of the ladies fainted, and the monks were so worried and upset by the whole affair that the Superior said he would rather pay 15,000 francs to the poor than have another woman inside the Great Chartreuse. All this the Emperor narrated to the Countess of Caserta's aunt, the Archduchess Marie-Caroline (wife of Archduke Rainer), and when we met that great lady at tea this week she told the story with considerable humour. H.R.I.H. is very kind and simple in manner, and much attached to the Duchess of Albany. She told us how she had been to tea with her at Claremont, and she praised Philippa Baillie,

[1] How curiously this reads after Easter, 1913.

who had been in waiting. She also spoke a great deal of Lady Buchanan, and asked us for news of Lady Seafield, and remembered Lady Bloomfield, so we had many subjects in common. Archduke Rainer commands the Reserves, and has also a great deal of work connected with the schools and Universities. He is even better-looking than his brother, Archduke Albert, the victor of Custozza.

VILLA REY, CANNES,
Saturday, 11th February 1888.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

Perhaps the French papers exaggerate, but to-night the news all sounds very serious. I am bound, however, to say that the German royal families conceal their fears for the Crown Prince's life, if they have any, for yesterday the Baden relatives (own nephew and niece) remained at a party at Madame Crombez's till nearly 6 P.M. Madame Crombez inhabits the villa in which Lord Panmure and Lady Christian Maule lived when I first knew Cannes in 1872. She is the widow of a Belgian banker, and quite as homely to look at as was good Lady Christian Maule, but what do you think she possesses at home in Belgium? A great fortune, which makes her of importance there, and here also, by reason of her share in the charitable works of the place, but what else? *The Field of Waterloo!* with Hougomont on it! She gives very elaborate and successful parties here. Yesterday I talked German with the hereditary Prince of Baden, who represents the new (Protestant) reigning house, and whose mother is the only sister of the Crown Prince. We are to have an audience with his wife to-morrow. She was *née* Princess Hilda of Nassau, and they have taken the Villa

Vallombrosa for this winter. Both husband and wife seem to be very delicate. . . .

That audience has come off. You may suppose that I had my heart in my throat as I got out at the Villa Vallombrosa, and went up into the rooms where I have spent so many happy hours, met so many friends, and so many interesting people, sure at all times of Duchess Géneviève's sympathy, respect and good will.

The half-hour there was indeed a trial, as it seemed to drive home the pain of a loss never to be made good! that of a courteous, trustful and always helpful friend. The idea of an Audience with a stranger did make my heart ache, but into the familiar room entered the Princess Hilda! She was very kind. Did my eyes look woeful, I wonder? for she took me by the hand and bade me be seated beside her, saying that she felt sure that it must be painful to true friends of the dead Duchess to find themselves in the old setting when the jewel was absent for ever. I thanked her. Then she said that they hoped there was a little lull in the sufferings of their dear patient at San Remo. Her father and mother-in-law are now settled in Cannes, at the Hôtel Pavilion, after a journey south during which their train had been more than once brought to a standstill by snow! . . .

I do not think that I have told you how much we enjoyed seeing the eclipse of the moon from the terrace of the Blythswoods' Villa, which is high up, above the Fréjus road. His great telescope is all that money and skill, and devotion to astronomical research can make it, and our good host was in his element showing it off to the scientific Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, and explaining how it is

moved by a clockwork timed to the pace of our globe's motion. There was not a cloud in the sky, and so we saw *My lady Moon* move smiling into her hour of darkness from the Earth's shadow: just as *we* move unwittingly into some great sorrow, thrown on us by some familiar friend—one who was to us what the Scripture calls a "Companion." The sight was as suggestive as it was impressive, the landscape beneath taking no share in it, but we were told that later, when the huge copper-coloured shadow rolled off the moon, we might see the outline of the Andes range projected upon her face. It was chilly out on the terrace, and as we waited to catch this never-to-be-forgotten sight, I walked up and down with the Prince of Hohenzollern, and we agreed that it had never occurred to us before that *somewhere* our Earth's shadow must be ever falling, though it is only made perceptible to us as a fact when it chances to roll across our lady-in-waiting, the moon. Then we spoke reverently of Him in whom there is "no darkness at all," and "no shadow" in His turning. Speaking of the dark and shadowed days of human life I quoted Mrs Browning's lines:

> "Think, the passing of a trial
> To the nature most undone,
> Like the shadow on the dial
> *Proves* the presence of the *Sun*."

In the villa a table had been set for Dom Pedro and for the Prince of Hohenzollern, and for a son of the Comte d'Eu, a grandson of the Emperor's,[1] while a *buffet*, drawn across the upper end of the room, served for the rest of the company. We were about five and twenty in number, and the whole thing, which was

[1] Since married to Princess Maria-Pia de Bourbon, of the Two Sicilies.

admirably arranged by one of the best hostesses I have ever known, must have given a good deal of trouble, seeing that their villa, delightful as an observatory, is really at "the back of beyond," and can only be reached by a steep and extremely bad road. I was sorry for Sir Archie, as between royal guests and ignorant sightseers like oneself, he cannot have had a moment's peace to make scientific notes, but as we drove home we congratulated the moon on having recovered her looks! and ourselves on having had such a delightful evening! . . . We went last night to a ball at the Réunion Club, where the Prince of Wales is lodged. Before very long a great storm of thunder and lightning crashed over our heads, filling the ballroom with blue flashes, and the carriages outside with hailstones. Helen and I carried off Mary Clive-Bayley early, for fear lest our mares, not being roughshod, might not be able to take us home, and I had no mind to walk, in thin shoes, up the Grasse road.

I sent Auntie an account of the Waverley Ball, got up by Lady Murray for the Emperor, who admires Sir Walter Scott immensely. Helen, who had sent to Edinburgh for her fishwife's dress, went as "Maggie Mucklebackit," and the Emperor was much pleased with her, inspecting the many fish (cardboard) in her creel. Mary Clive-Bayley made a pathetic Lucy Ashton, and the old Empress grinned as she touched the lethal weapon that this Bride of Lammermoor wore hanging at her side. I had made my dress and hair a copy of the picture of (Margaret Sinclair) Lady Arniston that hangs in the Oakroom there, and as it was *her* daughter who married that unhappy heroine's brother, I think I might feel sure that I was true to "the period.'

Last night there was a perfectly delightful *Comedietta* at the Duchesse de Luynes'. It was admirably got up, sung and acted, by two women and two men. M. de Suzannet is full of humour, and the sisters Bañuelos are gifted beyond measure. The hostess enjoys everything so intensely that she puts a spirit of gaiety into both actors and audience. No child could be happier than she looks. The dresses and the diamonds were a sight to be seen. Some of the women, like the Comtesse de Suzannet, and Madame Hervé de St Denys, were very beautiful creatures, dressed and seen at their best, and the supper was excellent. I brought away my Programme which is a work of art, albeit drawn by one of the guests. It is in these things that one sees the cleverness of the French, for even granted that Cannes collects the pick of the Society of France, I still do not think that it would be possible in any English country house to get up, at a month's notice, an entertainment where music, singing, acting and drawing would all be of so high an order, and all so correctly rendered. The rooms were crowded, even though the piece was given two nights running. On the first night the Duchess asked the French royalties, and west Cannes, and on the second night, east Cannes, and the Neapolitan[1] royalties who live here. . . .

Yesterday, at 3.30 we went to the station to see the Emperor and Empress of Brazil leave for Italy, and we took a bouquet with us for the

[1] Their Royal Highnesses the exiled Count and Countess of Caserta. He is half-brother to Francis, last King of Naples, and is married to his cousin, Marie Antoinette de Bourbon, *des deux Siciles*. They have lived in Cannes since 1873, and have brought up eleven children in a place where they are loved and respected by rich and poor. She, as my godmother, visits me in sickness, helps and protects and honours me by a friendship which I can never repay except with my prayers.

daughter of the faithful chamberlain M. de Nioac, a girl who has gone out a little to balls and parties with Helen and me through this winter. She has no mother, and her father is always *de service.* There was a great crowd. A quiet English lady at the station (dowdy and middle-aged, come over from Mentone for the day) was frightened and amazed at the mass of people, at the coming and going, the curtsies, and the hand-kissing that was going on, and she asked me if it "was about anybody in particular"? I replied that many persons "in particular" were there, and she asked me to be so kind as to point them out to her. I said: "Half the Almanach de Gotha is present. That dumpy little woman in black, with an ear-trumpet and a long nose is actually a daughter of King Louis-Philippe; an old story now! She is the Princess Clémentine, whose son you see behind her; he also has a large nose. He sits uneasily as King of Bulgaria. Those three people in a group are three grandchildren of the great Empress, Maria-Theresa—the lame and ugly one is the Empress of Brazil. The tall man with the white beard and the blue eyes is the Emperor of Brazil, who is the most studious man in the world, and you see that, in defiance of all etiquette, he carries a sheaf of newspapers and pamphlets under his arm, to keep him quiet in the train. The gentleman with bad knees and a red ribbon in his buttonhole is Robert-le-fort, Duc de Chartres, brother of the Comte de Paris, who ought to be the King of France. That is his wife in the green dress, and beside her is their daughter, Princess Marguérite of Orleans. The man who is uncovering as he gives his arm to the Empress is the husband of her niece, the Infanta Antonia.

He is Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a cousin of the German Emperor's and, through a relation of his mother, of Louis Napoleon. That pale lady in black is his mother, with her daughter the Comtesse de Flandres, who will reign one day in Belgium,[1] as her grandson, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, will reign one day in Roumania. That young couple in deep mourning are the nephew and niece of the German Emperor, and the grandchildren of the Emperor William, the hereditary Prince of Baden, and his wife, a Princess of Nassau."

The English lady stared at me, and well she might, for it sounded like an April fool's tale. Yet it was very true—and very curious and interesting, as all those persons pushed along, and talked, and laughed, and kissed. All were very kind to us, and the good old Emperor did not forget that he had been twice our guest, as he shook hands with us and said "Farewell." . . .

Thursday will be *mi-carême*, and after that, things here will go very quietly, but on Thursday 8th, we are giving a luncheon for Prince Leopold. We are to have Lord Mayo's widow, Colonel and Mrs Leo Seymour, Lord Acton, Captain Edward Law,[2] and a M. Outrey, a French diplomat, married to an American friend of ours, *née* Russell. I hope it may go off well, but there are, alas! many slips between what is organised and what befalls a poor hostess.

8th March.

. . . Our luncheon-party, for a wonder, came off as it was planned, but as you will hear, it *only just*

[1] Alas! she never did; dying, as a widow, in the winter of 1912.

[2] Since become Lord Ellenborough, and married to Miss Hermione Schenley.

did so! You know who were to be our guests, but all the day before, the Hohenzollern *suite* kept frightening us, because their *Hoheit* had been summoned to San Remo, and they were sure that he would never get back in time to keep his engagement with us!

As soon as we were seated the Prince broke it to me that he only had an hour to stay with us, and that he had told his cab to wait for him. The news from Berlin of the old Emperor's state was so alarming that immediately after this luncheon, which he had done everything not to miss, he must go and see his cousins of Baden, who expected another telegram. If the news were to be worse then he might have to start for Berlin in a few hours. I felt very sorry for our courteous guest, who looked fussed and nervous. He spoke a good deal about the future, and of the changes that the death of the old Emperor must make, while he admitted that a forced journey to Berlin in winter would be a serious risk for his beloved patient. As he talked I could not fail to see that he felt keenly on three points. 1. That the Crown Prince was really under sentence of death, but that he had, for the moment, made a visible rally, and might yet live for a little space. 2. That Prince William was far from being as black as he was often painted. 3. That if the old Emperor came to die, his (Leopold's) place might be for a few ceremonial hours in Berlin, and then most assuredly at San Remo, beside his kinsman, if so be that, God permitting, the crown might rest for even a few weeks on that suffering and belovèd head.

Beside his signature in my album, Prince Leopold wrote the date, March 8th, and his family

motto—"*Nihil sine Deo*," adding that just in that trust lay all his strength under circumstances of which "no one who was not one of ourselves can conceive the anxieties, the dangers, and all the bitter pains."

This was a strange conversation at a luncheon-party on a spring morning in Cannes.

That night the Prince of Hohenzollern left Cannes for Berlin, making only a short halt at San Remo.

9th March.

We have just got a kind invitation to cross the frontier into Italy next week, going on the 14th, for two days, to the Hanburys, at La Mortola, near Ventimiglia.

CANNES.
18th March 1888.

. . . The month of March is rather early for seeing the celebrated gardens of La Mortola in beauty. They are really "hanging gardens" lying on a steep slope from the village and the post road down to the sea, where the Palazzo Orengo stands among orange groves and peach orchards. Mr and Mrs Hanbury were most kind, and gave us flowers and seeds, which we were lucky enough to get through the *Douane*. The seeds are for Auntie: the rare flowers were for Donna Antonia's painting, and so was a great spray off a lemon-tree which is the child of one said to have been planted by St Dominic, and which is still living in his old convent garden in Rome. To-day Donna Antonia has made her lady-in-waiting write to say "that from her heart she thanks you both for this attention paid

to her in her present solitude." Her good man is by this time in Berlin.

Meantime the German Colony in Cannes wish to have a memorial service for their gallant old Emperor, a thing which in 1872 they dared not have done in any French town: so you see that Time, which trieth Truth, can also skin over the most terrible wounds. Helen and I put on black bonnets, and went to a church which was nearly full when we arrived. There were, of course, all the German hotelkeepers, some doctors, and a few French Protestants, like my dear, saintly Madame Sévérin, who is, I think, a relation of the equally saintly Pastor Schmidt. He is one of the best men I ever knew, and not only does he live to glorify God, and to edify his neighbours, but he keeps the rich hotelkeepers and the poor *Kellners*, and the poorer governesses in the way that they should go: and he does (*unpaid*) all the work that ought to be done here by a German Vice-Consul. This memorial service was as inoffensive as possible, and perfectly simple. Two branches of lights veiled in crape burned beside a catafalque on which were worked in white a large "W" and an Imperial Crown. I could not quite agree with the good Pastor's glowing version of the Emperor's mentality, and from this Service all his Alsatian victims, the Leusses, the Bourcarts, the Tachards, and the Türkheims were absent: and for the best of all reasons! Still there was, as in whatever Pastor Schmidt says, much that was excellent in the sermon. The double row of mourners was interesting. They arrived in detachments, and were shown to their places by two chamberlains who had had to think out their precedence according to their nearness of kin to the late *Kaiser*.

The chief mourners were his grandson, the Hereditary Prince of Baden,[1] and his wife, Princess Hilda: with a suite of three persons. Next came a great-nephew, the Grand Duke Frederic-Franz of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and his wife, Anastasia-Mikailovna, a Russian, whose mother was a Baden: with a suite of three. These were placed on the right-hand benches. In the front row, on the left, was the Princess of Hohenzollern, with a suite of two, and her mother-in-law (*née* Princess Joséphine of Baden) with a suite of one. Behind them sat Don Pedro d'Alcantara, Emperor of Brazil, uncle to Donna Antonia, with his grandson, and a suite of three: and lastly the Archduke Rainer of Austria, and his wife, *née* Bourbon of the Two Sicilies, cousins of the late Empress of Brazil, with a suite of two; these two being Ida von Hunyadi, and the Baron de Vaux. The last-named had fought at Sadowa, and therefore execrated the very name of a Prussian! He looked very sulky under the panegyric of the Victor in that momentous battle, and as he went out he made a grimace at me, expressive of his disgust! These mourners went out in a string, bowing as they passed to the persons who bowed to them, and in five minutes more time they were all, twenty-six in number, outside, in the dirty Boulevard du Cannet. Helen and I had sat beside the Countess Olga Münster,[2] and we saw her home.

[1] It was his father, married to Princess Louise of Prussia, who at Versailles, on 17th January 1871, raised his voice for the proclamation of the German Empire and Emperor.

[2] This poor lady was fading at that moment, but we did not anticipate that the next funeral service in that church would be hers. She was the daughter of that Count Münster who was for long Prussian Ambassador in London, and who married, as his second wife, Lady Harriet St Clair, sister to the Earl of Rosslyn. Count, afterwards Prince, Münster, and his daughter, Countess Marie, had been settled for some time at the German Embassy in Paris, before the *Affaire Dreyfus* began.

. . . To-day the accounts of Emperor Frederick are beyond all hoping, for good. Long may it last! It is of the utmost importance for the Empress Victoria that her husband should be able to settle a jointure on her suited to her new station, since the sum settled on her at the time of her wedding would be cruelly inadequate. . . .

Monday, 19*th.*

Though this day is splendidly fine, the air is like moving ice, and I hear that there were 9 degrees of frost in Berlin on Friday, with a bitter east wind, so that funeral procession must have cost a good many lives. Yesterday Donna Antonia got a telegram from her husband about Emperor Frederick's health, which was said to be very fair, "but he never utters as it makes him cough if he speaks." I understand that not a mouthful of solid food can now be swallowed, and that means a life carried on at high pressure of work and preoccupations, and yet under such circumstances of difficulty and malnutrition as never Kaiser experienced before. The days of Frederick the dumb will long be remembered. Even the French here speak with tenderness and admiration of his state, and of his first public manifestoes, for tyranny and bluster will never be sanctioned by this new master, and his cousin Prince Leopold has just the same horror of those methods, and of the hectoring manners which have come to be synonymous with the word *Prussian.*

10*th April.*

. . . A number of people came on Sunday to say good-bye to us. The Duchesse de Luynes brought her nice cousin, Marie de Vogué, *née* de Contades,

at whose wedding contract and wedding we assisted. She is descended from the first Governor[1] that Louis XIV. put into Strasburg after his conquest in Alsace, and on her mother's side this pretty Madame de Vogué inherits the crusading blood of the de Sabrans! You could not see a more pleasing little woman than this *fine fleur* of the old French nobility, while her husband's family has also its tableau of honour. Of his cousins, Melchior, the eldest (whom I used to see with Mr Reeve in Paris), is an Ambassador, a Palestine explorer, and an author: one who has made Russia and Russian literature his special study. A younger brother was killed at Saarbrück, and the remaining two fell at that battle of Patay.

21st April.

. . . We were bidden to breakfast yesterday with the Hohenzollerns. It is indeed kind of them to have arranged this way of saying good-bye. We have known each other well for three winters, and this year we have been treated as *friends*, and yet it might easily have happened that we had parted with only the formal writing of my name in their book. I found Donna Antonia in the most unrelieved black, her dress fastened by dull black wooden buttons, while her only ornament was her great pearl necklace. Nothing could have been kinder than her reception of me. The luncheon-party was pretty large, the Marquise de Loÿs-Chandieu (*née* de Treytorrens) and her daughter Marguerite, M. de la Rive, who is always agreeable, Dr de Valcourt, and a suite of 3, for to-day the chamberlain and the lady-in-waiting are

[1] This Marshal de Contades ruled in Alsace from 1762 to 1788. It was his cook, Close, who invented the *pâté-de-foie-gras*, the praise of which still rings in our kitchens.

reinforced by the doctor from Sigmaringen, who, although his name be Koch, is not the great man, the Dr Robert Koch of the celebrated *tuberculin serum.* I found an opportunity to ask him about the health of the Emperor. I was rather a simpleton to do this, as Koch can, of course, only say about this topic what he is allowed to say. What he *did* say was that it was thought that the last increase in suffering was due to a change of the tube in the Emperor's neck rather than to any increase in the malady. He added, what supports the Empress's view of the case, that *no pathological proof of its malignant nature has ever been found,* while the patient does not present the lemon-coloured complexion, or the skin texture, or the breath of a person afflicted with cancer. Here I send you, stated in two sentences, easy to be understanded of any unprofessional person, the gist of the exceedingly loud and bitter controversy between the English Physician of the Empress's choice and the German doctors. It still rages round Frederick the Dumb, and the only thing that is but too certain is that it cannot be waged much longer, as far as that noble life is concerned.

Prince Leopold looked thin and very nervous, and restless, and he admitted that the ground burned under his feet, so anxious was he to go north, and to judge for himself of the state of his kinsman, his peerless friend of the last thirty years.[1]

[1] After the victory of Sadowa the Crown Prince wrote to the King of Roumania: "You can imagine how in this campaign I missed you, dear Charles. Leopold was a welcome substitute. He had the opportunity of seeing war at first hand, and he was a great comfort to me in the days when I had to struggle between my grief for the death of my little Sigismund and the making of most important decisions.

CHAPTER XVI

LEOPOLD, PRINCE OF HOHENZOLLERN (2)

"It is certainly through this chastening which looks dark and mysterious to us here, that we are to be prepared for a higher calling."—*Letter of the Crown Prince to the King of Roumania*, 1879.

From these letters written home, it will be seen how much my story has been allowed to gather of the hopes and fears of the Emperor Frederick's partisans, and of his cousin's regrets that it should ever be a question of partisanship in a Germany that owed so much to the sword of its Crown Prince. For the Junker party the present moment was indeed a critical one, and they knew it to be so. The new and suffering Kaiser had actually, contrary to their hopes, outlived his father, and by doing so had succeeded to a marvellous heritage: but under what circumstances? There he sat, a bent and stricken man, occupying, on fine days, a chair in the garden of a dull little villa in San Remo, unable to do more than listen to the oranges falling to the ground with a soft thud, he who had once taken over the command of the 3rd Army Corps, wherein nearly every race of Teuton blood was represented, when his men had cheered "Unser Fritz" to the echo, and when he alone wore a calm and sad face.

That was a great past to compare with this bitter present. He might console himself by remembering that between himself and his father, that brave, straightforward, if not too intelligent soldier, there had been a perfect understanding,

so that the peace of their mutual relations had made for the national strength. But now, was it possible to say that the same feelings existed between himself and his heir? Hardly, since an enemy had done this evil thing of coming between them, and because the enmity of Bismarck, like the disease in his own throat, was as unforgiving and as cruel as death. Yet why should the Chancellor have hated a Crown Prince who had never done amiss, whose courage had been proved on so many fields, whose ability and loyalty had been tested during a Regency,[1] and whose tact had amalgamated the princes of the Catholic south with the northern, the Protestant, and the Prussian forces? Born on the anniversary of Leipzig (18th October), had he not come as an augury of Germany's new birth to unity and to power? Stately and fair, had he not shown to the world the ideal Teutonic type? What fault had the Chancellor ever found in him? The causes of offence were twofold. The Crown Prince had a high-tempered and gifted wife, whose mother's policy the Chancellor took upon himself to dislike and to oppose. Between man and wife he had ever tried to sow discord, but having failed, the Chancellor could only pray that they might never reign, while in the meantime he did his best to combat the wife's influence over Mr Morier,[2] who enjoyed the confidence of the royal pair. To add to their offences the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess were sincere Liberals. Plainly the first

[1] Prince Anton of Hohenzollern, whom the Crown Prince called a thorough patriot, said of this Regency: "The Crown Prince has had an almost impossible task. He is obliged to carry on the government according to his father's wishes, and very often to act against his own convictions."

[2] Afterwards Sir Robert Morier.

thing the new Emperor must do was to prove to the Chancellor and to the Empire that he, their master, was not too infirm to travel to Berlin, so that journey was decided on, and Prince Leopold went off to the Capital to arrange for the old Emperor's funeral, and for the arrival of the new Imperial family.

Emperor Frederick was well aware that there was danger in this the third forced march of his life to be undertaken by him in mid-winter: but had there not been dangers in the earlier ones? His first forced march had surprised the echoes of the Bohemian mountains when, coming out of Silesia, he rode for three days through their passes. His father, commanding the 1st Army Corps, the army of the Elbe, and the 3rd Corps (under Prince Frederick Charles), went into action at Sadowa at eight in the morning, and the Prussians held their ground, under a heavy fire, till one o'clock, when so resolute was their Austrian foe that by two o'clock it began to look as if the Prussian centre must be driven in. The old King, brave but very anxious, scanned the horizon while praying for some much-needed support. Then to his wistful eyes there appeared, in a halo of dust, the Crown Prince, leading the fresh, eager 2nd Army Corps. The father could not speak for emotion, for it was this well-timed advent of his "Fritz" that was to decide the fate of the battle, and of the campaign.

The second forced march of the Crown Prince had not been like unto the first. It had to be made alone on a dusty day in August (24th) 1870, when he brought to the King, at Bar-le-duc, the astounding news that MacMahon, leaving Paris uncovered by lifting the camp at Châlons, was on his way north—east by north to combine with

Bazaine. This information as to the greatest blunder ever known to history, the Crown Prince had gleaned from an English newspaper which had copied it from the *Temps*. On reading it he had perceived at a glance that not a moment must be lost in intercepting the Marshal's march, in preventing any junction near Metz, and in driving MacMahon's last and ill-provisioned army over the Belgian frontier. To no one would the Crown Prince trust the intelligence that he possessed. He took for his sole companion that old General Leonhard, Count Blumenthal,[1] to whose superintendence he had been committed as a young and unmarried officer in the Guards, and who was head of his Staff when he marched out of Silesia to join forces with the King at Sadowa.

The third forced journey, out of San Remo, was now to begin. Time and space must be again as far as possible obliterated, but this time it had to be done in mid-winter and not in a brilliant sunshine that lit up glorious cohorts. Neither was it to be made on horseback, a beautiful charger and a perfect rider moving almost as one. It had to be in a heated railway carriage with a doctor instead of an aide-de-camp. It was a march upon snow-filled Berlin, and upon a vacant throne, if vacant *that* could be called where, in his dusky robes, and in the grimmest silence, the King of Terrors sat.

When they told Emperor Frederick that his train was in readiness he came out of the Villa Zirio. The orange groves looked sad, and the roadstead looked empty, for the English frigate that had swung there for so many weeks of winter was already on her way to Portsmouth. She had

[1] The Field-Marshal was born 1818, died 1900.

a precious freight on board: a wooden box, addressed to the Queen at Windsor Castle, which had been given over to the captain's safe keeping by the ever trustworthy Mademoiselle de Perpigna.[1] The box holds the forty manuscript volumes of the Crown Prince's Diary. Life was finished for him just at the point where his reign ought by rights to have begun, but these forty volumes, all in his own handwriting, will, when the authorised date arrives, tell to Germany and to the world, not only the deeds but what were the opinions and motives of the Crown Prince. They will manifest, at the bar of history, what may have been ever the thoughtful circumspection of the soldier who, if he was not a very clever man, was just, and God-fearing and loyal, in no common degree.[2]

At the station there were but few spectators. The Emperor was pale but calm, and he must have been glad that the martyrdom of the Villa Zirio was finished at last. The face of the Empress Victoria was hidden by her crape veil, and only the Princesses had large bunches of Parma violets in their black jackets. Their train was timed to make only two halts on its way, once to allow the King of Italy to board it, and again to let him descend from it after a visit of respect and sympathy. Then, in a blinding snowstorm, it rushed on through the night, but it safely reached

[1] Only daughter of the Vicomte de Perpigna and of Miss Whitfield, a West Indian heiress and a sister of the late Vicomtesse de Peyronnet. That lady died in Cannes many years ago, and Mademoiselle de Perpigna, a woman of the finest qualities, who had been governess to the daughters of the Emperor Frederick, has continued to live in Cannes, and now lies there in her last illness.

[2] Of great interest will also be the correspondence of the Crown Prince with his friend and kinsman Prince Karl of Hohenzollern, now King of Roumania, who served through the Schleswig-Holstein campaign.

Berlin, where the travelling days of the Emperor Frederick ended. Prince Leopold met him at the station and led him gently up to the coffin of the first German Emperor.

Of the few but grizzly weeks that followed, I retain two touching souvenirs: one, of a letter written to me by Prince Leopold, from Sigmaringen, describing the wedding of his eldest son, Prince William, to the daughter of the Comte de Trani, of the house of Bourbon of the Two Sicilies, at which both the Emperor and the Count of Caserta, the head of the bride's family, were present.[1] The other had a more tragic interest.

In Paris, and through many long months, a banker had been dying of the same malady as the Emperor Frederick. By the spring this poor man, who was sinking into death, had a Sister of Charity to nurse him. The patient was a Frenchman born and bred, one who had gone through the siege in Paris, and was said to have contracted this mortal disease owing to the trials, the exposure and the rough food of those sad months. His nurse, who wore the wide white *cornette* of the sisters of St Vincent de Paul, was the daughter of a French duke, a pious and a charming woman. Both patient and nurse had for long followed with intense sympathy, and with constant intercessory prayers the sufferings of the invalid of San Remo, now the second German Emperor. They were aware that he had a tube in his throat and could only swallow liquid food. The banker wore a tube also, but, like the Sœur, he had become convinced that in several respects his tube was of a better make than the one

[1] The wife of Prince William, falling into bad health, came often to Cannes, and died there, March, 1909. Her eldest daughter, the Princess Augusta Victoria, has, in the spring of 1913, betrothed herself to Manoel, the exiled King of Portugal.

worn by the Emperor Frederick. The question was how to approach the Empress on the subject. Olga Smirnoff was an old friend of the nurse, and through her I became possessed of all the measurements and particulars as to the weight of the French tube and of its lining, and I got all these details conveyed to the Empress Victoria soon after her arrival in Berlin. Nor was her answer, through Georgina de Perpigna, long in coming. The Empress desired her to say that almost every post brought them suggestions as well as words of sympathy, but that she must ask me to thank my Parisian correspondents for this description of a tube that really did appear to weigh less than anything that had as yet been procured for the Emperor. Her Majesty further desired me to thank both the patient and the nurse in Paris. I was to assure them that the facts had been laid before the Emperor, and they must rest assured that *nothing* had ever touched and pleased him so much as the prayers of a Frenchman and of a Frenchwoman on behalf of a dying soldier who, though he had done his duty before Paris, had also tried to spare her by every means in his power during his brief occupation of the city.

The Emperor died a few weeks after this incident.

Germany after his funeral woke to a great sensation. The ex-minister Dr Geffcken published, as a pamphlet, some pages of the Crown Prince's Diary, and a translation of them could be bought in the streets of London for fourpence.

Was the thing genuine? Was it trustworthy? No one could say, as the MSS. of the Diary were in the vaults of Windsor Castle. How then had Dr Geffcken procured these pages, and what might

be his purpose in publishing them? The ex-minister replied that nothing could be so simple, since the late Emperor, his so regretted friend, had given him a copy of the pages in question. Worse and worse! cried the authorities. Had this delinquent perhaps any more pages to disclose? If so, how many pages? And above all, on what themes? Bismarck was furious, the young Emperor gravely concerned. Were the Empress Victoria and her friend, the journalist, Mr Stead, implicated by the translation now on sale in London? The only thing quite certain, and which the rash ex-minister did not deny, was that never had Dr Geffcken been *authorised* to print this matter. He accordingly found himself in prison, for a political offence. The pages which he had published did not, luckily, refer to recent and painful topics, but they did refer to the Crown Prince's successful efforts to secure the co-operation in Prussia's struggle with France of the provinces of South Germany. Everyone was aware that "Fritz" did win them over to his side, and that his reception in Bavaria and Wurtemberg had really exceeded his hopes, but from these extracts from the Diary it appeared that he had once written to the King, his father, that if his best efforts should be unsuccessful, and if the southern principalities did not choose to come into line with Prussia with a good grace, they would be made to do so, and "that by no very gentle measures." Here was a case ready made against Dr Geffcken. He could be no true friend to the new German unity or to its new Emperor, who tried to make bad blood between the North and the South. The object must be to dissolve its unity in the hands of its young ruler. The accusations, made in anger, and prompted by the virulent personal bias of

Bismarck, were far wide of the mark. It was precisely Professor Geffcken (as he then was) who first, in 1860, pointed out to the Crown Prince that he would be obliged to aim at the annexation of the smaller states of Germany. Why then accuse him of reactionary treachery towards that very hegemony of the Empire which he had long ago foreseen and advocated? His own conversion to imperialism had made him more than a nine days' wonder in the Zollverein. Was it probable then that he would conspire against the new Empire? So little probable did this seem to his judges that Dr Geffcken was acquitted by the tribunal of Leipzig.

We had often met the ex-minister in Cannes, and had had him several times in our house there, and I had met him at dinner at Dr Heinrich Felbermann's house in Kensington, to say nothing of his having met us once at the table of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern. I also know, through their lady-in-waiting, that their Royal Highnesses, anxious to keep me as a friend, had planned a match for me with Dr Geffcken. When Dori von Massenbach told me this, I laughed, and disabused her of any such hopes. Being French in my sympathies and English by my nationality, I did not see myself stuck in Berlin, in a vile climate and a hideous villa in the Thiergarten in a coterie of angry politicians. Whatever might be their aims, or the ways of thinking of these important persons, there was one point on which they were certain to agree—namely, in disliking and annoying an Englishwoman. If this was shown by the case of the Crown Princess Victoria, that which they did in the green tree, they would do in the dry.

As for the polite elderly gentleman himself, I realised the depth of his devotion to the Crown Prince, and I assuredly never thought of him as of a schemer, false to his own ideas of a unified Germany, and capable of throwing firebrands about in an atmosphere not positively proof against combustion. I am convinced that between distress for the eclipse of Liberalism, and for the death of Emperor Frederick, this poor man's heart swelled with indignant grief when he saw his countrymen worshipping the rising sun, rather than mourning for the life that had been cut off too soon. He had, perhaps to a morbid extent, an idea that Germany did not feel grateful enough for the successful work of her unification. After his trial and imprisonment this faithful servant only saw in his disgrace an additional proof of a want of loyalty to his dead friend and master, and if his brain gave way it was less by reason of his own reverses than because of his bitter regrets for one who had been to him as sun and moon and stars.

I was at luncheon beside Prince Leopold, when he asked me: "Have you heard anything lately of Minister Geffcken?"

"Nothing more, sir, than what is already known: that the poor man is no longer quite sane."

"How sad that is. His family has just written to me to sign a testimonial in his favour. It is not exactly easy."

"What can be said, sir? He published certain pages without authorisation, and it has given great offence, and might do a great deal of harm. I wonder that it did not occur to a sensible man that these are rather early days to touch the unity of the Empire. I have heard George de Bunsen speak with wonder of the manner in which it was

so quickly formed, and perhaps, sir, you may remember Mr Gladstone's stay in Cannes?"

"But certainly, and meeting him at Lord Acton's table."

"Every German who had the honour to be at that table teased every other German for having sat at meat with the Great Separatist, the advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. It showed how sensitive they all were of being suspected of Separatism." The Prince laughed. "To be sure: they were comical over Mr Gladstone. But this is a sad business. All that I could do to please the family was to write that 'to the best of my knowledge, the ex-minister Geffcken had had no political intentions or designs [keine politischen Hintergedanken] in publishing those extracts from the Diary.'"

This conversation took place a few days before the Prince and the Princess of Hohenzollern left Cannes for good.

We exchanged a few letters and telegrams but we only met once again. It was in Florence one morning near the Dominican Convent, and that afternoon the Prince was kind enough to pay us a delightful visit. He seemed more aged and thinner, though as eager, as kind, and as sympathetic as ever. I never saw him again, as he died, rather suddenly, in Berlin, on 9th June 1905. He had recently had the sorrow of losing his mother, and he could hardly be expected, worn as he was by constant service for others, long to survive the great disappointment caused by the Emperor Frederick's premature death. Sorrow does not always kill outright, but it is none the less dangerous, because it lowers the whole organisation. A man may continue to serve, but he

cannot grapple as before with service, with travel, with sorrows, and with the approach of age.

What make-weights are there for such trials as befell Emperor Frederick and his devoted friend? There are none, only when Pandora's box of life has been rifled, when we have learned to call no one good but God, and have realised that here there is nothing truly great or stable, *then* our happiness comes to us through our Faith. We are convinced that life and history cannot be arranged for the gratification of our feelings, or the realisation of our plans, since a tremendous uncertainty attaches to any results. God's highest promise to His children is neither power nor plenty. His sons still "learn obedience by the things that they suffer," but His rewards are with them, and those rewards are an increasing likeness to Himself here, and rest hereafter, in the clear vision of Him "who liveth, but was dead, and is alive for evermore."

L'ENVOY

I finish this book with many misgivings as to whether it has been really worth writing, because a spinster can only look at life through the windows, and is only now and then permitted a place at its table and its fireside. Then this spinster's life has been a long one, and the lengthy and varied nature of her impressions may have reduced her book to the level of a miscellany. It is true that the ancients were great admirers of the *genus* Miscellany, and Plutarch spoke of them as of "meadows enamelled with flowers." But when Plutarch was a king among authors, books were so few and far between that they did well to offer a little of many things. Modern taste rejects miscellanies, since of books there is now no lack.

I can therefore only hope that my readers will not be annoyed to find themselves hustled from Sutherland to the Riviera, from Paris to Rome, and I trust that they will consent to take a good-humoured interest alternately in Highland crofters and kings in exile. Such as the book is, it must now go out, and take its fate.

I might have made it more amusing if I had filled it up with gossip about the jealousies of fine ladies and the indiscretions of royal persons; to say nothing of a general snobbishness. But I do not care to traffic in those wares. They can always be had cheap at the sign of *The Seven Devils*, a shop that has branches in every capital, and eke in every village. Slander and malice and gossip

parlance do, I admit it, add a sharp sauce to any memoir, I suppose because of the perverse nature of human pettiness, but as I have resented them all my life, I do not wish to bottle them for use after my death. I have therefore kept my pen from evil tales, and when I could not precisely indite of a good matter, it was often possible to find *le mot pour rire.*

I was laughing heartily one day with a Russian friend. She put her hand on my arm and said: "You laugh! but how under your laughter one feels your tears." That was true, so I hope that being written from my heart, my book may reach the hearts of others.

I have not, of course, written here of the things that belong to the sanctuary of the soul, and I keep clear of satire. I am too old to be satirical. Satire is the cry of the young soul when, through the pangs of its early disillusions, it first awakes to a criticism of Life. With more experience we wake to a criticism of ourselves! and gaining greater patience, we realise that the reason why charity never faileth is that it is the very core of that divine wisdom which we term the Heart of God.

I have avoided complaining of anyone, since to forgive perfectly, one must, as far as is possible, also forget: and I should greatly grieve to disturb the quiet of certain graves.

Being run, therefore, on the lines of least offence, this book has been a pleasant one to write. As J. P. Richter said that the most beautiful dawn that a mortal can behold is the dawn of a new composition, so the course of a work ought also to be delightful.

There is no labour in it naturally, but the mere act of creation is virile and joyous, while life lived

over again in your sick-room presents a honeyed store. Have they not flowered again for me, those roses of the old-time gardens, while among them I have seen walking the beloved, the revered and the bravest of my Dead? I am a part of all that I have loved, and rich in the things that no thief can break through and steal. My windows in Cannes overhang its port, and when at sunset I have watched its *tartanes* going down to some haven behind the purple hills, I have felt that I could, without regret, set all the sails of my boat to make for the Land that is very far away.

What may be the rapture of the Beatific Vision when we are admitted to behold the One who loves us better than He knows us, we cannot conceive: what may be the occupations and developments of the future life we cannot conjecture, but we may be sure that we shall be free for ever from the uncertain purposes, the groundless fear, the vain hopes, the faltering efforts and the humiliating limitations of the life that we leave behind.

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